THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SEPT. 16, '16

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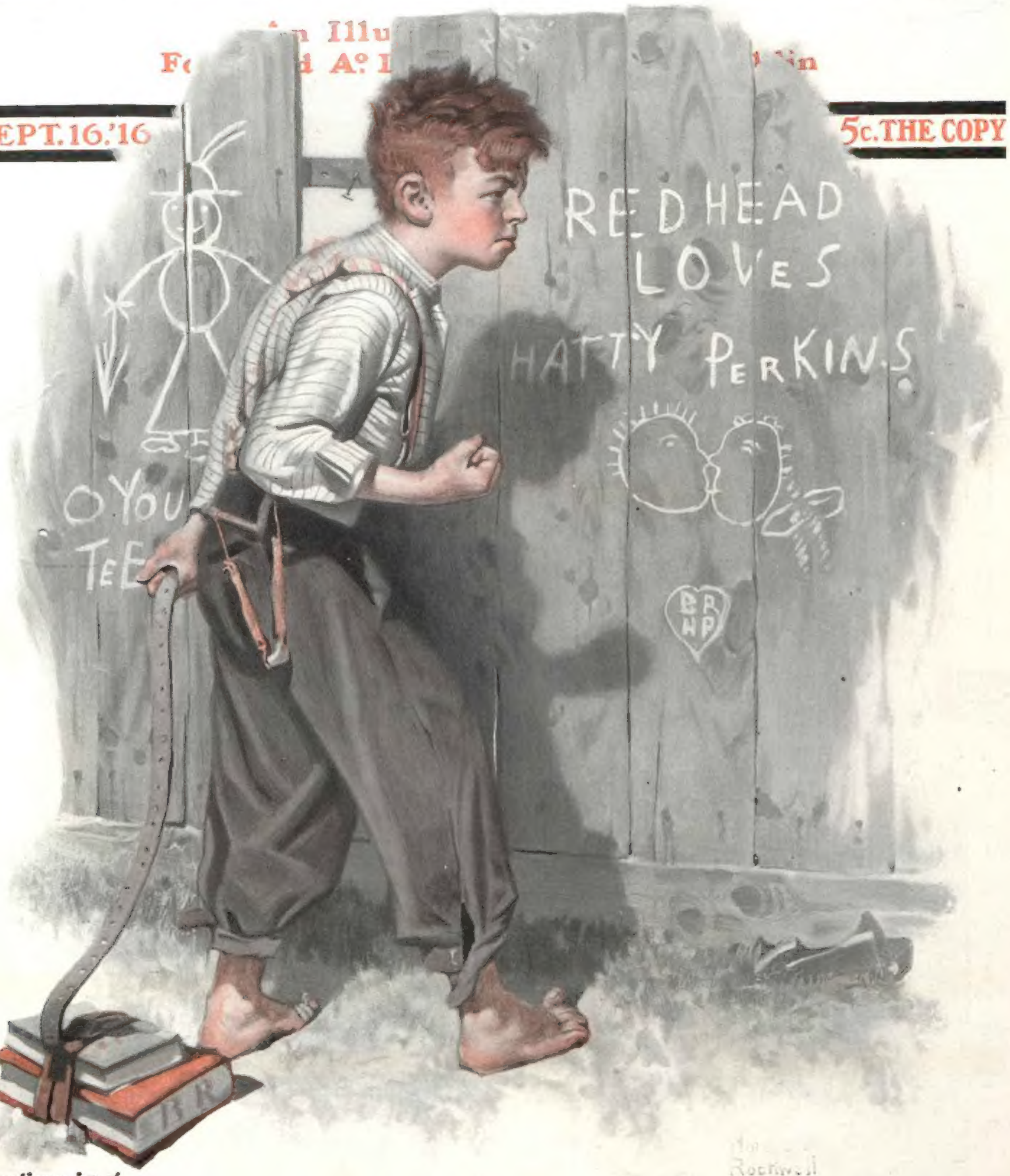

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PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Know, My Dear; Ann and I Were Just Talking About It"

THE residence of Mr. Peter Pett, the well-known financier, on Riverside Drive, is one of the leading eyesores of that breezy and expensive boulevard. As you pass by in your limousine, or while enjoying ten cents' worth of fresh air on top of a green omnibus, it jumps out and bites at you. Architects confronted with it reel and throw up their hands defensively, and even the lay observer has a sense of shock. The place resembles in almost equal proportions a cathedral, a suburban villa, a hotel and a Chinese pagoda. Many of its windows are of stained glass, and above the porch stand two terra-cotta lions, considerably more repulsive even than the complacent animals that guard New York's Public Library. It is a house that it is impossible to overlook; and it was probably for this reason that Mrs. Pett insisted on her husband's buying it, for she was a woman who liked to be noticed.

Through the rich interior of this mansion Mr. Pett, its nominal proprietor, was wandering like a lost spirit. The hour was about ten of a fine Sunday morning, but the Sabbath calm which was upon the house had not communicated itself to him. There was a look of exasperation on his usually patient face, and a muttered oath, picked up no doubt on the godless Stock Exchange, escaped his lips.

"Darn it!"

He was afflicted by a sense of the pathos of his position. It was not as if he demanded much from life. He asked but little here below. At that moment all that he wanted was a quiet spot where he might read his Sunday paper in solitary peace, and he could not find one. Intruders lurked behind every door. The place was congested.

This sort of thing had been growing worse and worse ever since his marriage two years previously. There was a strong literary virus in Mrs. Pett's system. She not only wrote voluminously herself—the name Nesta Ford Pett is familiar to all lovers of sensational fiction—but aimed at maintaining a *salon*. Starting, in pursuance of this aim, with a single specimen—her nephew, Willie Partridge, who was working on a new explosive which would eventually revolutionize war—she had gradually added to her collection, until now she gave shelter beneath her terra-cotta roof to no fewer than six young and unrecognized geniuses. Six brilliant youths, mostly novelists who had not yet started and poets who were about to begin, cluttered up Mr. Pett's rooms on this fair June morning, while he, clutching his Sunday paper, wandered about, finding, like the dove in Genesis, no rest. It was at such times that he was almost inclined to envy his wife's first husband, a business friend of his named Elmer Ford, who had perished suddenly of an apoplectic seizure; and the pity which he generally felt for the deceased tended to shift its focus.

Marriage had certainly complicated life for Mr. Pett, as it frequently does for the man who waits fifty years before trying it. In addition to the geniuses, Mrs. Pett had brought with her to her new home her only son, Ogden, a fourteen-year-old boy of a singularly unlovable type. Years of grown-up society and the absence of anything approaching discipline had given him a precocity on which the earnest efforts of a series of private tutors had expended themselves in vain. They came full of optimism and self-confidence, to retire after a brief interval, shattered by the boy's stodgy resistance to education in any form or shape. To Mr. Pett, never at his ease with boys, Ogden Ford was a constant irritant. He disliked his stepson's personality, and he more than suspected him of stealing his cigarettes. It was an additional annoyance that he was fully aware of the impossibility of ever catching him at it.

Mr. Pett resumed his journey. He had interrupted it for a moment to listen at the door of the morning room, but a remark in a high tenor voice about the essential Christianity of the poet Shelley filtering through the oak, he had moved on.

Silence from behind another door farther down the passage encouraged him to place his fingers on the handle, but a crashing chord from an unseen piano made him remove them swiftly. He roamed on, and a few minutes later the process of elimination had brought him to what was technically his own private library, a large, soothing room full of old books, of which his father had been a great collector.

He stood outside the door, listening tensely. He could hear nothing. He went in, and for an instant experienced that ecstatic thrill which only comes to elderly gentlemen of solitary habit who in a house full of their juniors find themselves alone at last. Then a voice spoke, shattering his dream of solitude:

"Hello, pop!"

Ogden Ford was sprawling in a deep chair in the shadows.

"Come in, pop, come in. Lots of room."

Mr. Pett stood in the doorway, regarding his stepson with a somber eye. He resented the boy's tone of easy patronage, all the harder to endure with philosophic calm at the present moment from the fact that the speaker was lounging in his favorite chair. Even from an æsthetic point of view the sight of the bulging child offended him. Ogden Ford was round and blobby and looked overfed. He had the plethoric habit of one to whom wholesome exercise is a stranger and the sallow complexion of the confirmed candy fiend. Even now, a bare half hour after breakfast, his jaws were moving with a rhythmical champing motion.

"What are you eating, boy?" demanded Mr. Pett, his disappointment turning to irritability.

"Candy."

"I wish you would not eat candy all day."

"Mother gave it to me," said Ogden simply. As he had anticipated, the shot silenced the enemy's battery. Mr. Pett grunted, but made no verbal comment. Ogden celebrated his victory by putting another piece of candy in his mouth.

"Got a grouch this morning, haven't you, pop?"

"I will not be spoken to like that!"

"I thought you had," said his stepson complacently; "I can always tell. I don't see why you want to come picking on me, though. I've done nothing."

Mr. Pett was sniffing suspiciously.

"You've been smoking."

"Me!"

"Smoking cigarettes."

"No, sir!"

"There are two butts in the ashtray."

"I didn't put them there."

"One of them is warm."

"It's a warm day."

"You dropped it there when you heard me come in."

"No, sir! I've only been here a few minutes. I guess one of the fellows was in here before me. They're always swiping your coffin nails. You ought to do something about it, pop. You ought to assert yourself."

A sense of helplessness came upon Mr. Pett. For the thousandth time he felt himself baffled by this calm, goggle-eyed boy who treated him with such supercilious coolness.

"You ought to be out in the open air this lovely morning," he said feebly.

"All right. Let's go for a walk. I will if you will."

"I—I have other things to do," said Mr. Pett, recoiling from the prospect.

"Well, this fresh-air stuff is overrated anyway. Where's the sense of having a home if you don't stop in it?"

"When I was your age I would have been out on a morning like this—er—bowling my hoop."

"And look at you now!"

"What do you mean?"

"Martyr to lumbago."

"I am not a martyr to lumbago," said Mr. Pett, who was touchy on the subject.

"Have it your own way. All I know is ——"

"Never mind!"

"I'm only saying what mother ——"

"Be quiet!"

Ogden made further researches in the candy box.

"Have some, pop?"

"No."

"Quite right. Got to be careful at your age."

"What do you mean?"

"Getting on, you know. Not so young as you used to be. Come in, pop, if you're coming in. There's a draft from that door."

Mr. Pett retired, fermenting. He wondered how another man would have handled this situation. The ridiculous inconsistency of the human character infuriated him. Why should he be a totally different man on Riverside Drive from the person he was in Pine Street? Why should he be able to hold his own in Pine Street with grown men, whiskered, square-jawed financiers, and yet be unable on Riverside Drive to eject a fourteen-year-old boy from an easy-chair? It seemed to him sometimes that a curious paralysis of the will came over him out of business hours.

Meanwhile, he had still to find a place where he could read his Sunday paper. He stood for a while in thought. Then his brow cleared, and he began to mount the stairs. Reaching the top floor, he walked along the passage and knocked on a door at the end of it. From behind this door, as from behind those below, sounds proceeded, but this time they did not seem to discourage Mr. Pett. It was the tapping of a typewriter that he heard, and he listened to it with an air of benevolent approval. He loved to hear the sound of a typewriter; it made home so like the office.

"Come in," called a girl's voice.

The room in which Mr. Pett found himself was small but cozy, and its coziness—oddly, considering the sex of its owner—had that peculiar quality which belongs as a rule to the dens of men. A large bookcase almost covered one side of it, its reds and blues and browns smiling cheerfully at whoever entered. The walls were hung with prints, judiciously chosen and arranged. Through a window to the left, healthfully open at the bottom, the sun streamed in, bringing with it the pleasantly subdued whirring of automobiles out on the Drive. At a desk at right angles to this window, her vivid red-gold hair rippling in the breeze from the river, sat the girl who had been working at the typewriter. She turned as Mr. Pett entered, and smiled over her shoulder.

Ann Chester, Mr. Pett's niece, looked her best when she smiled. Although her hair was the most obviously striking feature of her appearance, her mouth was really the most individual thing about her. It was a mouth that suggested adventurous possibilities. In repose it had a look of having just finished saying something humorous, a kind of demure appreciation of itself. When it smiled a row of white teeth flashed out; or, if the lips did not part, a dimple appeared on the right cheek, giving the whole face an air of mischievous geniality. It was an enterprising, swashbuckling sort of mouth, the mouth of one who would lead forlorn hopes with a jest or plot whimsically lawless conspiracies against convention. In its corners and in the firm line of the chin beneath it there lurked, too, more than a hint of imperiousness. A physiognomist would have gathered correctly that Ann Chester liked having her own way and was accustomed to get it.

"Hello, Uncle Peter," she said. "What's the trouble?"

"Am I interrupting you, Ann?"

"Not a bit. I'm only copying out a story for Aunt Nesta. I promised her I would. Would you like to hear some of it?"

Mr. Pett said he would not.

"You're missing a good thing," said Ann, turning the pages. "I'm all worked up over it. It's called At Dead Of Night, and it's full of crime and everything. You would never think Aunt Nesta had such a feverish imagination. There are detectives and kidnapers in it and all sorts of luxuries. I suppose it's the effect of reading it, but you look to me as if you were trailing something. You've got a sort of purposeful air."

Mr. Pett's amiable face writhed into what was intended to be a bitter smile.

"I'm only trailing a quiet place to read in. I never saw such a place as this house. It looks big enough outside for a regiment; yet when you're inside there's a poet or something in every room."

"What about the library? Isn't that sacred to you?"

"That boy Ogden's there."

"What a shame."

"Wallowing in my best chair," said Mr. Pett morosely. "Smoking cigarettes."

"Smoking? I thought he had promised Aunt Nesta he wouldn't smoke."

"Well, he said he wasn't, of course, but I know he had been. I don't know what to do with that boy. It's no good my talking to him. He—he patronizes me!" concluded Mr. Pett indignantly. "Sits there on his shoulder-blades with his feet on the table and talks to me with his mouth full of candy as if I were his grandson."

"Little brute!"

Ann was sorry for Mr. Pett. For many years now, ever since the death of her mother, they had been inseparable. Her father, who was a traveler, explorer, big-game hunter and general sojourner in the lonelier and wilder spots of the world, and paid only infrequent visits to New York, had left her almost entirely in Mr. Pett's care, and all her pleasantest memories were associated with him. Mr. Chester's was in many ways an admirable character, but not a domestic one; and his relations with his daughter were confined for the most part to letters and presents. In the past few years she had come to regard Mr. Pett almost in the light of a father. Hers was a nature swiftly responsive to kindness; and because Mr. Pett besides being kind was also pathetic, she pitied as well as loved him.

There was a lingering boyishness in the financier, the boyishness of the boy who muddles along in an unsympathetic world and can never do anything right; and this quality called aloud to the youth in her. She was at the valiant age when we burn to right wrongs and succor the oppressed, and wild rebel schemes for the reformation of her small world came readily to her. From the first she had been a smoldering spectator of the trials of her uncle's married life; and if Mr. Pett had ever asked her advice and bound himself to act on it, he would have solved his domestic troubles in explosive fashion. For Ann in her moments of maiden meditation had frequently devised schemes to that end which would have made his gray hair stand erect with horror.

"I've seen a good many boys," she said, "but Ogden is in a class by himself. He ought to be sent to a strict boarding school, of course."

"He ought to be sent to Sing Sing," amended Mr. Pett.

"Why don't you send him to school?"

"Your aunt wouldn't hear of it. She's afraid of his being kidnaped. It happened last time he went to school. You can't blame her for wanting to keep her eye on him after that."

Ann ran her fingers meditatively over the keys.

"I've sometimes thought ——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing. I must get on with this thing for Aunt Nesta."

Mr. Pett placed the bulk of the Sunday paper on the floor beside him and began to run an appreciative eye over the comic supplement. That lingering boyishness in him which endeared him to Ann always led him to open his Sabbath reading in this fashion. Gray-headed though he was, he still retained both in art and in real life a taste for the slapstick. No one had ever known the pure pleasure it had given him when Raymond Green, his wife's novelist protégé, had tripped over a loose stair-rod one morning and fallen an entire flight.

From some point farther down the corridor came a muffled thudding. Ann stopped her work to listen.

"There's Jerry Mitchell punching the bag."

"Eh?" said Mr. Pett.

"I only said I could hear Jerry Mitchell in the gymnasium."

"Yes, he's there."

Ann looked out of the window thoughtfully for a moment. Then she swung round in her swivel chair.

"Uncle Peter!"

Mr. Pett emerged slowly from the comic supplement.

"Eh?"

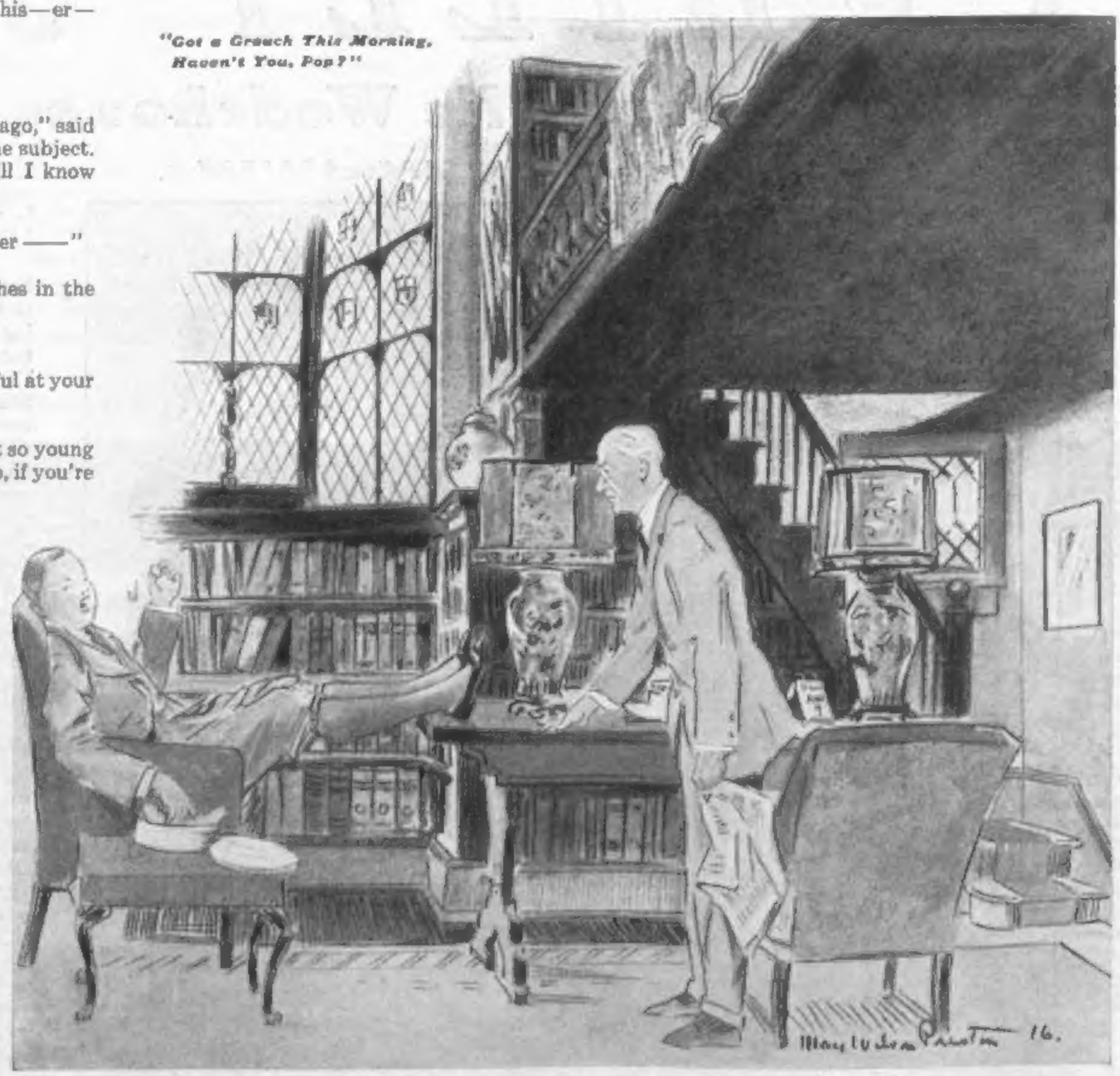
"Did Jerry Mitchell ever tell you about that friend of his who keeps a dogs' hospital down on Long Island somewhere? I forget his name—Smithers or Smethurst or something. People—old ladies, you know, and people—bring him their dogs to be cured when they get sick. He has an infallible remedy, Jerry tells me. He makes a lot of money at it."

"Money?" Pett, the student, became Pett, the financier, at the magic word. "There might be something in that if one got behind it. Dogs are fashionable. There would be a market for a really good medicine."

"I'm afraid you couldn't put Mr. Smethurst's remedy on the market. It only works when the dog has been overeating himself and not taking any exercise."

"Well, that's all these fancy dogs ever have the matter with them. It looks to me as if I might do business with this man. I'll get his address from Mitchell."

"Got a Grouch This Morning, Haven't You, Pop?"



"It's no use thinking of it, Uncle Peter. You couldn't do business with him—in that way. All Mr. Smethurst does when anyone brings him a fat, unhealthy dog, is to feed it next to nothing—just the simplest kind of food, you know—and make it run about a lot. And in about a week the dog's as well and happy and nice as he can possibly be."

"Oh," said Mr. Pett, disappointed.

Ann touched the keys of her machine softly.

"Why I mentioned Mr. Smethurst," she said, "was because we had been talking of Ogden. Don't you think his treatment would be just what Ogden needs?"

Mr. Pett's eyes gleamed.

"It's a shame he can't have a week or two of it!"

Ann played a little tune with her fingertips on the desk.

"It would do him good, wouldn't it?"

Silence fell upon the room, broken only by the tapping of the typewriter. Mr. Pett, having finished the comic supplement, turned to the sporting section, for he was a baseball fan of no lukewarm order. The claims of business did not permit him to see as many games as he could wish, but he followed the national pastime closely and had an admiration for the Napoleonic gifts of Mr. McGraw which would have gratified that gentleman had he known of it.

"Uncle Peter," said Ann, turning round again.

"Eh?"

"It's funny you should have been talking about Ogden getting kidnaped. This story of Aunt Nesta's is all about an angel-child—I suppose it's meant to be Ogden—being stolen and hidden and all that. It's odd that she should write stories like this. You wouldn't expect it of her."

"Your aunt," said Mr. Pett, "lets her mind run on that sort of thing a good deal. She tells me there was a time, not so long ago, when half the kidnapers in America were after him. She sent him to school in England—or rather her husband did. They were separated then—and, as far as I can follow the story, they all took the next boat and besieged the place."

"It's a pity somebody doesn't smuggle him away now and keep him till he's a better boy."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pett wistfully.

Ann looked at him fixedly, but his eyes were once more on his paper. She gave a little sigh and turned to her work again. "It's quite demoralizing, typing Aunt Nesta's stories," she said. "They put ideas into one's head."

Mr. Pett said nothing. He was reading an article of medical interest in the magazine section, for he was a man who plowed steadily through his Sunday paper, omitting nothing. The typewriter began tapping again.

"Great Godfrey!"

Ann swung round and gazed at her uncle in concern. He was staring blankly at the paper.

"What's the matter?"

The page on which Mr. Pett's attention was concentrated was decorated with a fanciful picture in bold lines of a young man in evening dress pursuing a young woman similarly clad along what appeared to be a restaurant supper table. An enjoyable time was apparently being had by both. Across the page this legend ran:

PICCADILLY JIM ONCE MORE

The Recent Adventures of Young Mr. Crocker of New York and London

It was not upon the title, however, nor upon the illustration that Mr. Pett's fascinated eye rested. What he was looking at was a small reproduction of a photograph which had been inserted in the body of the article. It was the photograph of a woman in the early forties, rather formidably handsome, beneath which were printed the words:

MRS. NESTA FORD PETT
Well-Known Society Leader and Authoress

"Yes, You Will! Mother Wouldn't Stand for Having Her Chauffeur Beaten Up"

Ann had risen and was peering over his shoulder. She frowned as she caught sight of the heading of the page. Then her eye fell upon the photograph.

"Good gracious! Why have they got Aunt Nesta's picture there?"

Mr. Pett breathed a deep and gloomy breath.

"They've found out she's his aunt. I was afraid they would. I don't know what she will say when she sees this."

"Don't let her see it."

"She has the paper downstairs. She's probably reading it now."

Ann was glancing through the article.

"It seems to be much the same sort of thing that they have published before. I can't understand why the Chronicle takes such an interest in Jimmy Crocker."

"Well, you see he used to be a newspaper man, and the Chronicle was the paper he worked for."

Ann flushed. "I know," she said shortly.

Something in her tone arrested Mr. Pett's attention.

"Yes, yes, of course," he said hastily. "I was forgetting."

There was an awkward silence. Mr. Pett coughed. The matter of young Mr. Crocker's erstwhile connection with the New York Chronicle was one which they had tacitly decided to refrain from mentioning.

"I didn't know he was your nephew, Uncle Peter."

"Nephew by marriage," corrected Mr. Pett a little hurriedly. "Nesta's sister Eugenia married his father."

"I suppose that makes me a sort of cousin."

"A distant cousin."

"It can't be too distant for me."

There was a sound of hurried footsteps outside the door. Mrs. Pett entered, holding a paper in her hand. She waved it before Mr. Pett's sympathetic face.

"I know, my dear," he said, backing. "Ann and I were just talking about it."

The little photograph had not done Mrs. Pett justice. Seen life-size, she was both handsomer and more formidable than she appeared in reproduction. She was a large woman, with a fine figure and bold and compelling eyes, and her personality crashed disturbingly into the quiet atmosphere of the room. She was the type of woman whom small, diffident men seem to marry instinctively, as unable to help themselves as cockleshell boats sucked into a maelstrom.

"What are you going to do about it?" she demanded, sinking heavily into the chair which her husband had vacated.

This was an aspect of the matter which had not occurred to Mr. Pett. He had not contemplated the possibility of actually doing anything. Nature had made him out of office hours essentially a passive organism, and it was his tendency, when he found himself in a sea of troubles, to float plaintively, not to take arms against it. To pick up the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and fling them back was not a habit of his. He scratched his chin and said nothing. He went on saying nothing.

"If Eugenia had had any sense she would have foreseen what would happen if she took the boy away from New York, where he was working too hard to get into mischief, and let him run loose in London with too much money and nothing to do. But if she had had any sense she would never have married that impossible Crocker man, as I told her."

Mrs. Pett paused, and her eyes glowed with reminiscent fire. She was recalling the scene which had taken place three years ago between her sister and herself, when Eugenia had told her of her intention to marry an obscure and middle-aged actor named Bingley Crocker. Mrs. Pett had never seen Bingley Crocker, but she had condemned the proposed match in terms which had ended definitely and forever her relations with her sister. Eugenia was not a woman who welcomed criticism of her actions. She was cast in the same formidable mold as Mrs. Pett and resembled her strikingly both in appearance and character.

Mrs. Pett returned to the present. The past could look after itself. The present demanded surgery.

"One would have thought it would have been obvious even to Eugenia that a boy of twenty-one needed regular work."

Mr. Pett was glad to come out of his shell here. He was the Apostle of Work, and this sentiment pleased him.

"That's right," he said. "Every boy ought to have work."

"Look at this young Crocker's record since he went to live in London. He is always doing something to make himself notorious. There was that breach-of-promise case, and that fight at the political meeting, and his escapades at Monte Carlo, and—and everything. And he must be

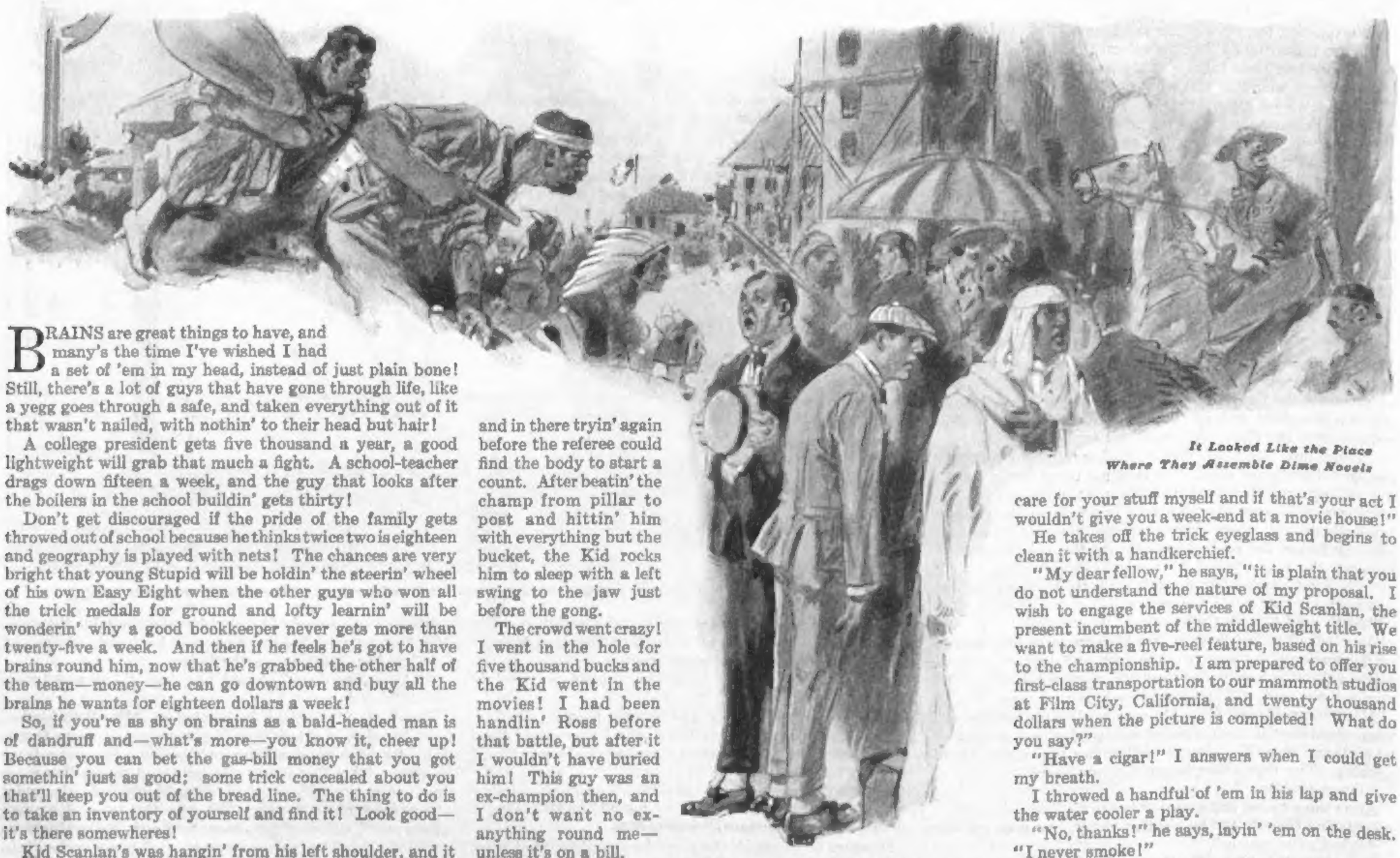
(Continued on Page 81)

"It's a Pity Somebody Doesn't Smuggle Him Away Now and Keep Him Till He's a Better Boy"

LAY OFF, MACDUFF

By H. C. Witwer

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



It Looked Like the Place Where They Assemble Dime Novels

BRAINS are great things to have, and many's the time I've wished I had a set of 'em in my head, instead of just plain bone! Still, there's a lot of guys that have gone through life, like a yegg goes through a safe, and taken everything out of it that wasn't nailed, with nothin' to their head but hair!

A college president gets five thousand a year, a good lightweight will grab that much a fight. A school-teacher drags down fifteen a week, and the guy that looks after the boilers in the school buildin' gets thirty!

Don't get discouraged if the pride of the family gets throwed out of school because he thinks twice two is eighteen and geography is played with nets! The chances are very bright that young Stupid will be holdin' the steerin' wheel of his own Easy Eight when the other guys who won all the trick medals for ground and lofty learnin' will be wonderin' why a good bookkeeper never gets more than twenty-five a week. And then if he feels he's got to have brains round him, now that he's grabbed the other half of the team—money—he can go downtown and buy all the brains he wants for eighteen dollars a week!

So, if you're as shy on brains as a bald-headed man is of dandruff and—what's more—you know it, cheer up! Because you can bet the gas-bill money that you got somethin' just as good; some trick concealed about you that'll keep you out of the bread line. The thing to do is to take an inventory of yourself and find it! Look good—it's there somewheres!

Kid Scanlan's was hangin' from his left shoulder, and it made him enough dimes, in five years, to step out of the crowd and watch the others scramble, from the side lines. It was just an ordinary arm, size 36, model A, lot 768, same as we all have—but inside of it the Kid had a wallop that would make a six-inch shell look like a lover's caress! Inside of his head the Kid had nothing!

I Took a Flash at Him Over the Transom

Scanlan went through the middleweight division about like the Germans went through Belgium, and finally the only thing that stood between him and the title was a guy called One-Punch Ross—the champion. They agreed to fight until Nature stopped the quarrel, at Goldfield, Nevada. There's two things I'll never forget as long as I pay the premiums on my insurance policy, and they are the first and second rounds of that fight. That's as far as the thing went—just two short frames—but more real scrappin' was had in them few minutes than Europe will see if Ireland busts loose again! Except that there was more principals, the battle of Santiago would have looked like a chorus men's frolic alongside of the Ross-Scanlan mêlée. They went at each other like peeved wildcats, and the bell at the end of the first round only seemed to annoy 'em—they had to be jimmied apart. Ross opened the second round by knockin' Scanlan through the ropes into the ten-dollar boxes, but the Kid was back and in there tryin' again before the referee could find the body to start a count. After beatin' the champ from pillar to post and hittin' him with everything but the bucket, the Kid rocks him to sleep with a left swing to the jaw just before the gong.

The crowd went crazy! I went in the hole for five thousand bucks and the Kid went in the movies! I had been handlin' Ross before that battle, but after it I wouldn't have buried him! This guy was an ex-champion then, and I don't want no ex-anything round me—unless it's on a bill.

Right after that scrap Scanlan sent for me and made me a proposition to look after his affairs for the followin' three years, and the only time I lost in acceptin' it was caused by the ink runnin' out of my fountain pen when I was signin' the contract. In them days I had a rep for bein' able to get the money for my athletes that would make Shylock look like a free spender. Every time one of my boys performed for the edification of the mob we got an elegant deposit before we put a pen to the articles, and we got the balance of the dough before we pulled on a glove. I never left nothin' to chance or the other guy. That's what beat Napoleon and all them birds! Of course there was several people here and there throughout the country that was more popular than I was on that account, but which would you rather have, three cheers or three bucks? Well, that's the way I figured!

About a month after Scanlan become my only visible means of support, I signed him up for ten rounds with a bird that said "What d'ye want?" when you called him Hurricane Harris; and the next day a guy comes in to see me in the little trick office I had staked myself to on Broadway. When he rapped on the door I got up on a chair and took a flash at him over the transom, and seein' he looked like ready money I let him come in. He claims his name is Edward R. Potts and that so far he's the president of the Maudlin Moving Picture Company.

"I am here," he says, "to offer you a chance to make twenty thousand dollars. Do you want it?"

"Who give you the horse?" I asks him, playin' safe. "I got to know where this tip come from!"

"Horse?" he mutters, lookin' surprised. "I know nothing of horses!"

"Well," I tells him, "I ain't exactly a liveryman myself, but before I put any of Kid Scanlan's hard-earned money on one of them equines, I got to know more about the race than you've spilled so far! What did the trainer say?"

He was a fat, middle-aged hick that would soon be old, and he wears half a pair of glasses over one eye. He aims the thing at me and smiles.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you're talking about!" he says. "But I fancy it's a pun of some sort! Very well, then, what did the trainer say?"

I walked over and laid my arm on his shoulder.

"Are you endeavorin' to now spoof me?" I asks him sternly. "Or have you got me confused with Abe Levy, the vaudeville agent? Either way you're losin' time! I don't care for your stuff myself and if that's your act I wouldn't give you a week-end at a movie house!"

He takes off the trick eyeglass and begins to clean it with a handkerchief.

"My dear fellow," he says, "it is plain that you do not understand the nature of my proposal. I wish to engage the services of Kid Scanlan, the present incumbent of the middleweight title. We want to make a five-reel feature, based on his rise to the championship. I am prepared to offer you first-class transportation to our mammoth studios at Film City, California, and twenty thousand dollars when the picture is completed! What do you say?"

"Have a cigar!" I answers when I could get my breath.

I throwed a handful of 'em in his lap and give the water cooler a play.

"No, thanks!" he says, layin' 'em on the desk. "I never smoke!"

"Well," I tells him, "I ain't got a thing to drink in the place—you gotta be careful here, y'know! But to get back to the movie thing—what does the Kid have to do for the twenty thousand?"

He takes a long piece of paper from his pocket and lays it down in front of me. It looked like a chattel mortgage on Mexico, and what paragraphs didn't commence with "to wit" started off with "do hereby."

"All that Mr. Scanlan has to do," he explains, "will be told him by our director at the studios, who will produce the picture. His name is Mr. Salvatore Genaro. Kindly sign where the cross is marked!"

"Wait!" I says. "We can't take a railroad ride like that for twenty thousand; we got to have twenty-five and ——"

"All right!" he butts in. "Sign only on the first line!"

"Thirty thousand, I meant to say," I tells him, "because ——"

"Certainly," he cuts me off, handin' over his fountain pen. "Don't use initials; sign your full name!"

I signed it.

"How do I know we get this money?" I asks him.

"Aha," he answers, "how do we know that the dawn will come? My company is worth a million dollars, old chap, and that contract you have is as good as the money! Be at my office at two this afternoon, and I will give you the tickets. *Adios* until then!"

And he blows out of the office.

I closed down the desk, went outside and climbed into my Foolish Four. In an hour I was up to the trainin' camp near Rye, where Kid Scanlan was preparin' for his collision with Hurricane Harris.

Scanlan is trainin' for the quarrel by playin' seven-up with the bartender from the Beach Hotel, and when I bust in the door he takes a look, throws the cards on the floor and makes a pass at the ale distributor so's I'll think he's a new sparrin' partner. I pulled him off and dragged him to one side.

"How would you like to go in the movies?" I says.

"Nothin' doin'!" the Kid tells me. "They make my eyes sore!"

"I don't mean watch 'em!" I explains. "I mean act in 'em! We're goin' out to the well-known coast this afternoon, and you're gonna be a movie hero for five reels and thirty thousand bucks!"

"We don't fight Harris?" asks the Kid.

"No!" I says. "What d'ye mean fight? Leave that stuff for the roughnecks; we're actors now!"

We got out to Film City at the end of the week, and while there wasn't no brass band to meet us at the station, there was a sad-lookin' guy with one of them buckboard things and what at one time was probably a horse. I never seen such a gloomy-lookin' layout in my life; they reminded me of a rainy Sunday in Philadelphia. The driver comes up to us and, after takin' a long and searchin' look, says:

"Which one of you fellers is the pugilist?"

"Pugilist?" I says. "What d'ye mean pugilist? We're the new leadin' men for the stock company here. Pugilist! Ha! Ha! How John Drew will laugh when I tell him that!"

He takes a piece of paper from his pocket and reads it.

"I'm lookin' for Kid Scanlan and Johnny Green," he announces. "One of 'em's supposed to be the middleweight champion, but I doubt it! I never seen him fight!"

"Well," I says, "you got a good chance to try for the title, bo, if you ain't more respectful! I'm Mr. Green and that's Kid Scanlan, the champ!"

He looks at the Kid and kinda sneers.

"All right," he says; "git aboard and I'll take you out to Mr. Genaro. I'll tell you now, though, that if you ain't what you claim you got to walk back!" He takes a side glance at the Kid. "Champ, eh?" he mutters.

We climb in the buckboard and this guy turns to me and points the whip at the Kid.

"He don't look like no pugilist to me," he goes on, like he's lookin' for an argument, "let alone a champion! Still looks is deceivin' at that. Take a crab, for instance—you'd never think from lookin' at it that you could eat it, would you? No! Git up!"

"Git up" was right, because the animal this guy had suspended between the shafts had laid right down on the ground outside the station while he was talkin' to us. The noble beast got gamely to its feet at the word from Gloomy Gus, give a little shiver that rattled the harness, and then turned round to see what its master had drawed from the train that mornin'. It took a good eyeful and kinda curled up its lip and sneered at us, showin' its yellow teeth in an insultin' sarcastic grin.

"Hold fast!" remarks Gloomy Gus. "It's rough country here and this horse is about to do a piece of runnin'!" He takes off his belt and whales that equine over what would have been the back on a regular horse. "Step along!" he asks it.

Bo, if they had that ride at Coney Island they'd have made a fortune with it in one summer, because as soon as Old Dobbin realized he'd been hit, he started for South Africa and tried to make it in six jumps! He folded his long, skinny ears back of his neck somewheres and just simply give himself over to runnin'. We went up and down hills that would have broke an automobile's heart. We took corners on one leg and creeks in a jump, and when I seen the Pacific Ocean loomin' up in the offin', I begun to pray that the thing couldn't swim. Gloomy Gus leans over and yells in my ear: "Some horse, eh?"

"Is that what it is?" I hollers back. "Well, he's tryin', all right. He's what you could call a runnin' fool!" We shot past somethin' that was just a black blur and then disappeared back in the dust. "What was that?" I yells.

"Montana!" screams Gloomy Gus, "and ——"

"Ha! Ha!" roars the Kid, openin' his mouth for the first time. "That's goin' a few! Let me know when we pass Oregon; I got a friend there!"

"Montana Bill!" explains Gloomy Gus, frownin' at the Kid. "That's the only place you can get licker within five miles of Film City!" He looks at the Kid again and mutters half to himself: "Champion, eh!"

Then he yanks in the reins and we slow down to about a runaway's pace, right near what looks to be a World's Fair with a big wall round it and an iron gate in the middle. We shot up to the entrance and the horse calls it a day and stops, puffin' and blowin' like a fat piano mover.

"Film City!" hollers Gloomy Gus. "Git out here and walk in! Mr. Genaro's office is right back of the African desert!"

We got out and I thanked him for bringin' us in alive.

He didn't say nothin' to me, but, as we was passin' in the gates, I seen him lookin' after the Kid and shakin' his head.

"Champion, eh!" he mumbles.

This Film City place would have made Coney Island lay down and quit. There was Indians, cowboys, cannibals, chorus girls, Japs, sheriffs, train robbers, and—well, it looked like the place where they assemble dime novels. A guy goes racin' past us on a horse, with a lot of maniacs, yellin' and shootin', tearin' after him; and on the other side a gang of laborers, in tin hats and short skirts, is havin' a battle royal with swords. Three feet from where we're standin', a house is burnin' down and two guys is sluggin' each other on the roof. We walked along a little farther and run into a private conversation. Some guy in a new dress suit is makin' love to a dame, while another fellow stands in front of them and says at the top of his voice:

"Remember, now, you're madly in love with her, but father detests the sight of your face! Ready—hey, camera—all right—wait a minute, wait a minute; don't wrestle with her; embrace her, will you, embrace her!"

Kid Scanlan takes this all in, with his eyes poppin' out of his head and his mouth as open as a stuss game.

"Some joint, eh?" he says to me. "This is what I call a regular cabaret! See if we can get a table near the front!"

A lot of swell-lookin' dames in—well, of course, it was some warm out there, but even at that they was takin' an awful chance on gettin' pneumonia—files out of a house on the left and starts to dance, and I had to drag the Kid away bodily. We duck through a side street, and every time we turn round some guy with a camera yells for us to get out of the way; but finally we wind up at Mr. Genaro's office. He ain't in, but a guy that was tells us he's makin' a picture of Macbeth, over behind the street scene in Tokio. We breezed over there and we found him.

Genaro is in the middle of what looks like the chorus of a burlesque show, only the men are wearin' tights instead of the women. I picked him out right away, because he was the first guy I had seen in the place in citizen's clothes, outside of the fellers with the cameras. He was little and fat, lookin' more like a human plum puddin' than anything else. When we had worked our way through the mob we saw that he was shakin' his fist at 'em and bawlin' 'em out.

"Are you Mr. Genaro?" I asks him.

"Joosta wait, joosta wait!" he hollers over his shoulder without even lookin' round. "I'm a ver' busy joosta now! Writa me the letta!"

"Where d'ye get that stuff?" I yells back, gettin' sore. "D'ye know who we are?"

I seen the rest of them gigglin', and Genaro dances round and throws up his hands.

"Aha," he screams, pullin' at his hair, "you maka me crazy! What's a mat—what you want? Queek; don't maka me wait!"

The Kid growls at him and whispers in my ear:

"Will I bounce him?"

"Not yet!" I tells him. "I'm Mr. Green," I says to Genaro, "and this is Kid Scanlan, middleweight champion of the world, and if you pull any more of that joosta-wait stuff you'll be able to say you fought him!"

He drops his hands and smiles.

"Excuse, please!" he says. "I maka mistake!" He grabs hold of his head again and groans. "Gotta bunch bonehead here this morning," he goes on, noddin' to 'em. "Driva me crazy! Shakspere he see these feller play Macabeeth, he joomp out of grave!" He swings round at them all of a sudden and makes a face at 'em. "Broadaway star, eh?" he snarls. "Bah! You maka me seek! Go away for one, two hour. I senda for you—you all what you calla the bunk!"

On the level I thought he was gonna bite 'em! The merry villagers scatter, and Genaro turns round to us and wipes his face with a red-silk handkerchief.

"You knowa the piece," he asks us, "Macabeeth—Shakspere?"

"I never had none," I answers, stickin' up for the home brew. "But I'll bet my roll it ain't got nothin' on Milwaukee!"

"Milwaukee?" says Genaro, liftin' his trick eyebrows. "What is she—that Milwaukee?"

"What d'ye mean she?" I comes back. "It's a beer! What's this other stuff—imported?"

Genaro's shoulders does one of them hula dances and he backs away.

"What you talk beer—beer?" he says, wavin' his hands some more.

"Sure!" I says. "Didn't you just make some crack about Jake's beer?"

The Kid butts in and shoves me away.

"Don't mind this guy," he says to Genaro. "He's nothin' but an ig'rant roughneck! I got you right away! I remember in this Macbeth thing there's a big battle in the last act and Mac tells a gunman by the name of Macduff to lay off him or he'll start somethin'."

"Not lay off!" says Genaro, smilin'. "Lay on! 'Lay on, Macduff!'"

"Yeh?" inquires the Kid. "I thought it was lay off. I only seen the frolic once. I took off a member of Mac's gang at the Grand Oprey House when I was up against it in Trenton."

"Nex' week we start your picture," says Genaro to the Kid. "Mr. Van Aylstyne he's a write scenario now. This gonna be great for you—magneeficent! He's a give you everything! Firsta reel you fall off a cliff!"

"Who, me?" hollers the Kid.

"*Si!*" smiles Genaro. "Richa bada man wanna feex you so you no fighta the champ! You getta the beeg idea?"

"What's next?" asks the Kid, frownin'.

"Ah," pipes Genaro, rollin' his eyes at the sky, "we giva you the whole picture! Second reel you get run over by train—fasta mail! You see? So you no fight champ!"

The Kid looks at me and grabs my arm.

"This guy's a maniac!" he hollers. "Did you get that railroad thing? He ——"

Genaro goes right on like he don't hear.

"Thirda reel," he says—"thirda reel you get hit by two automobiles—this bada feller try to feex so you no fight champ!"

"Wait," I butts in. "You must ——"

"But fifth a reel—a-a-ah!" Genaro don't pay no attention but kisses his hand at a tree. "Fiftha reel," he says, "she's great! Get everybody excite! You get throw from sheep in ocean, fella shoot at you when you try sweem, bada fella

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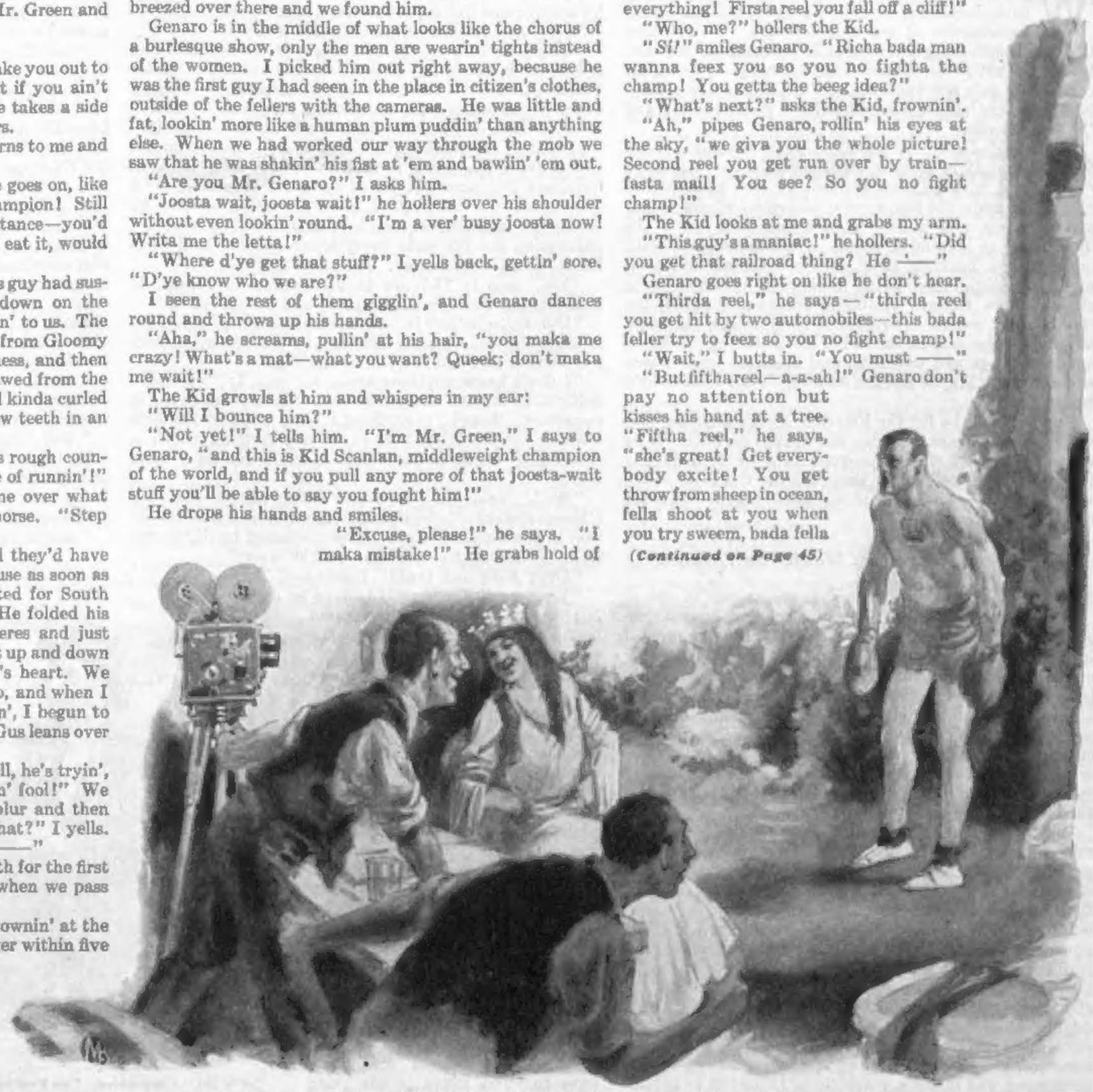


To Say the Kid Created a Sensation Would be Puttin' it Mild—He Was a Riot!

An Adventure in Backtothelandia

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

From the First It Was Plain That She Was Homesick

WE PEOPLE of the Fairview District are sometimes accused of conceit on account of the so-called socialization of our neighborhood. I claim that there is no such thing as a taint of Socialism in it. My contention is that we have carried right through to its logical conclusion, on a few lines, the sort of thing my New England ancestors laid the foundation for in the free school and the town meeting.

If John Endicott, for instance, were running a Corn Belt community in 1916 he would insist on a consolidated rural school, with an assembly hall for free discussion of everything under the sun, moving pictures, lectures, eating and drinking, and music. And if old John knew the importance to a farming people of a knowledge of soils, crops, insects, bacteria, fungi, sprays, rotations and community breeding, buying and marketing, he would be for all our "new things," including the county agent, the county short course, the ruralized rural school, the boys' and girls' clubs, and all the rest of it—including, I believe, our local plays and pageants, and baseball, track meets and dancing. Maybe not the dancing—but I believe he'd be for that.

I'm sure he'd be for the Fairview Meeting House, and the Reverend Frank Wiggins and Daisy, his wife. If he weren't for most of this program he'd be in a mighty insignificant minority; for those are the things of which we are accused—with some small reason maybe—of being conceitedly proud.

Iridescent Dreams of Would-Be Farmers

WE PRIDE ourselves on having the answer to almost any rural-life problem. By two problems, however, we are frankly stumped. One of these is the increasing price of land, which is making it harder and harder all the time for anyone to start in farming. The other is the back-to-the-lander. We know the back-to-the-lander of old. We had him in the early days of the country's settlement—especially in the seventies, when lots of people came from the cities to the prairies, green as grass and chock-full of misinformation, with the idea that anyone knew enough to farm; but the most hopeless sort of back-to-the-lander is the kind we have now.

The piffle in the magazines and newspapers about miracles of success in farming, and the fairy stories of agriculture, send men from the cities to the land in a frame of mind far more unfavorable to success than we found in the hazy ignorance or bumptious optimism of those sent out by Horace Greeley's "Go west, young man!" They now come with false science. They are the boys who have read that when the sides of Mother Earth are tickled with a hoe she breaks out into a regular ha-ha! of harvest; the chaps who, when you tell them that farming is done on a mighty close margin, speak patronizingly of intensive cultivation and of making two blades of grass grow where none ever grew before, of the application of factory system to farming, and of the new science of Efficiency as applied to Agriculture.

These are hopeless, to my mind; and we give them up. If they have money we sell them land and wait patiently to see them fail—"like vultures," as one of them said, "watching for the lost traveler to fall, that they may devour him." But suppose the traveler insists on being devoured and won't take "No" for an answer? How about that?

It seems to me that whenever one of these agricultural revolutionists takes it into his head, along with the other truck in it, to go out and show us rubes how to farm, he strikes a bee line for our neck of the woods to get advice; for the farm papers, which most of them read for a year or so before they start, have instilled into their brains the feeling that they ought to take advice before actually beginning the careers by which they will prove that, because Texas is as large as the German Empire, which supports seventy million people, the United States could easily maintain three times the whole population of the globe.

So he thinks he will take fifteen or twenty minutes off to advise with a few men like me and find out all we know. The man they visit first is usually Tom Whelpley, Principal of the Fairview Consolidated Rural School and Neighborhood Man-of-all-Work. He is the best advertised man we have. The papers write him up often. And it admonishes me of the flight of time while we have been building up our community organization to remember how long ago it was when Tom came to me with Wilberforce Fogg and an expression of anxiety.

"Mr. Dunham," said he, "this is Mr. Fogg, of Chicago, of whom I spoke to you."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Fogg," said I. "You're the gentleman, I believe, who thinks he can get rich on eggs by keeping one hen per square foot, aren't you?"

"No," said he; "I haven't studied poultry."

"Then," I went on, "maybe you're the person who sees a fortune in sprouting rhubarb in the cellar for winter consumption, or in horse-radish, or ginseng, or Belgian hares, or portulaca seed. Something like that, I'm sure."

"No," said he—and he blushed a little as he said it—"er, that is, I have thought a combination of mushrooms and rhubarb might add to profits; but my ambition is to develop a few acres of land to the point of making me a good income in dairying. I say a few acres, because by taking less land one saves on investment, and by intensive cultivation one can make every square yard of land work harder and produce more. The state of Texas ——"

"Yes," said I; "I know about the state of Texas. It is as large as the German Empire—and the rest of it."

"Don't you believe in intensive cultivation?" asked he, much in the same tone as that used by teachers when they ask whether two and two don't make four.

"I don't know anything about it," said I; "extensive cultivation is hard enough for me. Since I can begin to remember, though, everything's been tried about here once or twice. I don't know of any farming which is succeeding worth a darn that is more intensive than mine."

"Well," said he, "Professor King shows that the Chinese system of intensive agriculture supports a population in some places of over three thousand to the square mile, or about five persons to the acre."

"Does King say that?" I asked of Tom.

"Yes," replied Tom; "I believe he does—but see how they live! And the real test is not how many live to the square mile, but how they live."

"And how many die to the square mile," I suggested.

"That's so," asserted Fogg.

"And it's generally overlooked," said Tom. "The population of China is stationary, though the birth rate is very high. What keeps it stationary? Starvation! Down in the Alabama woods, along the sandy barrens of the Gulf shore, where I once worked in a turpentine camp, there is a sparse population of razorback hogs. They don't seem to increase in numbers, though they are very prolific—in that way resembling the Chinese. I found that a mother pig with a litter of ten would lose them at the rate of about one a day until the number came down to what she could nourish—about one pig. Most Chinese babies die. They have to. Too many people being forced to live on the rich land of China produces the same result as too few acorns on the sandy barrens of Alabama."

"Gosh!" said I—I was thinking of the poor babies. "Before we reach that point I hope the sea overwhelms us."

"But," said Wilberforce Fogg, quite unconvinced, "surely such men as Prince Kropotkin know what they are talking about when they speak of the almost unlimited capacity of the earth to produce food and shelter and clothing! And Kropotkin says ——"

"How much farming has he ever done in the Corn Belt?" I asked. "In the Corn Belt farming is a question of labor. We sell on a market created by machine-made crops. Intensive farming means handmade crops. Where food is scarce, and flesh and blood is cheap, the hand process of making crops is cheaper than machine processes, I suppose. It pays better in Hong-Kong, I am told, to drive spiles by hand than to use a steam spile driver. But if you try raising corn by the Chinese method in the Mississippi Valley you'll go broke—thank God!—just as surely as you would if you tried driving spiles according to their ways. That's all there is to this business of intensive farming—and there ain't any use of talking with me any further about it."

"I am determined," said Wilberforce Fogg, "to get out of the soot and grime and slavery of the city. I am determined to go back to the land. Nobody can dissuade me!"

Eight Hundred to Lose

HE SAID this with his voice rising to a sort of wail, slightly broken at the close, as if by emotion; and as I looked into his eyes, when he ceased speaking, they seemed to me to be moist with tears.

"Well," said I, "who in thunder is trying to dissuade you? Go your length—and if there's anything I can do to grease the ways, command me."

"I don't want you to think, Mr. Fogg," broke in Tom Whelpley, "that I fully agree with Uncle Abner on the subject of intensive farming. A great many absurdities have been said and written about it; but we don't yet know the degree of intensification that will bring us to the loss line. That's one of the things we hope to work out in the Fairview Rural School within ten years. All we know now is that, under our conditions, the larger farms pay best as farming is done; but once in a while a small farm is found that pays well. Take such cases as Arnold Martin, of Nebraska, and many others. What we need is a close and coördinated study of every small farm in the United States that pays well, so as to learn why they do so. The time is coming when the large farms will have to be divided, or our farming people separated into a permanent class of landed aristocrats and another permanent class of landless peasants."

"And the way it looks to me now," I put in, "the development will be in the direction of landowners and casual laborers—tramps."

"Well," said Wilberforce, "I shall never be able to buy a big farm. I'm not a big man. I'm small fry in the city, and I'll be small fry in the country, I suppose; but I'm going back to the land!"

"How much money have you?" asked Tom.

"About eight hundred dollars," replied Fogg.

"M'h'm!" I Mumbled. "So You've Decided to Take the Plunge, Eh?"

As for the Fogg, There Couldn't be Any Doubt of Their Success, With Millie on the Job

"Lucky it isn't more!" said I. "If you had eight thousand you'd lose it, and your credit would be better. So you'd go broke owing more. What family have you?"

"I'm single," said he, "and have no one dependent upon me; but ——"

He stopped and blushed; in fact, one thing I liked about the chap was his blushing. I've seen fools that blushed easily, but never a bad man. This fellow Fogg seemed to be a good sort of lunatic, after all.

"Well," said I, "spit it out! You've got a girl. That's a very important factor in a farmer's life. Tell me about her. If she isn't the right sort you may as well give up this back-to-the-landing first as last."

"Well," said he, as a matter of course, "she's the most splendid girl in the world! I'm foreman in a box factory, getting a hundred dollars a month. She's cashier in a laundry at ten a week. She has a hundred dollars or so saved up; but ten a week don't go far in Chicago. I wish you could see her, Mr. Dunham!"

"Does she know anything about farm life?" asked Tom Whelpley.

"Not a thing," answered Fogg; "but she's stuck on it. She reads a great deal, and she likes horses and cows and birds and flowers and green fields and new-mown hay. And she's a good housekeeper. You ought to taste the fudge she makes!"

Now it was perfectly clear that these were two mature young fools—for neither of them was very young—who were carried away by the deluge of piffle about Backtothelandia which floods the press. While Fogg was out in the field seeing how a haystacker works, Tom and I discussed him, and I expressed the above opinion.

"He'll fail as sure as eggs is eggs!" I insisted.

"I think so too," said Tom; "but how can we keep him from making the fatal mistake? I think he'll take my advice. I brought him over here to let you size him up so as to get your help. If he only knew a little something about farming so he could understand our reasoning, it would be easier. If he had only worked as a farm hand for a few years, we could ——"

Mr. Fogg Gets Some Good Advice

"WHY, if he had done that," said I, "he'd make good as a farmer; and all that stuff he has read might—some of it—do him some good. Why not advise him to start in as a farm hand until he learns the—the ——"

"The technic?" suggested Tom.

"I think that must be it," I said. "I want him to know how much backache there is in a farmer's dollar, and how many chances in his year; how to pitch manure without getting sick of his job, and how to conduct a lying-in hospital for hogs without having his stomach turned. Anyhow, he can do that without losing anything more than his job. He can save that little wad of money. Bring him in and I'll advise him. And if I'm wrong you can reverse me."

Wilberforce Fogg stood before us after he came in from the hayfield, a good deal in the attitude of a hired man charged with designs on the melon patch.

"Maybe you'd better tell Mr. Dunham," said Tom Whelpley, "something about your plans for getting back to the land—just how do you plan to go about it?"

"Well," said he, "I—that is, we planned to look round and find a little farm we could buy on time, making our first payment with my eight hundred dollars. My mother has a little money, but I won't take any of that. It's too small a fortune, anyhow, to support her, and she is living on the principal. I hope to God she'll live long enough to live it all up, and that I can have the privilege of supporting her for a long time after it's all gone. So you see I haven't any expectations. I must paddle my own canoe. I shall have to start on the eight hundred and we haven't a doubt we can make a go of it. I didn't tell you, did I, that the doctors tell me I must get into the open?"

"No," said Tom. "Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"Because," replied he, "that isn't the real reason. We want to get out into the country—Millie and I."

"Well now, son," said I, "let me tell you that the plan you've laid is all wrong. You want to learn farming. Learn it at someone else's expense. You want to make a living. Make it by your work at the rudiments of farming, with someone else to furnish the capital and do the planning. How much would you be satisfied to make clear by your first year's work on this little farm you're planning to buy?"

"Well," said he, "of course, I—we should make mistakes. I have felt that if we could barely live the first year we should be doing pretty well—don't you think so?"

"Would you be satisfied if you cleared three hundred dollars above your board?"

"I certainly should!" cried Wilberforce. "Show me how and lead me to it!"

"Hire out as a farm hand at twenty-five dollars a month. If you want to be a dairyman hire out on a dairy farm. Leave the eight hundred dollars in the bank and put twenty-five more with it every month. Learn the habits, tricks and the language of cows. Learn to milk, keep a score sheet, and do individual feeding with a balanced ration. Study the dairy proposition from every angle. Take a year, two years—years enough to absorb all the thousand and one little bits of knowledge that never get into the books or papers. Learn on other people's cows, other people's feeds, other people's capital. Make the dairy business pay you for learning it. Play safe, young man; play safe! The only way to do this is to go to work in the farming business at the bottom as a hired man. Every back-to-the-lander ought to be obliged by law to do it. It would make intelligent and interested hired men more plenty for us farmers, and it would save a lot of fools from making themselves ridiculous and going broke."

I wonder just how many people there are in the cities and towns who are bitten by the bug of Backtothelandia? Thousands and thousands, of course; and probably millions. Otherwise the daily papers and city people's magazines would not print so much about getting back to the land. Otherwise every actor and actress wouldn't say to the papers that his or her chief ambition is to retire to a little farm or ranch. Otherwise every wrestler, pugilist and baseball player wouldn't buy a farm with the first big purse won or saved.

After all, we are still an agricultural people. To be sure, only about a third of us live in the country; but of the remaining two-thirds a goodly number have moved in from the farms, were farmers in Europe, or are descended from the old American stock, which was as purely agricultural as the Russian people only a generation or so ago. Figuratively we are a nation of rubes treading the pavements with the plowman's shamble and with dried mud on our brogans. Why, down at the stone crusher, along the track back of Abel Bohn's, there is always a gang of fifty to a hundred Italians at work, and every one of them, so far as I can discover, lived on a farm in Italy. The same thing is true of the Hunkies in the section crews.

Now in a people so derived there must be a powerful instinct impelling people back to the farms. It is a racial reversion to type.

You may sigh, you may cry, you may moan, you may groan;
But you can't do away with what's bred in the bone.

Wilberforce Fogg is a type of the sort of tadpole with which our cities are filled, who naturally tend to shed their city tails and get out on land as rural frogs. His case, therefore, is very important. It is a great national problem. Tom Whelpley and I were not conscious that, when we took hold of Wilberforce's situation as a question of sociological engineering, we were grappling with the Great American Riddle, which is guessing the true route to Backtothelandia. This is the sociological Northwest Passage, the voyage through which leads to latitudes that cause ire to form on the outside of most of the back-to-the-landers' boots; the Baffin Bays and Davis Straits of the ocean of American industrial discontent.

But it Does Not Appeal to Him

I PERSONALLY don't believe in this doctrine of back-to-the-land; for in my opinion there are enough people on the land now. I think the city people should stay in the cities, and the country people on the farms, where they both know what to do; but I found out long ago that the nation is not going to consult me. Therefore, I contend, if we are always, or for a considerable length of time, going to have this shifting of people from the cities to the country, if the tendency back to the land is to be a constant movement, there should be a Panama Canal dug to take the place of the icebergs and snows of the present passage. In other words, there should be some organized system of getting people back to the land, if they want to get back, without wrecking nine out of ten of their cockleshell boats.

And, between ourselves, the country people fleeing from rural delights to the towns need easing into their new berths quite as much as do the city tenderfeet who come to us with their highfalutin talk about humus and legumes and protein and carbohydrates—the patter they have picked up on the printed page.

"I can't do that!" cried Wilberforce Fogg when I showed him the first step from the box factory to the farm. "I can't do that! Don't you see? I want a home in the country!"

"All right," said I. "Success to you in getting it—and especially in keeping it. Mr. Whelpley may be able to give you better advice than mine. I don't think so though. Good luck to you!"

About a month after this conversation I was accosted on the street in town by a wiry-looking little chap who asked me to step into the bank with him.

"I'm not known here, Mr. Dunham," said he, "and I should like to have you identify me. I have a little check to cash."

I didn't recognize him and my look told him so.

"Don't you remember me?" asked he. "Here I am, on this check." *(Continued on Page 52)*

CAPITALIZING VANITY

By FRED C. KELLY

IN A CERTAIN city the leading retail florist has amassed a big fortune by quietly utilizing a funny little phase of everyday human nature. This man charges perhaps thirty per cent more than any of his competitors; yet much of his stock could be duplicated right up the street for less money. Some of his flowers may be a little better than those sold by others, but rarely thirty per cent better. They may have a longer ribbon on them or prettier twine round the box, but, on the whole, dollar for dollar, you could get much better value elsewhere.

The main difference is in the selling price. Because he asks more than other dealers for the same article, this man has grown rich. He sells more flowers than any of his competitors and does so more readily. And he believes that his success rests to a large degree on the fact that his place is known as the highest-priced establishment of its kind in town.

The young man, for example, who wishes to make a deep and lasting impression upon a beautiful and talented young woman by sending her flowers likes to buy, if possible, at this most expensive shop. She is flattered to think that he holds her in such high esteem as to get his flowers at the costliest place in town. And his own vanity is tickled because she now knows—and he knows she knows—that he is able to deal at such a high-priced store.

I do not say, understand, that any merchant can increase his sales by raising his prices; but I do say that, so long as human vanity is what it is at this writing, a great many persons will derive much pleasure from showing their ability to have nothing but the best. And there is a tendency to measure quality by price.

A little while ago I knew of a new apartment house where one of the most attractive suites seemed slow to rent. It had more windows than any other suite in the building, but many of these were on the west side and people were afraid the afternoon sun might make the place too hot. As time went on the suite became more and more difficult to rent, because everybody thought there must be something radically wrong with it or else it would have been grabbed up long before.

The proprietor spoke of reducing the rent for that particular suite. A friend whispered to him that a much more effective plan would be not to lower the rent but to raise it. So the next time somebody looked at that apartment the proprietor said the rent would be five dollars a month more than for any other suite in the building. And he rented it on the spot! The additional cost seemingly not only explained the fact that the place was idle but gave the tenant an opportunity to expect his neighbors to look up to him as one who could afford the luxury of a suite costing more than theirs.

Why Women Love Diamonds

HOWEVER, people, while tickling their own vanity, like to feel that they are clever enough to get their money's worth. No one will pay more for a thing just for the sport of spending money; he must get something in return. In this instance the apartment had more outside light than the others. That gave the renter the chance to square things with his conscience. He was spending more than his neighbors, but he believed he was getting value received.

No one knows how many things are sold for a higher price largely because a higher price is demanded. Almost anybody will agree that if diamonds of the best quality should ever become so plentiful that they would bring only five cents a carat nobody would wear them. And it is equally probable if the process of manufacturing imitation diamonds became so expensive that the imitation cost more than the real a great many persons would discard the real for the imitation. They would do so simply to show the world a proof of their ability to have that which costs the most.

I know a woman—know her well—who went down to the marts a while ago with a lot of odds and ends of jewelry for the purpose of having them all done over and fixed up in platinum settings. Her explanation was that platinum is a great deal more beautiful than gold—that gold, in fact, is comparatively crass and unlovely. If anybody had suggested that she should wear merely silver jewelry she would have been deeply vexed—almost insulted. Yet silver and platinum look about alike.

Platinum can be alloyed with other metals and made harder than silver, and for some kinds of jewelry this is an advantage. But I have the word of a successful retail jeweler that for a great many articles he sells over his counter silver would be precisely as satisfactory as platinum; and the only reason people prefer platinum is because it costs more.

Platinum being more expensive than gold, the wealthy began to use it in preference to gold, because of its greater cost. This, in time, made it fashionable. People who buy it now do so not so much because of personal vanity as because they simply follow custom.

Another woman I know remarked one day that on the following Monday morning she was going to buy herself a fine new shirt waist at a cost of thirty-five dollars. She went on to say that she had no particular waist in mind, but that she had decided on an expenditure of thirty-five dollars in order to acquire the kind of waist she thought she ought to have.

One of her woman friends mentioned the fact that one of the big stores was having a sale of waists, and that it was possible to buy a thirty-five-dollar waist for as little as twenty-two dollars and eighty-five cents. But the first woman was still determined to spend her entire thirty-five dollars for a waist; in fact, she seemed rather disappointed that they had been marked down.

The point is that she had come to a state of mind where she believed a thirty-five-dollar waist would be a symbol of her financial and social status. She felt that she could afford thirty-five dollars for a waist, and thirty-five dollars was what she intended to spend. The fact that she could get a waist which would be plenty good enough—neat, stylish and attractive—for only fifteen dollars did not matter. Too many other persons could buy one at that price. She desired something more or less exclusive.

That word exclusive, by the way, is one which business men who know human nature use a great deal. One can scarcely look into a shop window without seeing something that, according to the label, is intended for a person of exclusive tastes—for the man who feels at home only with the very best. Nearly everybody who reads the label knows that he himself is a person of discriminating and exclusive tastes, and he is prompted to go in and buy the article. If he is a man of considerable wealth, perhaps he will not buy it unless the price is high enough to place it beyond the reach of the average purchaser.

A friend of mine who works in the musical department of a big store showed me one day a lot of instruments priced to sell all the way from five to twenty-seven dollars. The twenty-seven-dollar instrument cost the store only about three dollars more than the one they offered for five. It could have been sold at a reasonable profit for seven dollars; but the manager knew the department had certain customers who would not take seriously any instrument costing so little.

She is Flattered to Think That He Holds Her in Such High Esteem

The Joy of Being Different

PEOPLE who can afford to travel usually think that even the sunsets in distant parts of the world are more beautiful than those to be found in any of the favored spots of their own country. They figure that they must be better because they cost more to see.

Most people have a detestation for the thing called commonness. People often declare that a certain kind of cloak or a certain kind of automobile is all right, only it is too common—that is, too many other people are capable of owning the same thing. When too many people can buy a thing there is little distinction to be gained from having it.

Here, let us say, is a hat costing fifty dollars in a so-called exclusive millinery establishment. It is made of high-grade material, is artistically put together, and is really a beautiful piece of work. Along comes a society woman, who tries it on and declares that it is a dream. She buys it. Then she discovers that cheap imitations of the same hat are being worn by humble shopgirls. Instantly the hat ceases to be a dream and becomes a nightmare. Yet in itself the hat is just as beautiful as before. Its charm is gone because it has lost its distinctiveness—its unattainableness.

This craving for distinctiveness is an odd phase of human nature. In order to make himself seem unusual a man will boast of things of which he really should be heartily ashamed. I have heard men brag of the fact that they cannot eat onions, cucumbers or rare beefsteak without ill effects; or that they are afraid of cats.

If they cannot eat things or do things that other people can it is a defect, a weakness on their part; but they like to talk about it, because it singles them out from the crowd. They think the onion or cucumber exclaims:

"Aha! Here is no ordinary person. He is different. He can't handle us!"

Big stores and little stores are constantly obliged to figure on this human tendency on the part of the very rich to excite the envy and emulation of those not so rich, and of persons in the humbler social ranks to imitate those of higher status. There is an effort all the while, on the one hand, to produce expensive goods of a kind that cannot be imitated in cheaper quality; and an effort, on the other hand, to do that very thing—to provide for the shopgirl an imitation which will enable her to give the impression that she can dress as well as the wealthiest society leader.

One often hears people complain of an article by saying that, though excellent in its actual qualities, it does not show its value. That makes another problem for

(Concluded on Page 58)

SNOW-BLIND

By NORMAN DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

When Calk Halted the Dogs Halted Too, All Taut for the Leap and the Onset

IN THE white bight between Lackaday Head and Coachman's Cap, on the late winter trail from Wish Cove to Fool Harbor, of the Labrador middle coast, the *komatik* dropped through a thin patch of the floe and vanished to the bottom of the Atlantic. Rime cut the dogs from the traces and bade them to their own devices. They were of no further advantage; they were an encumbrance, even a potential menace—the pack of nine lusty huskies, whose slender rations of frozen fish had gone to the bottom with the sled.

After that the dogs followed Rime and Calk ashore and up the broken cliff to the highlands and the first bleached reaches of Northeast Barrens. At first they frisked and fought at leisure, glad to be rid of the insistent labor of the *komatik*; but as the day drew on toward a windy dusk, with no crack of the whip or crisp command to haste, the absence of an accustomed routine and discipline dismayed them. In the end they followed close on the heels of Rime and Calk, downcast and uneasy. Rime and Calk ignored them. Thus a familiar bond was severed: the pack was rebuffed to its own concerns and its natural state; and this definite detachment from the two men bewildered and troubled the dogs.

Calk said:

"'Twill be a labor t' make Fool Harbor without snowshoes. We'll be bothered by weariness afore long."

"Give me my seven senses," Rime replied, "an' I'll go anywhere a man can live."

"I've knowed times an' places," said Calk, "that would make seventy senses look like a short allowance o' wits."

"I really needs but two," Rime boasted. "Let me see an' hear. That's all I ask."

They trudged on.

"The dogs is hangin' wonderful close," said Calk. "That's good. We isn't goin' t' lose un after all. They're on our heels all the while."

"They'll follow," Rime agreed.

"No countin' on Joker. That dog would as lief live with his brothers in the timber as anywhere else."

"He'll follow with the pack."

"We got t' lure that pack t' Fool Harbor, Rime. 'Twould grieve ol' Ezra Ball t' the core t' have his team scattered an' lost. He was loath enough t' lend it."

"They'll follow all the way."

"They'll be near mad with hunger afore we makes Fool Harbor."

"That's why they'll follow."

"A hungry dog will follow a man like a wolf. He'll keep right on, hopin' that something will happen sometime t' ease the pain in his belly."

"It always does happen."

Calk turned to glance at the pack.

"They're taggin' us jus' like wolves," said he. "They makes me think o' wolves. I reckon they won't leave us."

"Oh, they'll hang on!"

"That's good."

For a mile the men trudged in silence. Then Calk spoke again. He was disturbed.

"You hang on t' your dogwhip," said he.

"Oh," Rime replied lightly, "the dogs won't bother us none. I isn't afeared of a pack o' dogs."

"They isn't your dogs."

"That don't matter none. They're my neighbor's dogs, an' they knows who I is an' all about my notions o' mastery."

Rime and Calk forced the march through a fringe of spruce to the crusty snow of the barrens with a resolution born of the need to achieve their objective without delay. The loss of the *komatik* was a catastrophe. It had brought them face to face with the doubtful problem of survival.

That there was probably sustenance enough for the toilsome march to Fool Harbor was due to Rime's caution and foresight. Confronting a passage of the uncertain ice of the bight in the morning, he had transferred a saving modicum of the food in the grub box on the *komatik* to his own pockets, commanding Calk at the same time to slip the essential ax in his belt, to which extraordinary precautions Calk had sagaciously added a tin cup; and the food was still in Rime's pockets—four cakes of hard-tack and the best of a pound of caribou meat—and the ax was still in Calk's belt.

Four cakes of hard-tack and the best of a pound of caribou meat, provided there was no delay, no accident or long interval of foul weather, would carry them to the cottages of Fool Harbor. Fool Harbor was at the foot of Topmast; and the crest of Topmast, a landmark, white against the gray sky, was visible ahead.

Calk caught the first glimpse of Topmast when the men emerged from the fringe of spruce.

"There she is," said he with satisfaction; "as true as a beacon light!"

"She don't shift," Rime observed dryly.

"I tells you, Rime," Calk declared, "it fair thrills me t' clap eyes on her again."

"Ay."

"All my life long I've been fightin' up to her from sea an' shore."

"Fog an' snow."

"Ay."

"If 'twasn't for Topmast," Rime laughed, "we'd none of us never get home from nowhere."

"If we push hard the day," said Calk, "we'll haul her down the morrow easy enough, an' sleep soft an' warm an' full-fed."

"In fair weather."

"We'll likely have fair weather."

"No."

It began to snow before dusk. Dry, feathery flakes, shaken from the northeast, played past in a rising wind. Thus far the barrens were clean. It was high land. A succession of northeast winds, blowing in from the sea, had swept it to the crust. Rime and Calk pushed out from the shelter of the spruce, bound to thrust their advance to the last limit of the light, there to sleep as they could, or, failing sleep, to wait for the dawn; and the dogs followed in their wake.

Presently the barrens were smoking with the frosty snow. Topmast disappeared. The wind began to bite. It blew high and cold, thickening all the while with snow as fine as dust—as blinding and as stifling as dust. The light dwindled. By and by Rime and Calk stumbled on a niggardly patch of bowlders and stunted spruce. It was shelter. In the lee of a big bowlder, on the leeward edge of the spruce, they paused to rest and deliberate; and while they talked, enveloped in a dense back current of snow, the nine dogs of the pack waited restless and alert near by. It was their feeding time. They were hungry.

Calk called to Joker: "Hi, b'y! You Joker! Come 'longside here! Good ol' dog! Wheet! Wheet! Huyh! Huyh!"

Joker stared at Calk.

"That's queer!" said Calk. "He won't fawn. Why won't he fawn, Rime? He won't come when I calls un. Why not? Eh? What you make o' such saucy behavior as that? I don't like it."

"He's nobody's servant now," Rime replied, "an' he knows it."

"Discharged from duty?"

"Every man for himself," Rime quoted.

"I wish you had fed them dogs las' night," said Calk. "They're too hungry t' be trustful. That's the trouble with un."

"I done the best I knowed how las' night."

"Oh, I knows that! I isn't pickin' flaws."

"There was jus' one meal left."

"Too bad we lost it!"

"Well, it don't matter much."

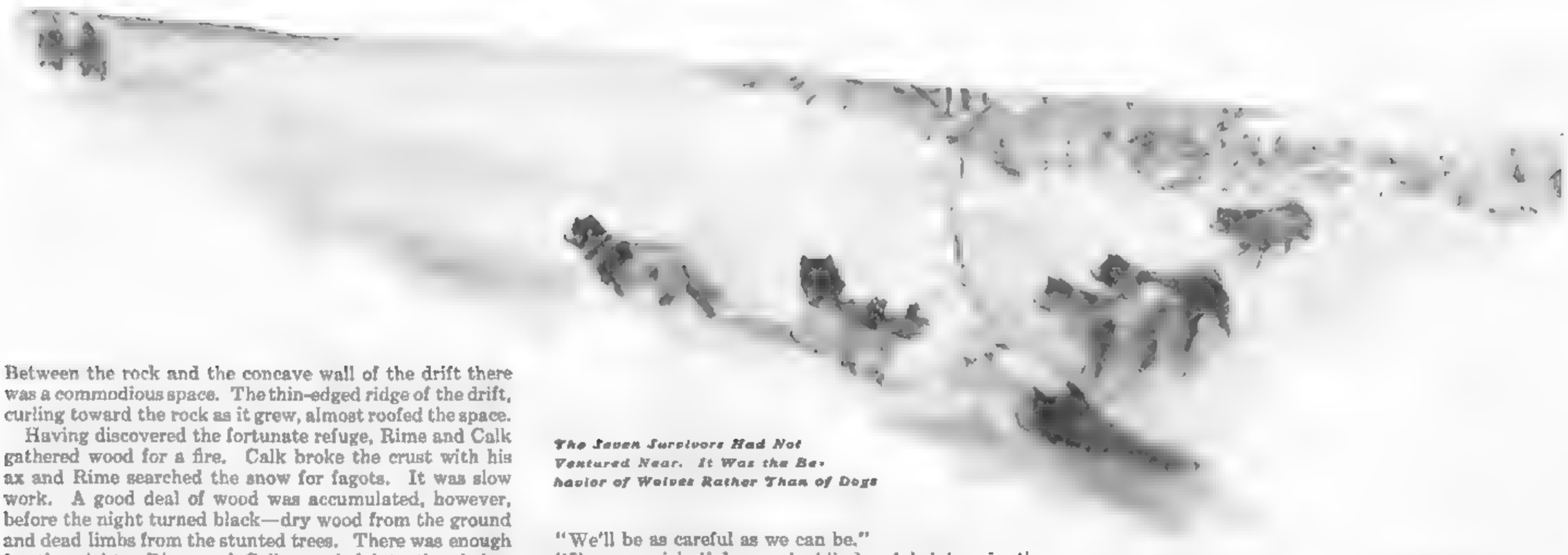
"I 'low not," Calk agreed dubiously. "It might, though," he added.

All the dogs were full-grown. They stood two feet and a half high and each weighed about one hundred pounds. No sentimental rhetoric would venture to describe them as the Friend of Man. They were slaves and savages. There was no warm light in their eyes. Even when they fawned, it was a pretense of affection and amiability. Their eyes remained cold, watchful, suspicious. Not one of the pack could be trusted. They yielded to hunger and abuse. No other influence was applied or recognized. They had gone hungry for two days; they must go without food for a day or two more.

It was not to be assumed, however, that Rime and Calk were therefore in danger. The dogs were cowards. So long as the men could stand up and defend themselves they were safe. In the event of accident they would be attacked. If accident incapacitated them, and if the dogs were made aware of the incapacity or suspected it, the attack would be immediate and final. Thus far, Rime and Calk were eminently able to take care of themselves. The one had a whip—the other an ax. And the whole pack knew it.

In an extremity a vital incapacity, of which the dogs were cognizant, would surely result in a ferocious rush.

There was a drift in the lee of the big bowlder. It had grown almost as high as the rock with the slow accumulations of many northeast gales of snow. A back current of the high winds, helped by drafts from below, had fashioned a curving wall of the great drift. It curved out from the body of the bowlder and curled in toward the top.



The Seven Survivors Had Not Ventured Near. It Was the Behavior of Wolves Rather Than of Dogs

Between the rock and the concave wall of the drift there was a commodious space. The thin-edged ridge of the drift, curling toward the rock as it grew, almost roofed the space.

Having discovered the fortunate refuge, Rime and Calk gathered wood for a fire. Calk broke the crust with his ax and Rime searched the snow for fagots. It was slow work. A good deal of wood was accumulated, however, before the night turned black—dry wood from the ground and dead limbs from the stunted trees. There was enough for the night. Rime and Calk crawled into the shelter and gratefully stowed themselves away from the bitter sweep of the wind. By that time the dogs had abandoned hope of food and dug themselves holes in the snow. Before long, the snow drifted over them and covered them up. They would lie quiet until dawn.

In the lee of the bowlder there was comfort enough to keep Rime and Calk alive. The wind was blowing higher than ever and the temperature had fallen sharply; but nothing worse than whisps of the gale penetrated the shelter, and the mortal quality of the cold was mitigated by the little fire. Neither Rime nor Calk would freeze. They were dry—they were clad in thick sealhide from boots to mitts and hoods; and they hovered over the blaze, which, when they had melted snow in the tin cup and eaten the four cakes of hard-tack, they fed with discreet restraint.

Yet the shelter was hardly tolerable. Smoke filled it. The swirling, lurid cloud choked Rime and Calk. Their eyes smarted and ran tears. They rubbed their eyes and coughed the smoke from their throats and nostrils. There was no sure, final escape, however, from the misery and slow damage of the smoke. The cold confined the men to their shelter. By midnight it was so cold that when Rime scorched his bare palms over the fire frost formed in the hairs on the back of his hands. Consequently, whatever degree of damage the smoke might work, it must be challenged and endured. No man could live the night through in the gale outside.

Calk and Rime knew that the smoke threatened them.

"Wonderful hard on the eyes!" Calk observed. "Agh!" he coughed. "I'm in pain."

"The smoke?" Rime replied. "It blinds me too."

"I'm not able t' bear it."

"You got t' bear it."

"My eyes feels jus' as if they was full o' needles."

Rime laughed.

"You is in a sad state, Calk," said he. "My eyes feels no worse than if somebody had shook a pepperbox into them."

"Jus' like needles," Calk repeated.

"Ay."

"The thrust of a million red-hot needles."

Rime was annoyed by the reiteration. It was nothing to annoy a man. Yet Rime was in the way of being annoyed by trifles. It was the irritability of misery.

"Calk," said he impatiently, "you—you trouble me. Don't whine no more. I knows how you feels. Eyes is all the same, no matter whose head they're in. What hurts your eyes hurts mine. An' the same with damage as with pain. 'Tis neither more nor less in your eyes than in mine. Now hold your tongue!"

"If you suffered as much as me," Calk protested, "you'd complain as much."

"I would not."

"Ye would!"

"I've never trained myself t' complain," said Rime with truth. "I enjoys my troubles alone."

"I've heared you whimper afore this."

"You've knowed me all your life," Rime replied in anger, "an' you've never heard me whimper. I don't do it. An' you knows I don't do it."

"Keep your temper, Rime."

"I isn't goin' t' be maligned by you."

"I didn't mean nothin', Rime. What's the matter with you, anyhow? I never knowed you t' carry on like this afore. You're—you're surly."

"Surly! Me?" Rime demanded.

Calk perceived the drift to a fretful quarrel, proceeding from the wretchedness of the situation, and evaded the issue.

"Well, anyhow," said he uneasily, "we better be careful of our eyes in this here smoke."

"We'll be as careful as we can be."

"I've no wish t' be smoke-blind an' helpless in the mornin'."

"We're forced t' risk that," said Rime amiably. "We got t' keep the fire, isn't we? What else?"

"'Tis sure as frosty as death!"

"'Twould be a worse fate t' freeze solid than go blind for an hour or two."

"We got t' keep sight enough between us t' see ol' Topmast in the mornin'."

"I'll lead you."

"They says a blind man's a false guide."

"Blind or not," Rime boasted, "I'm able t' find Topmast from the midst o' Northeast Barrens. No trouble about that. Give me a glimpse at dawn," he added, indulging in an alliterative hyperbole, "an' I'll be there at dusk."

"You'd stray, Rime."

"I've done wonders afore."

"Not blind."

"All we got t' do is wait until we can see the crest o' Topmast," Rime insisted. "I can carry the course once I'm started."

"We isn't got no time t' wait."

"Time enough for a pair o' hardy stomachs."

"Anyhow," said Calk, "I reckon I'll step outside an' let the wind wash my eyes out."

"No harm in that."

"I'll come back when I'm too cold t' remain."

"Do, Calk. I'll mind the fire. An' when you comes back I'll cleanse my own eyes."

Outside, in the blustering dark, Calk stumbled over a dog. What happened then shocked him to the marrow. The dog snapped at him—leaped away and snarled, seeming to have crouched for attack; and the sleeping pack, disturbed and instantly alert, sprang each from his drifted snowhole and snarled and growled in chorus. For a moment Calk held himself tense, expecting a rush; and for the first time the presence of the pack appeared as a definite, overwhelming menace.

But the growling subsided, and Calk considered the more imminent menace of the wind. It was blowing a sixty-mile gale by that time. In the open, with no cluster of spruce and bowlders to break the push and slap of it, the wind would have caught Calk off his feet and flung him down. He hugged the lee of the bowlder until his eyes were clean of smoke and cooled of the blistering affliction of pain. When he was perilously cold he returned to the fire.

Rime then sought relief in the air. And thus the night crept on its wretched course toward a wild dawn—Rime and Calk taking turns in the open.

"Damn them dogs!" Calk whimpered.

"What's this!" cried Rime, astounded. "A wicked slather o' profanity, Calk? 'Tis no time for such work."

"'Tis the first oath ever I uttered aloud."

"It slipped easy, then."

"Every time I goes out," Calk complained bitterly, "I'm afeared of an onset. I wish you had left that pack t' go down with the *komatik*. They'll be savage with hunger the morrow. An' an achin' belly will neither wait nor choose. What's meat is food to a dog, Rime. I don't like them dogs. I wish they was dead."

"They isn't your dogs."

"If they was," Calk declared, "I'd strike their brains out whilst I could get near with an ax."

Rime was determined.

"As for me," said he, "I'll restore that pack t' the man I borrowed it from if I haves t' wheedle it all the way t' Fool Harbor."

"You won't be required t' coax, Rime," said Calk significantly. "That pack will follow closer than you expect."

"What's t' fear?"

"There's enough t' fear! You're stupid, Rime, if it has missed your understanding."

"I got my dogwhip."

"Ay."

"You got your ax."

"True."

"Well?"

"Ye dunderhead!" Calk burst out. "We'll both be blind on the barrens!"

Next morning there was no glimpse of Topmast—no far-off crest of white against a background of drab cloud. There was no glimpse of the sky—no glimpse of anything. All that day the gale blew furiously over the barrens and snow obscured the world. Nothing was visible beyond a range of thirty feet. The wind was dense, mighty, bitter cold; no man could travel in it—none live long in it. Rime and Calk chopped a bite or two from the frozen caribou meat and thawed it over the fire. It was a meager allowance for the day.

Most of the day they spent in laboriously grubbing for wood in the snow in the midst of the spruce. The one stood in the lee of the bowlder and called directions for the other's return through the murk. Smoke continued to inflame their eyes and aggravate and blind them. They were hungry, cold, weary for sleep, irritable. Every word led to an irascible discussion.

Some cantankerous exchanges in the morning disclosed the wisdom of silence.

Then Calk began to suspect Rime. Rime had the meat in his pocket. Would Rime nibble the meat in the seclusion of the storm? For the time Calk mastered the suspicion.

"I jus' mustn't think about such a thing as that," he determined, "or I might come t' believe it. I've no wish t' do wrong. I'll guard my thoughts."

The suspicion returned.

"'Tis jus' the product o' my misery," Calk argued.

Night came. Nothing was eaten. The decision was to save the meat for strength in the last march. It was Rime's suggestion. It occurred to Calk that Rime might not so positively have proposed to husband the meat had Rime been as hungry as he. This was unreasonable. Calk was aware of it. At any rate, Rime could not have nibbled the meat. It was frozen as hard as stone.

"I'm fair distracted with hunger," Calk thought, striving against the fantastic suspicion. "I'm in peril o' bein' mastered."

Rime thought:

"I'm jus' as glad the meat's in my pocket. I might be evil-minded in my misery an' mistrust Calk if he had it."

In the night the wind fell away. At dawn there was not a breath astir on the barrens. Topmast was not then visible. The weather was still bitter cold. There was a mist of frost in the air. It hung like fog. Rime and Calk, waiting for day to clear the air, were white with frost. They were like snow men. Frost formed in the hair of the skins in which they were clad and coated the flesh of their faces.

Still, the promise of the dawn was for a fair day. Presently the rosy glow of dawn appeared to the half-blinded men; and soon after that the drab color of the world turned white and the haze of frost began to sparkle as the sun burned its way through to the crust of Northeast Barrens. When the sun was up, the air clear, the sky blue, the snow a glistening white, Rime caught—he fancied—a momentary glimpse of the crest of Topmast.

To an unimpaired vision the clear-cut outline and flashing heights of Topmast would have been instantly conspicuous; but Rime's vision was gravely impaired, and the sun, striking up from the crust, hurt his eyes and blinded his sight. The momentary glimpse was in the

right quarter, however; and Rime and Calk, having eaten of the caribou meat, went forward.

Snow had fallen after the wind went down. The crust was carpeted thick and soft.

"That's queer!" Calk ejaculated abruptly.

Rime stopped.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "What's queer? You startle me, Calk."

"No dogs!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Rime, relieved. "The dogs is round somewheres. You may lay t' that."

"I don't see none."

"You're too blind t' see."

"I don't hear none."

"The snow's thick underfoot. A dog wouldn't make no sound in snow like this."

Calk was troubled.

"I don't like it," said he. "'Tis too queer t' please me. Where is them dogs, Rime?"

"Taggin' behind."

"Is you seed 'em?"

"I can't see fifty fathom," Rime replied. "My eyes was sore with smoke when we started. The snow blinds me now. I wish 'twould cloud up. Dogs?" he added. "I isn't seed a hide or hair. They're lurkin' behind. We isn't goin' t' lose Ezra Ball's team. Don't you fret about that."

Calk laughed harshly.

"That isn't what I'm frettin' about," said he. "Not now, Rime. Far from it."

"Oh, come on! We're losin' time."

Calk's anxiety was not to be eased. He whistled to the pack. There was no response. He peered roundabout. No living thing was visible. So inflamed were his eyes, so bright and painful the sun on the snow, that his eyelids were closed to mere quivering slits. His range of definite vision was already not more than fifty yards.

"I can't see!" he complained.

"Save your sight," Rime admonished.

"I've no wish t' waste it," Calk replied tartly. "I wants t' know where them dogs is afore I ventures on. I'm uneasy. A blind man, Rime, is an anxious man. He's all the safer for knowin' all he can find out about what he may expect. I'm fast goin' snow-blind in this sunlight, Rime; an' so is you, fast or slow. If them dogs is taggin' us like a pack o' wolves we ought t' know it an' take precautions. You an' me, Rime," he added with a sage wag of the head, "is the only chance they got on these barrens."

"What you mean, Calk?"

"I means," Calk replied, "that you an' me is the only meat on the barrens."

"Hut!" Rime scoffed.

"There's one thing sure," Calk went on: "If them dogs is hereabouts they're stalkin' us like wild wolves, or they'd answer my call. They lurk, Rime. They're on dishonest business. An' if they comes near they mustn't find out that our eyes isn't as useful as they usually is. Now you mark what I says, Rime. Don't you let them dogs know that your eyes is refusin' duty. An' I won't, neither."

"Calk," said Rime, "I'll tell you where them dogs is. 'Tis a simple matter."

"Where is they, Rime?"

"They've gone on t' Fool Harbor."

Calk laughed again. This time it was a hearty outburst. It diminished in chuckles.

"Sure enough!" said he. "They've got hungry an' gone home for grub. I'm at ease. Come on!"

They set out again.

"'Twill surprise the folk at Fool Harbor," said Rime presently, "when the pack turns up without us."

"They'll be startled."

"Ay," said Rime; "they'll surmise trouble."

Before noon Rime and Calk were disabled and in agony. The reflected light from the snow, striking into eyes made sore by smoke, was like a flame. It blistered. They stumbled, walking with eyes closed, for the most part—permitting only imperative flashes of the immediate path to enter.

Though the sun was high, the sky blue, the air dry and clean, the color of the world vivid, the contrasts sharply definite, for Rime and Calk the remoter landscape—even the shining bulk of Topmast—was shrouded in the impenetrable haze of snow-blindness.

Presently detail vanished altogether from the world. Even the next step was vague. The advance was resolute and constant, however, Calk grumbling bitterly all the while, according to his habit of magnifying difficulties in celebration of his own prowess, and Rime, temperamentally disinclined even to admit a disability, declaring that he could see like a hawk.

As a matter of fact, the one was as blind as the other—Rime as blind as Calk, and Calk as blind as Rime. But Rime led the way, admitting no vital handicap; and Calk, in his wake, complained that he could not see to follow his own nose.

Calk depended on Rime for guidance. There was nothing else for him to do. He gave the matter of direction no thought whatsoever, except occasionally to wonder whether they were in the right or the wrong way. As no debate could assist Rime, to whose resources, whatever they were, the responsibility had been committed, no suggestion was offered. Calk whimpered that he was hungry; that he was thirsty; that he was weak; that he was stone-blind—the which, for a time, was the sum of his communications.

Rime, too, was hungry, thirsty, weak, blind. That he was hungry he admitted lightly, and that he was parched; but that he was weak and blind he denied. As for the direction, he was sure of it, said he, in his confident, boastful way; he had glimpsed Topmast at dawn, said he, and he would lead Calk down Rattle Gully to Fool Harbor at dusk.

And persisting doggedly, the world all the while turning black, they came to a patch of bowlders and stunted spruce, midway of the afternoon, which they were too blind to identify and had not sight enough to search.

Seven of these patches of spruce and bowlders were scattered over Northeast Barrens.

"Now what's this?" said Calk. "Is it Ragged Wood?"

"I hopes 'tis Ragged Wood," Rime replied.

"Does you know that 'tis?"

"No, I doesn't. All I knows is that, accordin' t' my reckonin', it ought t' be Ragged Wood. If my eyes wasn't beginnin' t' bother me a bit I'd be able t' tell for sure."

"I believes 'tis Dwarf Wood," Calk complained.

"If 'tis Dwarf Wood," said Rime, "we're astray for good an' all. But I believes 'tis Ragged Wood. Somehow, it feels like Ragged Wood. An' if 'tis Ragged Wood I'll find Rattle Gully easy enough an' we'll be home afore dark."

"'Tis Dwarf Wood."

"No, Calk; 'tis not Dwarf Wood. I've not strayed that far from the course."

"It might be Swamp Hole."

"Too much timber."

"How do you know there's timber, Rime?" said Calk. "Dang' if I don't believe you can see as well as you says you can! You're nowheres near so blind as me. I can't see a inch ahead."

"You'd know there was timber," Rime replied, "if you'd feel about an' discover it."

"If 'tisn't Swamp Hole, then, it might be Big Rock."

"Oh, no, Calk! I isn't traveled in a circle. Not by no means, m' lad! 'Tisn't Big Rock."

"It might be Scrub Shelter."

"Look you, Calk!" said Rime in a temper. "It might be Scrub Shelter and it might be Swamp Hole an' it might be Big Rock; but 'tisn't. An' if 'tis or 'tisn't we got t' believe, jus' the same, that 'tis Ragged Wood an' shape our course accordin'. I believes 'tis Ragged Wood. You better believe so too. I've growed mighty tired o' your whinin', Calk."

"If 'tis Ragged Wood we're near home."

"We is."

"Well, then, we'll eat the meat in your pocket—what's left o' the meat. An' we'll melt some snow an' have a drink. I'm perishin' for water. An' I can strive no longer without food."

Rime had gone rigid and scowling. For a moment he stared blankly at Calk.

"Calk!" said he.

"What's the matter?"

"What you mean jus' then?"

"I didn't mean nothin' out o' the way. I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"The rest o' the meat, says you."

"Oh, I didn't mean nothin' by that. Don't be foolish, Rime. You can see better than me. Grub round for some wood. 'Twon't be no trouble for you t' find it. We'll have a fire. Here's the ax. Pass over the meat."

"What you want the meat for?"

"I'll get the meat ready whilst you gather the wood—that's all. Pass it over, Rime."

Rime was silent.

"'Tis a queer thing t' say," said he coldly at last. "There's nothin' t' get ready."

This enraged Calk.

"What you want t' keep it for?" he demanded. "You've had it all day. Now you pass it over!"

"All right, Calk," said Rime.

There was some confusion before Rime's hand came into contact with Calk's and the meat changed custody.

"I thought you could see," said Calk.

"I can see well enough."

"Well, then, you must have been pretendin' jus' now that you couldn't."

To this Rime did not reply.

"I'll get the wood," said he. "Don't drop the meat," he added; "you might lose it in the snow."

"Won't no harm come t' that meat from me," Calk retorted. *(Continued on Page 69)*

The Dogs Followed Close on the Heels of Rime and Calk, Downcast and Uneasy

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

When They Make Mines by Nickels and Dimes

By James H. Collins

NEARLY everybody in the East has a bundle of mining stock put away somewhere. Practically everybody in the West has too. But in each section there is a vast difference in the kind of stock, and in the way it was purchased, and in the general state of mind about this form of investment.

Frankly, the East considers mining stock not an investment but a gamble. Gambling is very wicked—unless one happens to win. The East usually loses. So mining stock is a wicked gamble and, in the land of safe four per cent interest on bonds, it is looked upon with either bitter skepticism or amusement. If one owns worthless mine shares he is bitter. If a friend owns them it is funny.

The West, on the contrary, regards mining stock as an investment and sometimes even as a form of thrift. It expects to realize from ten to twenty-five per cent dividends on some of its money, and frequently does so. Moreover, the increase in the value of the stock, in a prospect that has been developed into a mine, may run from one hundred to one thousand per cent.

When the Easterner is asked how he came to buy mining stock, he usually tells the same story. He had a thousand dollars saved. A glib promoter came along selling Shoestring Silver at fifty cents a share. The fellow exhibited samples of rich silver ore and predicted that the stock would shortly go to one dollar a share—in fact, this was the last week at which it could be bought for fifty cents.

How the West Puts Money Into Mines

THE Easterner took two thousand shares and put the stock away. It is still put away. There has never been a market for Shoestring Silver since. Some time ago the Easterner wrote a friend out West asking about Shoestring Silver, and nobody out there had ever heard of such a mine. As a matter of fact, the Easterner never had what the West would consider a good run for his money. His mining stock was probably manufactured in the East. There may have been some physical basis for it out West, in the form of an old prospect hole; but little of the money realized from the sale of this stock ever went into actual development operations—it was absorbed in selling expenses.

The Easterner has never heard that stocks in real Western mining enterprises are sold, not by promoters but by regular brokers, members of stock exchanges in mining centers like San Francisco, Denver, Salt Lake City and Spokane. The Easterner does not know that the Westerner, instead of putting such a small fortune as one thousand dollars into a single mine project, would scatter it judiciously among ten or twenty different enterprises, at the advice of a broker who has made careful investigations through engineers. The chances for at least one of these enterprises to develop into a real mine, returning big profits, are very good, and, even if none of them ever does so, the Westerner will still have the satisfaction of knowing that his venture was a clean gamble.

Nine times in ten the successful Western metal mine in its beginnings was just a prospect hole. There are exceptions in the big low-grade deposits of ore, like the porphyry copper beds, vast deposits that have been known for years, whose owners have awaited the improved mining or recovery process that would enable large corporations to work them. But even these low-grade mines have often been located, in the first place, by the prospector's discoveries of high-grade ore, near the surface, in the same district.

The prospector is first on the ground. He finds an outcrop of gold, silver, copper, zinc, lead or what not, on the side of a mountain, in some remote cañon, and by slow hand methods, with a limited money backing, digs far enough into the ground to demonstrate that it is worth while to dig farther. The prospector is a child of hope. He hammers the rocks and runs his trenches, believing that the very next stroke of the pick will uncover a bonanza. The percentages are all against him, for not one good outcrop in a hundred ever leads to anything worth being called a mine. But when he finds metal, and stakes his claim, and comes back with his samples to be assayed, his optimism is at fever heat. He would scorn an offer of one hundred thousand dollars for all rights in his find, because he believes it is worth millions. At the same time, if five thousand dollars is actually spread out before him for a share in his claim, he is apt to be impressed and to close with such an offer—for the money is needed to carry on development work.

So, if his hole in the ground is at all promising, a bargain will be struck. Such a bargain differs with every prospect. Sometimes a group of Western investors will form a syndicate and take a lease of the claim, with the understanding that so many feet of shaft or tunnel are to be dug, or that a certain amount of work is to be carried out over a given period, or that a certain sum of money is to be invested in proving or disproving the property, the profits to be divided on a stated basis, if there are any profits. Thus the prospect hole, with its timbers and waste pile and few feet of diggings, the sort of hole that can be seen every mile along every railroad in a mineralized country, becomes a development and is on its way to make a mine.

Right at this point, however, a drastic separation takes place between the good prospect and the worthless one. Not every prospect is attractive for development. Perhaps not one in a hundred ever has any money spent upon it, and hardly one in a thousand ever makes a mine. Before capital is invested by experienced mining men a thorough examination will be made by mining engineers, who quickly eliminate the dream mines, expose the isolated stringers and pockets of ore that looked like extensive deposits to their discoverer, and figure on the difficulties involved where ore of low grades is situated far from water or transportation.

Every large mining corporation has its corps of engineers to send out for an examination, if it makes a business of developing new properties; and the mining operators and brokers also employ experts to make an investigation before money is invested. So the engineer is constantly roaming over the mineral country, from Colorado to California, from Arizona to Alaska. By auto, on horseback and in boats he goes into wild sections, far from railroad or town, to look at a prospector's find, with the cool eye of the factory expert that he is. For there can be little romance to him in mining. If his report upon a prospect is favorable it means that a veritable industrial plant will be constructed, which must be provided with ore of such grade that the plant will show a manufacturing profit. Naturally he blasts many hopes, as in a case not long ago where an engineer, after riding forty miles from the railroad to view a hole dug by two old men who thought they had found gold, had to tell them that their discovery was only iron pyrites—fool's gold.

Financing Mine Development

THE prospector is far more apt to be deluded than dishonest. He takes most of the gambling chances in an industry that is three-fourths gamble in its early stages. So the engineer's task is not so much to detect deception as to apply the factory expert's logic to the prospector's hopes, and thus prevent capitalizing them if there is not a factory profit in sight. The mining engineer is usually frank in admitting that his views may be too conservative. Very often they are made so by the requirements of those who send him out. Again and again the prospector or the development syndicate has gone ahead and unearthed real mines where the technical opinion was adverse to their attempting it.

The prospector has dug his hole in the ground and found ore. The mining engineer has reported the outlook promising. Now comes a scheme of finance peculiar to Western metal mining. After the bargain has been struck with the prospector, under which development is to be carried on, and he to share in results, one of two courses will be followed. A close corporation will be formed among a group of business men, who agree to pay in so much a month to

(Concluded on Page 61)

The Prospector is a Child of Hope. He Hammers the Rocks and Runs His Trenches, Believing the Next Stroke of the Pick Will Uncover a Bonanza

The Reformation of Major Miles

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

The Major Pursued the Even Tenor of His Way Until He Reached the Courthouse

ON THE back stretch of the Lilac Hill Race Track, and by the light of what poets are pleased to call a silvery moon, Major Agamemnon Miles mopped the perspiration from his expansive countenance as he peered down into a deep hole from which a tall red and white quarter pole had just been lifted.

The Major leaned heavily on the spade, which, for one of his age and avoirdupois, he had wielded with astounding vigor, and panting from the effects of unusual exertion gave vent to his feelings.

"I've been engaged in many enterprises in my time, Jodey," he exclaimed, "but I nevah did figgah that I'd go so extensively into th' real-estate business. Still, aftah all, most of th' money in circulation was originally dug out of th' ground."

"Dat's what, Majah!" agreed the latter's factotum as he threw down a pick. "A feller has to scratch wid both hands nowadays to bring home coffee an' bacon fo' de chillun."

"Yes, indeed, Jodey," philosophized the Major. "Money can make a Roman senator out of a bootblack, or a jailbird out of a judge; but just now we must get busy, boy, an' dig that othah hole. Th' main thing is to plant th' pole in th' right spot. How fast do you suppose that filly can run a qua'tah?"

"De bestest move she evah made was in twenty-six, an' I was kickin' her at every jump," responded the black boy. "She's in de mud-turtle stakes fo' fair!"

"Well, lemme see!" responded the Major thoughtfully as he worked out a little problem in mental arithmetic. "That would make her cover about seventeen yards to th' second, wouldn't it? Just drag that pole down th' track about one hundred feet an' we'll erect a new monument to th' evahlastin' glory of th' speed idea. Aftah that everythin'll be in readiness when th' subscribers' special arrives. But we must hurry, Jodey; it will nevah do to disappoint yore guests on an occasion of this kind."

The little negro chuckled as he worked rapidly, throwing the earth out of the new hole he was digging. After the manner of his race he could not refrain from reiterating a narrative with the details of which the Major was already familiar.

"You'd 'a' died laughin', Majah, when dat yaller niggah ob th' Judge's come ovah to de stable! He talked 'bout everything; an' den, at last, he come right down to de water's edge.

"'Jodey,' sez he, 'does dat boss man ob yores ebber hand yo' any real money?'

"I knowed jes' about what he was arter; so I sez, kinder surprised like, 'Whad d'ye call real money, niggah?' sez I.

"'Fo' instance, fifty dollahs!' sez he.

"'Go on 'way from me, man!' sez I. 'Dar ain't no race-track niggah ebber sees dat kind ob money. Don't talk foolishness!'

"'Oh, yes, indeedy, dey do,' sez he—'if dey puts a twitch on dar upper lip so's dey can't cackle!' sez he.

"'Whad does yo' mean?' sez I.

"'Now lookaheah, black boy!' sez he. 'I's gwine ter talk real clubby to yo'. We-all knows yo' kin ride; but yo' need a manager,' sez he.

"'Fo' why?' sez I. 'I ain't got no business to manager.'

"Wid dat, he ups an' laughs as if he'd heard de best joke ob de season.

"'Yo' crazy little moke!' sez he. 'How 'bout dat peart-lookin' yearlin' filly yo' has in yore barn? Is she as good as yo' say she is? 'Ca'se why, Judge Merriman, my boss man, 'lowa she looks like de real article; but yo' gotter show him!'

"'I don't hab to show nobody nothin',' sez I. 'I'll show 'em when we gets to de races, in all de big stakes,' sez I.

"'Wait a minute, befo' yo' goes rampagin' round,' sez he. 'Dis yeah ole man ob yores don't ebber give yo' nothin' but a game ob talk—ain't dat so?'

"'I dunno,' sez I; 'he gibs me all's comin' to me, I reckon.'

"'Dat's whad's de mattah wid de cullud race,' sez he—'dey ain't ambitious an' dey don't reach out. Wake up, boy; de Majah hasn't nebber seen dat filly work, has he?'

"'How could he,' sez I, 'when he ain't been home since I broke her?'

"'Well,' sez he, 'dat bein' de case, whad's de mattah wid yore makin' a little side money fo' yore ownself? If she has de real speed to burn, why, de Judge and his partner, Mistah Ben DuBois, wants her; but he's gotta hab what he calls an Orbicular Dependation.'

"'How will he git it?' sez I. 'Dar ain't no such hoss,' sez I.

"'Lawd! Lawd!' sez he. 'Yo'-all is de nappiest-headed niggah I evah seen. Why, work her fo' dem, ob course!'

"'I dassent,' sez I. 'Somebody'd see me an' run an' tell de Majah.'

"'Dar you go again!' sez he. 'Ain't de nights longer dan de days dis time ob de yeah? Whad's de mattah wid sendin' her a fast qua'tah to-morrow night 'bout one o'clock? We kin time her by de lanterns; and den, if she does what yo' say, my folks will buy her befo' de Majah finds out what he has got. Ain't yo' wised up yit?'

"'An' whar does I come in?' sez I.

"'Yo' comes inter de king's house wid fifty dollahs in yore jeans,' sez he; 'and I has de money wid me—I has de money right heah wid me!' sez he.

"'Jes' lemme look at dat ole money,' sez I, 'an' ——'"

The Major grunted.

"Yes, yes!" he interrupted. "I know that story by heart. Th' infernal scoundrels—they're as rapacious as a lot of wolves. I've been payin' tribute to 'em fo' yeahs an' yeahs; an' they ain't satisfied. Now they think I have a good race filly, an' they want to steal her. So far as probity is concerned, they remind me of a saddle hoss I bought once. Th' feller that sold him to me guaranteed he was a family hoss."

"An' was he, Majah?"

"Well, Jodey, he filled th' specifications, all right," responded his master, "because it took th' whole blamed family to ride him."

The Major spoke as one having authority. For several years he had been the power behind the leading gambling house in his home town, and in the course of his activities had rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, the latter being represented by the judge, the prosecuting attorney and the chief of police. He snorted indignantly as he pondered on the thousands of dollars which, in order to secure immunity, he had paid into the coffers of the system; and with each month came greater demands.

Judge Merriman and Ben DuBois, the prosecuting attorney, were partners in a racing stable. In their conduct of local privilege, as in all other enterprises, they were grasping and avaricious. Now they looked with covetous eyes on a certain chestnut filly owned by the Major and judiciously touted as being a world beater by Jodey Beam. Greek was about to meet Greek.

Both the Major and his Man Friday worked swiftly and steadily until the pole was firmly planted in its new habitat. They packed the earth about it carefully in such a manner that even to a practiced eye nothing would attract attention. Then the former drew back and viewed the results of his labor with unqualified approval.

"If that little old cheap filly don't break th' Judge's watch now, Jodey," he vouchsafed, "she'll have to be hog-tied an' hitched to th' grand stand. Yo' bettah hustle back to th' stable an' be ready when they arrive. I'll hide out somewheah an' view th' proceedin's. Then, when it's all ovah, we'll put th' pole back where it belongs."

II

"GOOD mawnin', Majah!"

"Good mawnin', Judge!"

"How do yo'-all feel this mawnin', Majah?"

"If I felt any bettah," attested Major Miles, "I'd kick ovah th' dashboard an' run off with th' family chariot! How is it with yo', Judge?"

Major Miles was sitting on the veranda of his home, drinking in the late autumn sunshine, and Judge Merriman had just happened along, pausing ostensibly to exchange greetings. "None too well—none too well! Just tol'able," droned the Judge. "I ain't been feelin' ——"

"Aha!" broke in Major Miles solicitously. "System needs a little tonin' up; livah a mite out of ordah, I expect."

"Health's all right," croaked the first speaker; "it's my pocketbook—that's on th' north side of th' weathah."

"It's an awful thing when a man's bank account falls victim to tuberculosis," purred the Major with every evidence of friendly interest. "It's almost as embarrassin' as to wake up in th' mawnin' an' find some feller has walked off with yore britches or bested yo' in a hoss trade. Bin a little too handy with yore pen, I reckon?"

"That's it!" wheezed Judge Merriman dolefully. "I indorsed for a passel of worthless scamps an' they left me holdin' th' bag. It almost crippled me," he added with a grim smile of self-abnegation. "Th' fact of th' mattah is, it really has squeezed me to some extent."

"Too bad! Too bad, Judge!" sympathized the Major. "I always figgahed that of all membahs of our little community yo' were th' financial Rock of Ages."

"It's a mistake, Majah—a great mistake," declared the Judge hastily and with almost suspicious earnestness. "I just manage to scrape along an' keep on speakin' terms with th' butcher and grocer. But, changin' th' subject, how did yo' find things up North an' when did yo' return?"

"Just landed last night, suh," replied the Major. "Th' North's holdin' her own, all right. Everything that looks good up theah is labeled with a Keep Off th' Grass! or Don't Pick th' Flowers! sign. I didn't gathah anything worth mentionin'."

"Been out to look at th' hosses yet?" queried the Judge.

"I ain't got much to look at nowadays," quoth the Major. "I'll get round to th' track by and by. Shootin' Star is th' only meal ticket I'm feedin', an' he won't last much longer; he's gettin' along."

"I saw yore niggah exercisin' a chestnut filly a few days ago," resumed the Judge, without displaying animation and in ordinary conversational tones. "She's a likely appearin' trick; but looks are as deceptive in a race hoss as they are in a woman."

"That's right, Judge; yo' called th' turn," assented the Major with every manifestation of sincerity. "I don't set much sto' on looks, except that, when we come to think of it, most of th' stars, both among womenfolks an' race hosses, were fairly up in th' pictures. Conformation is all right; but it's got to walk hand in hand with somethin' else. I ain't seen that filly since we halter-broke her. I expect she must be bridle-wise by this time; an' I was thinkin' if I got round to it I'd go out this aftahnoon an' let Jodey step her along, just to see whether or not she belongs with th' sacred thirty-six."

"Dangerous to June 'em too early," cautioned the Judge fervently. "I don't believe in settin' 'em down until aftah th' New Yeah. If she was mine I'd give her plenty of time; but she's a nice filly an' I'd like to have her in the barn just to look at, if nothin' else. Have yo' evah priced her?"

"Indeed, no, suh," returned Major Miles. "Indeed, no, Judge; folks wants th' ready-made article now. Her main value, as I take it at the present time, lies in th' fact that she's a good-looker, an' th' only livin' daughter of Old Hysterics. I wouldn't know how to price her except from that standpoint. Considering breedin' an' quality, I suppose she'd fetch two or three thousand dollahs at any of the yearlin' sales."

"Th' best race hosses come from untried mares," hazarded the Judge warily. "Yo' set a high mark, Majah. I wouldn't mind ownin' that filly at a fair valuation, but I can't waste ammunition shootin' at the stars."

"Judge," interposed Major Miles solemnly, "I agree with yo', and yore argument is well taken; but yo' must remembah that Hysterics was retired from th' turf early in her three-yeah-old form, an' wasn't raced to death. That's mainly the reason I'm expectin so much from her daughter. Lawd, what a race mare she was! When she died I should have erected a monument to her; but if I had reared a shaft commensurate with her achievements it would have touched th' blue canopy above, an' I couldn't afford it.

"Howevah," continued the Major, "this filly is th' only yearlin' I have, an' th' expense of keepin' her until I can give her a fair trial ain't likely to land me in th' poorhouse. Still, if yo' want her an' make me a fair offer, I ain't agoin' to set th' dog on yo'."

"It's out of all reason," demurred the Judge sourly—"absolutely out of th' question. How would a thousand strike yo'?"

Major Miles laughed goodnaturedly and protested, shaking an admonitory finger.

"Th' Book says: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor his ox, nor his wife, nor anything that is his'—which probably included whatever race hosses was in th' land at th' time it was written. Fo' sentimental reasons this filly is probably mo' valuable to me than to anyone else. I wouldn't advise yo' to pay mo' than she's worth. I think all yore exceptions are well taken, but we won't have any hard feelin's about it. Yo' know th' old sayin', Judge: 'A hoss is worth as much as yo' can get fo' him, an' most men are rated by th' price they set on themselves.'"

"Well, let's say two thousand an' call it a trade," suggested Judge Merriman with some irritability. "It's too much; but I'm a child in a toy store when it comes to a hoss that fills my eye."

"It's mo' than she's worth, Judge," counseled the Major; "but I swear to goodness I'm like th' boy when th' circus comes along—th' call of th' calliope makes his feet restless an' he ain't responsible. I don't want to part with her, as I told yo'; but if yo' say twenty-five hundred, an' five hundred out of th' first stake she wins, I might consider it—othahwise we will talk about something mo' entertainin'."

The Major's air and tone were affable and courteous; but, for all that, the Judge premised that he detected a note of finality.

In any event he argued with himself that it would be dangerous to procrastinate.

"Th' infernal ole fossil!" he soliloquized. "He figgahs he's stingin' somebody, but when he wakes up he'll find it's a frosty mawnin', with th' fiah out." Then he said aloud:

"Well, Majah, I'm just crazy enough to take her. I'd oughter be put away where they keep folks that ain't got good sense; but I'll take her. Just draw up th' necessary documents an' we'll close th' deal."

One week following the events above related two men stood in front of the grand stand at the Lilac Hill Race Track and watched a chestnut filly as she came racing at top speed through the stretch. They eyed each other askance as they compared watches.

"Twenty-six and a half—is that what yo' made it, Ben?" queried the taller of the two. His tones were redolent of surprise and indignation.

"Exactly, Judge," growled the man addressed. "The last time we gave her a trial she worked a shade fastah. I thought then that she was off a peg and that she would come back to her speed, but she's goin' south every day. She's just a false alarm; and if ever she finds a home it will be between th' shafts of a hack."

"How do yo' suppose we got stung like that, Ben?" shrilled Judge Merriman. "It doesn't seem possible, an' everything looked all right when we gave her that moonlight trial. Can yo' account fo' it?"

The other shook his head dolefully.

"If I knew th' answer," he replied, "I'd have it set in diamonds. All I know is that we paid twenty-five hundred dollahs fo' an exotic that only blooms at night—an' unfortunately all th' races are run between sunup an' sundown."

"I'll get even with that old pirate," hissed the jurist. "What's more, I'll get my money back with interest; just watch me! I don't know what he did, but he must have done somethin'."

"How do yo' propose to get even?" queried his companion pessimistically.

"Ain't yo' th' prosecutin' attorney an' ain't I th' judge?" retorted his partner. "An election is comin' on an' it's time fo' a reform movement. It'll help us both ways. In th' first place, we'll corral th' church vote; an', secondly, as that ole scamp, Miles, is th' real sponsor for th' biggest gamblin' house in town, it will kick th' pins from undah him. Then, whenever he wants to open up again, we'll make him pay th' price."

With his course mapped out, the Judge's scheme rapidly took on accomplishment. On the very next morning the administration organ blazoned forth on its front page the following announcement:

GAMBLING MUST GO!
LID CLAMPED DOWN!
MIGHTY MOVEMENT, BACKED BY AUTHORITIES, WILL STAMP OUT VICE!
CIVIC PURITY LEAGUE AIDS IN A CRUSHING CRUSADE AGAINST LOCAL INIQUITY!

Major Agamemnon Miles and his interests were left floundering about in the deep waters of reform.

III

IT WAS high noon on the first day after the newspaper announcement, and the consequent inauguration of the reform movement, when Major Agamemnon Miles made a dignified progress down the city's main street. To those who gave him salutation the Major returned in kind; his whole air, however, was that of a man having a weighty mission to perform and who had girded on the armor of righteousness.

Behind the Major at a respectful distance trotted Jodey Beam. The latter carried in one hand a small coop containing a magnificent gamecock, and in the other a sack. It was an unusual spectacle; and as the procession passed onward toward the civic center citizens who knew the principal actors smiled at each other and whispered behind their hands.

Without halting, however, the Major pursued the even tenor of his way until he reached the courthouse. The objective point being gained, he ascended the steps slowly and made a bee line for the presiding judge's chambers.

Judge Merriman had just finished the morning's docket and, preparatory to leaving for the day, was chatting with the prosecuting attorney. They were the only ones present when the Major entered. The Judge rose to greet the newcomer, as did his companion; but the visitor bowed stiffly and, motioning Jodey to place the coop containing the chicken, together with the sack, on the table, took a position immediately in front of the bench and within the inclosure reserved for members of the bar. From every standpoint it was an untoward proceeding—so unusual, indeed, that both officials looked askance at each other; and the presiding officer was about to inquire concerning the Major's mission when that worthy took up his parable.

"I expect, Yore Honah," he began, "that I'm out of ordah, an' that it's an unusual thing fo' a private citizen to come into yore cou't of his own motion, without bein' a party to legal procedure of any kind; but I've heard so much about th' wave of refo'm that is sweepin' ovah us that I have weighed th' arguments of its adherents against those who oppose it, an', havin' struck a balance with my conscience, I come heah to declare my intention of joinin' th' movement. I expect there is no precedent fo' this; but everythin' has got to have a beginnin' an' I have always regarded th' cou'ts as th' propah custodians of a people's conscience. I come heah to-day to have my soul shriven of anything that in th' future might be construed as breakin' th' statutes in such cases made an' provided."

As Major Miles proceeded both the Judge and the prosecuting attorney were thoroughly nonplused; but the former had been playing the game of politics too long to be at a loss for words. Years of experience had taught him that the latter commodity was the most inexpensive form of exchange extant.

"Quite right, Majah—quite right!" he assented impressively. "Quite right, suh! Th' sanctity an' well-bein' of any community depend on th' mannah in which its rules an' regulations are carried out; an' th' example of those in high places should be th' beacon light from which laymen may gathah inspiration fo' betterment an' uplift. Refo'm movements, suh, often take their initiative in ways that are incomprehensible to ordinary citizens."

"I thank you, suh; I thank you," bowed the Major as he prepared to resume. "I knew that by comin' heah I should find kindred spirits.

"When I say that, I want to take yo' out of th' common or garden variety of refo'mah. My idea is that real refo'm always starts at home. A fellah who can't control himself hasn't got much chance to lay th' foundation fo' a big movement.

"It always struck me as bein' a peculiar fact, Yore Honah, that since time began paradise has been the best press-agented attraction in th' history of civilized nations; but fo' all that yo' can nevah find anybody that's in a hurry to get there. I've been tryin' to size up th' situation since a yard of cloth would have made me a suit of clothes; but there are some things about it that don't dovetail together an' that are hard to understand.

"Befo' my refo'mation, I wanted to give th' Creator credit fo' knowin' what He was doin' when He started this world on th' long journey. He gave th' race hoss his speed an' th' gamecock his courage. He formed one animal so's he would be th' poetry of motion an' rival th' wind with his fleetness; then He made another that plods along peacefully, haulin' a dray. He surcharged th' gamecock with invincible courage an' indomitable will; then He turned round an' evolved th' common, everyday barnyard rooster—a crowin', pestiferous scoundrel that wakes everybody up befo' daylight just to tell 'em that he hasn't laid an egg.

"When he commenced on menfolks He first made an upstandin' fellah, able to take care of himself in any company; an' then I guess, like the dray hoss an' the dunghill rooster, He fashioned a chinless apology that He called a man.

"I figgahed that th' Lord knew what He was doin', an' that He put a punch into His work when He gave 'em both sides of everything, so's they could see th' difference between a good job an' a bad one.

"My idea was that wherevah yo' met a professional refo'mah yo' met a man who was lopsided. Accordin' to my notion his definition of success was to marry a meal ticket an' sit down close to the pot licker an' preach. To me he was as full of cheap platitudes as an elephant's trunk is full of tricks; but of his own initiative he nevah did enough to start a wheelbarrow in motion. I classed him with th' kind of man who would tie baby-blue ribbon on a garbage can an' take credit fo' doin' away with th' odor of its contents, an' his ideas of eternal fitness would be to put stained-glass windows in a pigpen.

With Steel and Wing and Beak the Combatants Fought Each Other All Over the Pit

"It's fashionable nowadays," continued the Major after a brief pause, "to classify an' catalogue an' index humanity, an' to dominate human nature by th' card system until yo' can wind it up like a clock an' it will run just so long an' accomplish certain functions in just such a way.

"If I pick up a newspapah I find that everything I touch, eat, drink or smell is full of microbes; that Death lurks in th' toddy, an' th' Grim Reaper is hidin' behind every woodpile in th' country.

"I used to think that a refo'mah was a good many things he oughtn't to be, but I know bettah now; I'm facin' th' light," asserted the Major with impressive conviction. "I had a notion in my unreconstructed days that when yo' said a man was engaged in th' business of rescuin' his feller citizens it was only anothah way of announcin' th' fact that he was runnin' fo' office again an' was bound to win at any cost. But, as I said befo'—an' especially since I heard that both yo' gentlemen were fatherin' this movement—I see things in a different light.

"I want to join this crusade. It is my desiah to put in my application early, so as I'll be on hand when they pass round th' golden harps of gladness an' th' pearls beyond price.

"I'm just like a brand from th' burnin', gentlemen; an' I bring my vouchers with me.

"Th' game chicken you see in this coop is th' best I evah raised. His name is Miltiades. Far be it from me to open old sores or to say anythin' here that might be construed as uncharitable or acrimonious; but, if my memory serves me right, an' befo' yo' gentlemen turned into paths of righteousness an' refo'm—I say, if memory serves me—yo' were among th' very ablest suppo'tahs of th' game chicken and without peers as judges of a race hoss. I expect, like myself, yo' have placed all this behind yo' now, an' that yo', too, have put yo'selves beyond temptation; so I feel assured he won't contaminate yo'.

"He nevah lost a battle in his life, an' I don't think I am boastin' when I say that nothin' of his weight wearin' feathers can conquer him; but I don't want him any mo', an' I shall leave it to yo' to send him some place where he may do some good in his generation.

"In th' sack yo' will find a few decks of cards an' about half a bushel of poker chips. Yo' would oblige me by markin' them Exhibits A an' B an' filin' them away somewhere; so that if a question should evah come up regardin' my complete rehabilitation the cou't itself would be able to produce prima-facie evidence. I want to put Satan so far behind me, gentlemen, that he won't evah catch up—an' I thank yo', one an' all."

Major Miles made an elaborate obeisance. He turned sharply on his heel; and before the Judge and his companion could recover their equanimity or register an objection, he had passed out. Jodey Beam had also disappeared.

"Did yo' evah heah anything like that? Why, th' old feller is crazy!" sneered the Judge as the outer door of the courthouse closed with a bang, proclaiming the Major's final departure.

"What did he mean by comin' heah anyhow? We made a mistake in lettin' him get started. I can't imagine what his object is or wheah he thinks he's gettin' to."

"He's about goin' to raise hell!" retorted the prosecuting attorney, shooting a startled look at his companion. "Miles isn't any fool an' he's as crafty as a Maori dog. I reckon he'll tag along now with those refo'mahs; perhaps he'll have a vice commission appointed an' tell all he knows."

"He couldn't swear to anythin' of his own knowledge an' his tools won't incriminate themselves if I know anythin' about human nature," declared the Judge. "It won't do him any good to prance round, an' this is only th' commencement. Wait until we get through with him."

"Still, if Yo' Want Her an' Make Me a Fair Offer, I Ain't Agoin' to Set th' Dog on Yo'"

"Yes, yes—I know all that," retorted the lawyer; "but yo' forget that only last week his chief lieutenant subscribed five hundred dollahs to th' campaign fund. They didn't give up that money because they loved us; an' it's a dollah to a doughnut that he knows th' money was split three ways between two gentlemen, near an' dear to us, an' the chief of police. In th' last year ovah five thousand has been collected from his interests on various pretexts. I hope we haven't started somethin' we can't finish!"

"What else is theah to do?" wheezed the Judge with some impatience. "Supposin' we stand pat now an' decline to take any action, what's left? Nothin' but a big scandal starin' us in th' face! Of cou'se they couldn't prove how th' money went or fo' what purpose it was collected; but just th' same it will roil up th' political waters an' leave us high an' dry on election day. We can't stop now. Th' preachers and women's clubs are all with us. We've got to go on."

"What disposition shall we make of these things?" queried the Judge with the air of a man who would end a disagreeable dissertation, as he rose from his chair and pointed to the table, on which were the coop containing Miltiades and the stack of poker chips. "He's a good-lookin' chicken, isn't he, Ben? I reckon old Miles was right when he said that nothin' of his weight could put a gaff under his wing. I'm a little shy of good blood myself an' I think I'll take him home. We can't leave him heah to starve to death."

"'Jes' Lemme Look at Dat Ole Money,' Jes I"

Now be it said in this place that Ben B. DuBois, prosecuting attorney for his county, took special pride in his own poultry yard and yielded to no man when it came to questioning the merits of his particular breed. Moreover, he was not aware that Judge Merriman was possessed of certain inside information regarding the bird in question. He raised his voice in protest.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Judge," he doubtfully averred—"I don't know so much about that. He's a good-lookin' chicken, all right, but he doesn't impress me as bein' a world beatah. Why, I will venture to say that I have two or three out on my runs that could make him take th' count, fo' money or marbles. Catch old Miles turnin' anything loose that made a noise like th' real article! Believe me, if this hadn't been th' courtroom I'd have called his bluff!"

Next to his own physical well-being, Judge Merriman idolized money as a heathen does his gods; besides which, he knew a game chicken far better than the inside of his Blackstone. Swiftly he studied the situation, and simultaneously it dawned on him that the occasion was ripe to reap substantial benefit from the Major's visit; and in gathering the coin the Judge played no favorites—not even his partner.

"Yo' always rated yores a little too high, Ben," he bantered, as he skillfully cast forth a feeler; "but that's not against yo'—every chicken fighter feels th' same way an' yo've got lots of company."

"I talk money, Judge," shot back DuBois; "it can't speak for itself, but it's a pow'ful factor when handled by th' right party."

"Hush up, Ben! Hush up!" warned the Judge indulgently. "Yo'll get yoreself into trouble with those feathered freaks of yores. Why, I've heard it stated mo' than once that they were nothin' but a lot of wing fighters."

"Not while I was round, yo' didn't," retorted the prosecuting attorney warmly. "Th' trouble is, I can't get a match heah fo' love or money. They all talk just like yo' do. Heah yo' are, crowin' round about a chicken you nevah saw befo'; but if it came to gamblin' yo' wouldn't bet he was alive!"

"Oh, I don't know about that, Ben—I don't know about that," purred the man on the bench. "I didn't want to hurt yore feelin's; but, honestly, I think this heah bird can whip anythin' yo've got in yore yard. Seriously, Ben, I mean that—an' no disrespect to yo', howevah."

"Do yo' mean it two hundred dollahs' wo'th, or is it just language, Judge?" taunted the other.

"I mean it that much an' eight hundred mo' on top of it," declared the Judge emphatically. "Now will yo' be good?"

For answer, the man below drew forth a plethoric roll of bills, and detaching a century note therefrom he laid it on the bench.

"Yo're on, Judge!" he exclaimed with manifest elation. "Yo've made a match; an' I'll elect yo' stakeholder too. Bring yore bird ovah to my barn a week from next Tuesday night. No one will be a bit th' wiser an' we'll finish this little misunderstandin' privately. How does that suit yo'?"

"Perfectly, Ben—perfectly!" assented Judge Merriman. "It suits me down to th' ground. I'll be on hand if it isn't fo' anything else than to complete yore education."

As the officials departed a small black figure stole from behind the jury box and scurried out the back door. It was Jodey Beam.

IV

THROUGH the cracks of a barn situated in the residence district of Beauville fitful rays of light came and went ever and anon, casting orange-colored darts on the surrounding shrubbery. It was a lonely spot and one well calculated for clandestine meetings. The edifice itself was far removed from the street and placed so that it was not likely to attract attention from casual passers-by.

Inside, and in the center of the floor, a space had been cleared; over it two men were busily engaged in laying down a large strip of canvas. Having accomplished this, they surrounded the circle with a miniature barrier of the same material.

These preliminaries being accomplished, and the lanterns the men had brought with them having been placed

(Continued on Page 73)

FERDINAND FINNEY, BUCKEYE

By ROB WAGNER

SKETCHES BY TONY SARG

Here Was the Landscape Laboratory, Where One Team of Four Men Turned Out Three Hundred Canvases a Day

SLIDING down on his shoulder blades among the cushions in the corner of the studio, Finney cursed the world in general and women in particular, for, although the court had rendered a verdict in his favor, he was woefully depressed:

"It's just my luck, but I guess I deserve it. That's what I get for doing business with women—they squeal when they think they've been stung!" And Finney snorted his contempt.

"But," said I, "you won, and you don't have to dig up the twelve hundred, so why feel so churlish?"

"Won!" piped Finney. "Won the case, yes! But I've lost one of the best towns in the whole United States. I'm through here for ten years at least. I'd have kicked in the twelve hundred easily enough, but the old tabby cat has peddled her troubles to everyone, and I'm proclaimed the prize picture bunco man of America. That is some distinction, but one that doesn't pay.

"Of course I knew I'd win. Do you suppose I don't know the game well enough to play it safe? That old pinhead never had a look-in on a verdict. She'd have to prove that I had misrepresented the picture as a Blommer, and the whole evidence showed that I had sold and intended to sell her a Blummer."

"But who the devil is Blummer?" I asked.

"Blummer? Why, Jimmie Geegan is Blummer—and a whole lot of other fellows too. You remember Jimmie? He was doing buckeye stuff for the Excelsior Manufacturing Company years ago in Detroit when I first knew you. He is one of the best trade-picture fellows in the business—used to do Corots, but specializes on the Dutch stuff now. He can paint a Blummer that would make old Blommer quit the palette for plumbing if he should crawl out of his wooden overcoat and see what is being done in nearly his name. Some of those Dutch interiors that he does in water color—Israels stuff—would make you cry. The Mother and Child, Bowl of Porridge, Light Coming Through the Little Window—I've sold a ton of 'em in the states where they have so many culture clubs."

Knocking Spots Out of Uncle Bill

THUS, dear friends, let me introduce to you Mr. Ferdinand Finney, art dealer and "corner-sewer," as he lightly refers to himself. I am sure you will find him entertaining; but when he visits your town I would suggest that you familiarize yourself with the spelling of great names before you permit him to add to your already doubtful collection of pictures.

Finney came into my orbit in 1890. We were attending art school at night. He was a bright lad, a good show-card writer, and had an amazing talent for the stuntster stuff. For an artist Finney had curious ambitions. He wanted to be a buckeye painter, and with lofty contempt and scorn he dubbed all serious artists "fuzzies." His was one of the rare examples of art and commerce mixing. His artistic dexterity was amazing, but his soul was commercial. Even then, at twenty years of age, he was making good money doing commercial work for the Excelsior Manufacturing Company.

Finney first went with the Excelsior Company as a "spot knocker" at fifteen dollars a week. A spot knocker, you may be interested to learn, is one who retouches large solar prints made from very bad photographs. At that time the crayon portrait was the mark of aristocracy and the family pride of most American households. The Excelsior Company sent agents over the entire Middle West to solicit patronage for those ghastly "counterfeits of Uncle Bill and Aunt Min," as Finney called them. It is true the price was very low—in fact, the pictures were often given away with the purchase of a magnificent gilt frame that cost but sixteen dollars.

In these transactions the agent carried away a bad photograph or faded daguerreotype and sixteen dollars, and at the end of two weeks the ancestral home received a crayon portrait as unlike Aunt Min as the company dared to make it. Usually, however, the recipients were pleased with the glory that had been added, for it squared with the promise of the local clairvoyant that the dear departed was much better off in the other sphere.

Now it so happened that however careful the deceased had been in regard to her complexion, when her tintype was enlarged twenty diameters into a solar print, great spots and blemishes appeared which it was necessary to spot out. The lads who accomplished this dermatological improvement were known as spot knockers. By the use of an air brush and a few strokes of pastel—behold, a crayon portrait! Finney started his unique artistic career as a spot knocker.

But a good spot knocker is not to be held down. As the art of photography grew the crayon portrait lost in popularity, but the expert workers were still on the job. Finney next did hand-painted Christmas cards, and for more than a year his eyes and fingers and very soul were full of the "diamond dust" he sprinkled on the snow.

From Christmas cards he graduated to pastels, and in this medium he began to turn out fruit pieces. His still-life models were watermelons, grapes and onions, great beautiful pyramids of idealized fruit that ultimately found their way into every dining room in the land of the free lunch. Finney was permitted to sign these appetizing efforts, and so at last he was a real buckeye artist, known to the trade and prized highly.

It happened that he entered upon his artistic career on a great wave of popular demand for hand paintings, when the glory of the chromo, oleo and crayon portrait was passing into eclipse. A few well-to-do folks prized their steel engravings of Lincoln and his Cabinet, and Landseer's Stag at Bay; but now the time had arrived when, to show any esthetic class, one must possess a hand painting.

Only the rich could own an Antiseptic Newsboy by Brown, but the Excelsior Company was prepared to furnish wonderful landscapes within the reach of all. The buckeye factories began at once to flood the country with splendid paintings of the Yosemite Falls, Sheep at Rest and Happy Hours. And Finney became one of the sincerest flooders. His facility was so remarkable that it was necessary for him to paint under several names, so that the name Finney should not become too common.

The department stores and small art dealers disposed of thousands of these pictures, so in a few years there was scarcely a family without one. Ferdinand Finney made money but he worked like a girl in a canning factory, and it was in this merciless mill that whatever fragile ideals he possessed were ground up. After five or six years of perpetual paint pounding he was nothing but a machine, his fluent talents alone remaining.

The Dutch Windmill Specialist

ONE day I went out to see him at work, and the sight would have been appalling had it not been so humorous. Here were great lofts with fifty or sixty men employed. One man did nothing but Dutch windmills in blue, and he had been doing windmills and girls in wooden shoes for two years and three months without a break. When I asked him if he did not tire of his job he looked up from under his eyeshade and said:

"If they don't take me off these things I'll lose my reason. The damned mills keep turning in my head until I'm dizzy." However, the chap made forty a week, and he needed it badly.

An old man in a little room by himself was working away at still-life eight-by-ten canvases of coins, packages of old letters and occasionally a bunch of greenbacks. He said he had painted over two million dollars! Another chap did game pieces—ducks hanging to oaken doors or brook trout lying on a platter.

But Finney's department was the most exciting. Here was the landscape laboratory, where one team of four men turned out three hundred twenty-four-by-thirty-six canvases a day. Canvases, did I say? Muslin, with a cheap glue sizing. The process was to stretch a piece a little more than thirty feet long by two feet wide on a great frame; then, after marking it off in thirty-nine-inch lengths, thus allowing three inches for the stretcher frame when cut, the first fellow would lay in the sky the whole length of thirty feet. He might start with a soft twilight effect, work along a little bit into a fine blue, and gradually ease off into a glowing sunset. After he had gone along about six feet, another chap would join in and paint in the middle distance of mountains or distant hills or ocean. Then, when he was well on his way, another—the most skilled of the

quartette—would put in the foreground, which consisted of a lane with a little church, a bunch of cattle, or an old fellow carrying a red pack. As the muslin was cheap, often a hole would turn up that could not be filled with paint. Did they destroy the picture? Oh, no! They just painted a pair of wings on the textile defect and you had a dear little birdie whose body was only a hole.

These landscapes were the largest and cheapest the Excelsior Manufacturing Company made. Finney, doing higher-grade work, painted on separate stretchers, but he told me that even this way he turned out sometimes as many as eighty pictures in a day. The canvases would range from eight by ten to twenty-four by thirty-six, and the price he received was eight cents apiece. And these were the days when prices were high!

It is very amusing to the old buckeye painter to read all this strenuous pother about "the new business efficiency." New, indeed!

Why it was invented and brought to its finest flower by "impractical artists" twenty-five years ago.

But all art movements have their day and the buckeye had a glorious but ephemeral one. The department stores cut prices frightfully, and then they began giving the stuff away with soap, tea and other edibles. The buckeye picture all but died.

At this point Finney dropped out of my life for years. In our student days he had shown more talent than any of us, and would no doubt have become one of the leading painters of America under the right influence, but I had come to the conclusion he had somehow gone to the devil, for he had become such a stuntster in that factory I doubted if he could ever get back to serious work. What then became of him and all the good old buckeye painters? Let Finney tell it:

"Yes, I made a lot of money up to about '95; then the game was through. Many of the old-timers went into the show business or became lightning artists in department-store windows. Some took to sign writing and a few of them graduated and became real artists. I suppose you know that several of the best artists in America to-day worked in the buckeye factories twenty years ago. You know So-and-So and So-and-So? Well, they were buckeyes and weren't ashamed of it, either. Why should they be? I'm telling you that the most talented fellows in the country were doing that stuff and, rotten as a lot of people think it was, there was, occasionally, evidence of downright genius even in the buckeye.

"Well, after leaving the E. M. Company I kept on working for a few dealers I knew, and gradually I eased into a better line. I tackled the figure—that's what stumps most of them—and began to pick up again. Then one day in Buffalo I met Ham Beasley—J. Hamilton Beasley, art dealer—and my luck turned. We got each other's number in a minute, and in another we were framing it up to go into business.

"Ham is the hottest-looking art boy you ever saw—a fine, intelligent, dreamy face, supporting a pair of those round shell nose-glasses with a couple of silk shoe laces hanging from them. He looks just like one of those young Harvard dramatists. He wears a mouse-colored waistcoat and spats and always carries a few highbrow magazines rolled up in the local conservative paper. If the occasion is propitious he can flash a neat little volume of Persian sonnets. He learned the sonnet stuff when he was in the *de-luxe* book business a few years ago."

Ham's Little Talks on Vermicelli

"HAM'S make-up is 110 per cent, but you ought to hear him talk! He doesn't lecture, mind you; he delivers Little Talks on Vermicelli, the Dago Mystic of the Umpteenth Century, and that kind of dope. What he doesn't know about art could be written on a two-cent stamp. Ham talks the patter like a college club woman, and he knows more about Veronese and the Vorticists than the art curators.

"The women fall for him hard. I have seen them fairly purr just to hear him say Zuloaga. And incidentally he knows the American business man better than Wallingford. Selling him the classics bound limp, signed in pencil and numbered in red ink, put him wise to the blowholes in his armor.

"In the book business Kipling is Kipling, and if there is any bunk pulled it's in the binding. But in the picture game Blummer is not necessarily Blommer, though he may be Geegan, alias Blummer. The bunk is in the picture, not the frame. Only pikers try to realize on the frames. And taking it by and large we've done pretty well. We've got a couple of swell places down on the Sound, and our families mix it up with all the other cottagers. Of course we don't do much business in the East, except to buy the stuff there—we market it all west of Pittsburgh.

"Right from the start we made money. I got in touch with all the old gang that could deliver the high-grade goods, and Ham ran over to Paris and Rome one summer and fixed it up with some dealers there to send us French and Dago student and buckeye stuff. There are three Frenchmen, two Guineas and four Americans in Europe who are living off Beasley & Finney, art dealers. We've got a parasite over there who paints nothing but red cardinals."

"By Vibert?" I interrupted.

"Well, no, but they are like the Vibert things. They are by Weibert. Say, old man, I'm telling you a lot more'n I ought to, but you know the game as well as I do. However, there is one thing I won't tell you. You remember those Venetian gondola things I showed you the other day, full of detail, mosaics, laces, architecture, corking figure stuff, pretty faces and all. They look like a thousand dollars, don't they? Well, I'm darned if I'll tell you what I pay for 'em. Honest, it's a shame! We figure to make a thousand per cent, but ——

"No, I don't do a great deal myself now. Occasionally we'll strike some old boy who is nuts over marines or something, and if we haven't what he wants we 'send for one.' In other words, I kick in and rip off some deep-sea stuff that'd make you seasick. If I do say it I personally can supply about any human artistic need that has to be met in paint." And Finney puffed away contentedly.

Most painters know more or less of the fake picture business, especially if they are often called as experts to examine certain doubtful canvases. And many painters are justly indignant at the traffic in counterfeit pictures because it spoils the market for honest work. When a man buys a fraud, sooner or later some artist versed in the quackery of picture selling turns up and tells him he has been swindled. More often than not the man from that moment becomes suspicious and is likely never to buy again.

Finney, inhaling deeply the incense of his "makins," evidently sensed my thoughts, for he remarked:

"But there is one thing we've never done, and that is to sell a fake master. I'll match my wits with any of them to sell a genuine Blummer, but I've never sold a copy of a Blommer as a Blommer. Neither will we deal in composites. Take the Barbison stuff, for instance. A few years ago everyone wanted a Corot and a Daubigny. After so many copies had been unloaded the boys in Paris got so they could paint them with their eyes shut. They'd take a tree from one, a sky from another, a few little dancing figures—and, behold, a new Corot, uncatalogued, just discovered! Well, that stuff is too raw. Besides one is likely to be caught at the game. The stuff we sell is painted by living men; the man's name may be a nom-de-bunk, but that's all right, isn't it? Writers sell their stuff under pen names. Geegan uses the name Blummer when he paints Dutch interiors, and I maintain that it is perfectly legitimate. Of course we may have to fake up a biography and a bunch of medals and honors, and sometimes, for the sake of antiquity, we soak in coffee the little biography we paste on the back of an old canvas, but the picture is straight paint and is copied from nobody. You see we have to furnish the little touch of romance that people like to feel when they're buying old furniture or brass. I tell you it takes a psychologist to sell pictures.

"To show you how the picture crooks work and how they are sure to get theirs, I must tell you the sad tale of the Mouser Brothers, of Chicago. One day Abe Mouser landed in Topeka with a Mesdag that he felt sure he could unload on one of the high-up railroad officials. And he did. The old boy was pleased to death, for he was in gentle rivalry with a friend of his in Chicago. The next time the friend came West the Topeka gent was going to get chesty about his treasure.

"Well, what do you think? About two months after the purchase had been made, Jake Mouser turned up in Topeka under the name of Sturgis. He got to the railroad official easy enough, and when he beheld the Mesdag he pretended to blow up, told the man he had been swindled, and that the picture was a copy of one he, Sturgis, owned in Chicago. He knew the railroader was sensitive and a good sport and, rather than have his Chicago friend find out he had been bunked, he would make a deal with Jake to buy the alleged original at a good stiff price. Well, the picture was sold and delivered, and sure enough it was exactly like the copy in every respect—even the canvas.

"In time the Chicago collector turned up and Mr. Topeka disclosed his treasure, expecting it to make an impression. It did that. The Chicago man explained that he owned the original, and that at that moment it hung in his gallery.

"Thus discovered, the Topeka man made a complete confession and then dragged out the other copy. The men decided then and there to run down the fraud and the detective assigned to the job had little trouble. He learned that the Mouser Brothers worked in league with a dealer and picture framer in Chicago, and when in the course of business a fine picture came in to be framed the dealer allowed the Mouser Brothers to make copies. That's what happened to the Mesdag belonging to the Chicago railroad man.

"Where the Mousers made their mistake was in trying to play their game with a good sport. As a result of the old boy's spirit those two lads now have their numbers in Joliet and four years in which to contemplate the question of when is a sport not a sport."

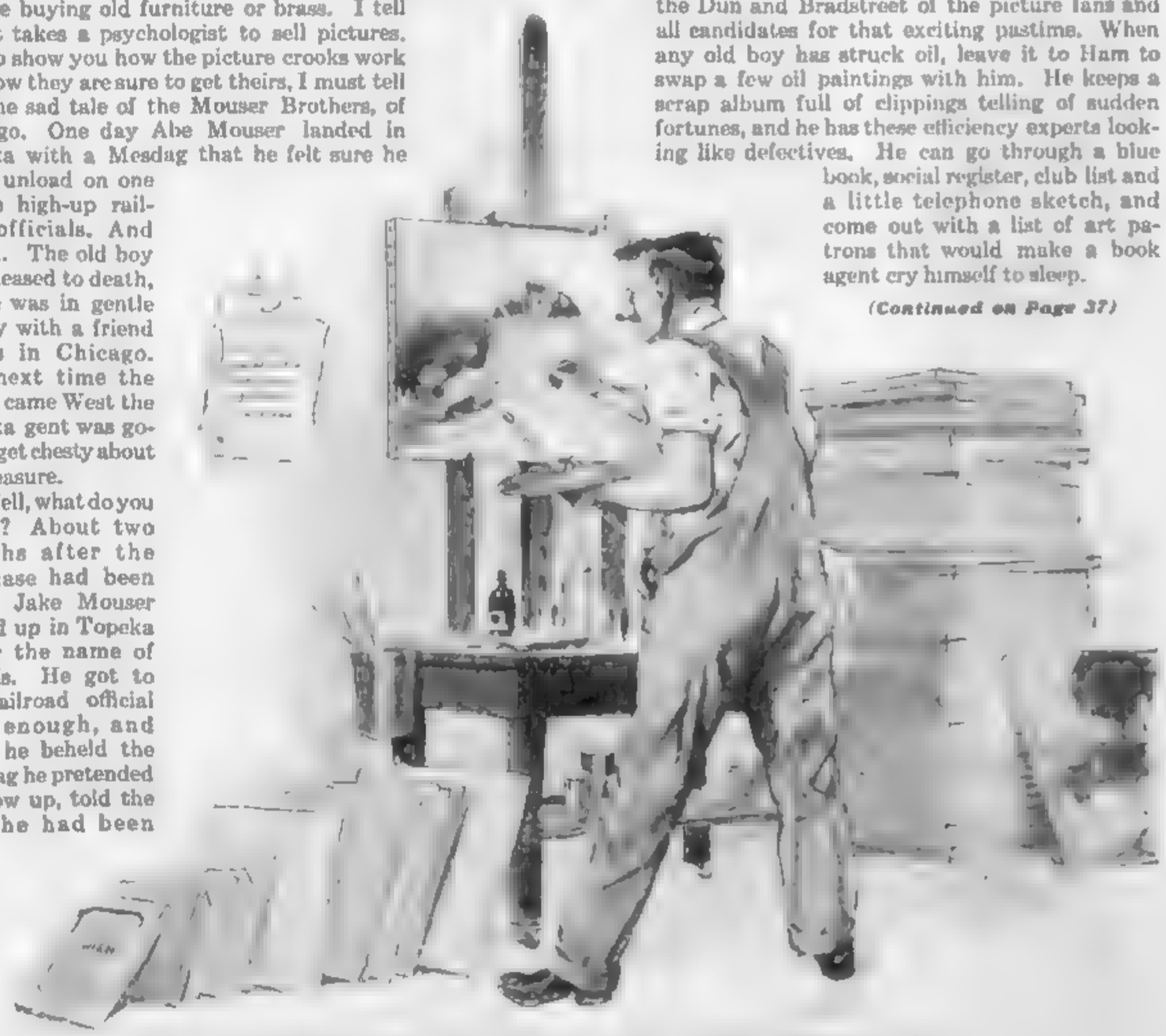
Efficiency in the Fine Arts

"I HAVE no doubt that some day the Chicago owner of the genuine Mesdag will journey to London, where he will find the original Mesdag; and if the owner of the original Mesdag should ever get to Amsterdam, he may find the superoriginal hanging in the Ryks Gallery. It's a vivacious sport to run down originals. Eighty times as many Corots have paid duty into the United States as the old boy ever painted.

"I have often had tempting offers to go in on a crooked picture deal; but not for me! I like the sunshine and the birdies too well. The crooks tell me there is just as much sport in counterfeiting works of art as there is in counterfeiting money; but we've stuck to honest stuff and we rely only upon scientific selling. I was reading a book on salesmanship the other day, and it said that one must first study the weakness of the purchaser and approach him from that point. That's all we do. Ham is a wonder at the game. Sorry he's not here—wish you could have met him. He beat it for San Diego when the trial started—thought the Demings might be looking for him. Ham had steered old Deming to me and I sold him a Gorolla.

"Believe me, Ham is a wonder—a rare combination of medicine man, clairvoyant, detective and Boston dramatist. Besides knowing all there is about art, he also knows the Dun and Bradstreet of the picture fans and all candidates for that exciting pastime. When any old boy has struck oil, leave it to Ham to swap a few oil paintings with him. He keeps a scrap album full of clippings telling of sudden fortunes, and he has these efficiency experts looking like defectives. He can go through a blue book, social register, club list and a little telephone sketch, and come out with a list of art patrons that would make a book agent cry himself to sleep.

(Continued on Page 37)



Even This Way He Turned Out Sometimes as Many as Eighty Pictures in a Day

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

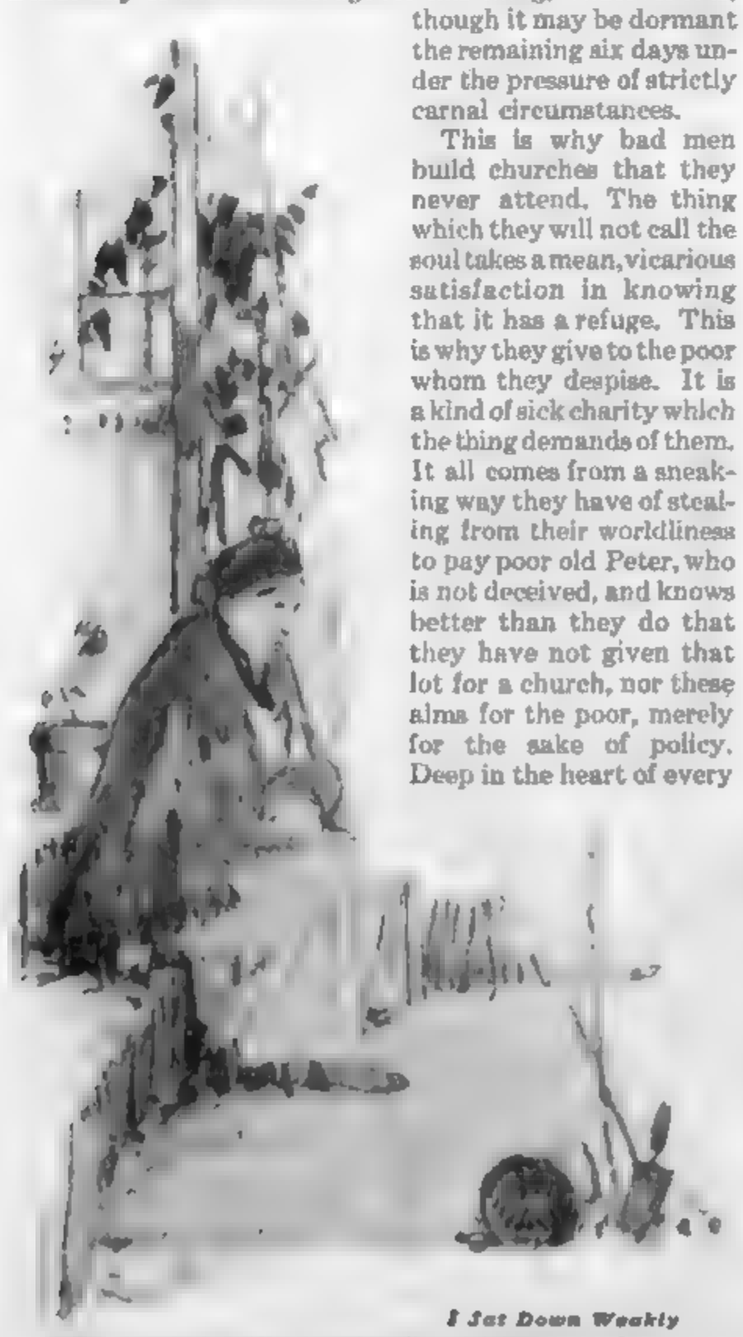
By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

AS I HAVE been setting down the memories and experiences of nearly half a century in this little church our transgressions seem to outweigh our good deeds. This is due in part to errors in the accounts. Every man or every woman is better than he or she can live, exasperated as we all are by the goodness and the evil in our fellow men. Still, it is safe to say that this church does not survive through the piety of its members. We may not commit the same sins that sinners commit, but we do accomplish much in the name of the Lord that helps the devil with his business. Otherwise he would not be so successful. For I have never seen a wicked man yet who did not hide behind the church and point the finger of scorn at its members as an excuse for his meanness. Such criticisms do not make us any more scrupulous in the practice of our Christian virtues. We go on plucking out one another's right eyes and cutting off one another's spiritual right hands because they offend us, without giving much attention to the beams in our own eyes.

But this church does hold together. If it should be razed to the ground by some disaster, we would rebuild it at once and kindle the fires of our faith upon its altar with the same prayers and feuds we have in it now. What is more to the point, if there was not a single church, nor a single professing Christian in this town, the very sinners would get together and build a house of worship. I have observed this, that the most corrupt people, the coldest rationalists, the atheists and agnostics, always elect to live in Christian communities. Our shortcomings and hypocrisies do not produce these unfortunate and deformed spirits, but they seek the light of our illusions, the foolishness of our faith, as an antidote for their own darkened wisdom. Nobody ever heard of a community composed only of these elements holding together, because such people cannot bear one another, not for half the life length of one little village church.

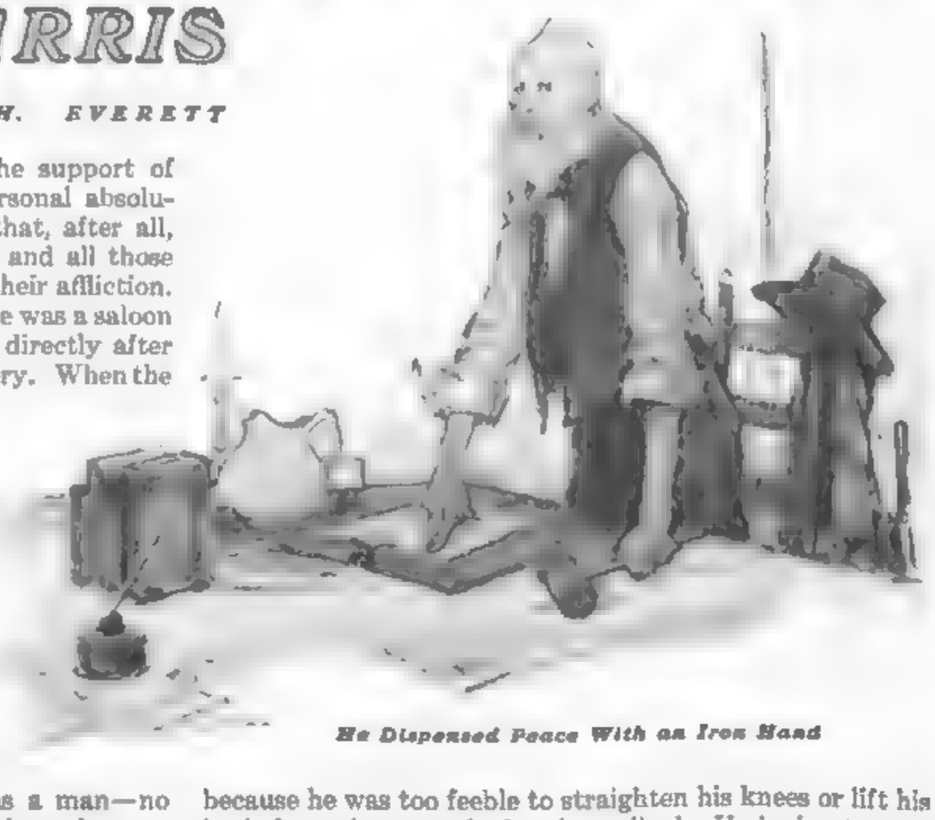
Anyone sufficiently foolish and hidebound by his own limited faculties may prove to his satisfaction that there is no God, no life after this life, that man is himself only the diseased proud flesh of the dust from which he springs and to which he returns. But when he has thus squandered the illusions of faith there remains something homeless in him which he cannot domesticate in rationalism or learning, or even in his natural affections. He cannot satisfy it with worldly fortunes, nor shelter it in his place of business, nor keep it at home with him. He needs a first-day-of-the-week refuge for this thing, whatever it is, though it may be dormant the remaining six days under the pressure of strictly carnal circumstances.



I Sat Down Weakly With the Cold Chills Running Up and Down My Back

This is why bad men build churches that they never attend. The thing which they will not call the soul takes a mean, vicarious satisfaction in knowing that it has a refuge. This is why they give to the poor whom they despise. It is a kind of sick charity which the thing demands of them. It all comes from a sneaking way they have of stealing from their worldliness to pay poor old Peter, who is not deceived, and knows better than they do that they have not given that lot for a church, nor these alms for the poor, merely for the sake of policy. Deep in the heart of every rationalist or rascal who contributes to the support of Christianity lies the desire for his own personal absolution. If peradventure it should turn out that, after all, God is —well, there's that church he built, and all those widows and orphans he fed and visited in their affliction.

We once had a man here like that. First he was a saloon keeper. He made a fortune selling whisky directly after the war, when Berton was a crossroads groggery. When the local-option law closed his place he bought up all the land upon which the town now stands, and made money selling it off to the settlers. He donated to the various denominations the lots upon which all our churches were built. On the strength of that he became a prominent citizen and was elected the first mayor of Berton. But he always claimed, with a kind of bull-charging heartiness, that he did these things for the good of the town. He was no coward looking to an impossible Providence for what he could do for himself. He was a man—no hypocrisy about religion for him, and so forth, and so on. But when he lost the use of both legs with creeping paralysis he would sit in his wheel-chair and tell off on his fingers how much he'd given to the churches and to charity. He'd whimper, and say he'd done more for the cause of righteousness than any Christian in the place. Then he'd look up, like a dog asking for the crumbs from his master's table, beseechingly at the preacher. Methodist pastors are usually the ones who catch these old lame ducks of the devil, and Brother Wrenn, who was stationed here then, used to comfort him the best way he could at the expense of the Scriptures. We've produced our share of these short-circuit souls, but I never knew one yet who didn't want to make at the end a kind of financial settlement of his righteousness with the Lord.



He Dispensed Peace With an Iron Hand

This same sense of homelessness and the desire for what I call spiritual domesticity is also the reason why two or three Presbyterians will get together in a town and build a church which they cannot afford. However able we may be to escape damnation in the open, we are all doctrinally scorched sons of the Gospel in our secret thoughts. So a Presbyterian does not find in, say, the Methodist Church, comfortable quarters for his predestination notions of Almighty God. He cannot feel at home among us who slide up and down through eternity upon the free-will cable of our faith. Our ways are not his ways. He must stand when he prays, while we kneel. He wants to take holy communion sitting up, instead of kneeling before an altar to get it. He will and must rear back coldly unsympathetic when some young shouting itinerant recommends a too easy, slithering means of grace.

Souls have family ties not less strong than the ties of blood. Baptists will not believe as comfortably as we do in their Heavenly Father. They must have a church of their own, with a baptistry under the pulpit to make sure of their election to eternal life. And while Methodists are cheerful guests, able to pick up a spiritual living from the Gospel preached in any church, they are really the most clannish of all denominations. I reckon it is because our creed fits us better than any other, just as our clothes fit us better than those made for other people.

But the point I started out to make is this, that our church here, and every church, holds together because of the faith we have in God rather than in doctrines, or in each other, or even in the preacher. We are different from other animals in that we are self-conscious, which is always a nervous, doubtful sensation. We cannot make sure of ourselves, nor of our other selves, the men and women about us. But we must be certain of something, built as we all are upon the sands; so we look to God.

The trouble is, we never can leave the Lord to His own nature. We reduce Him to ours and pray to Him in the terms of our own perversities and short-sightedness. We believe in an eternal, almighty, omnipotent and merciful Creator. But what mortal man can define these attributes? We believe in heaven as a blessed estate, but how many times do we thank our Father that He still permits us to live in this present world, only blessed in the high places, filled with snares and tribulations? The best answer I ever heard to that was given by old Doctor Branan, who died here many years ago.

He was a local preacher, very tall and thin, very old, with a straggling white beard and the eyes of a child. For years he went about this town like an elder angel with his wings folded inside, dragging his hind legs, so to speak, because he was too feeble to straighten his knees or lift his heels from the ground when he walked. He had outgrown the world in which he lived. He was so simply good that I reckon the devil despised him and had long since given up trying to tempt him. He had so little darkness of the mortal mind left in him that some people thought he was foolish. This is what most of us would think about a man so pure in heart he could neither see nor suspect us of our meanness. The old doctor was such a thirty-third degree saint as that. They say he was a powerful and acarifying preacher in his day. He was chiefly instrumental in closing the barrooms in Berton. Then he had himself elected justice of the peace, and he dispensed peace with an iron hand, becoming a terror to all evildoers. He put the lid on the town, then sat upon it with the code of Georgia in one hand and the Bible in the other, always opened somewhere in the Old Testament.

It happened so gradually that he never knew when the town slipped from under him and went on about its sins and business. By this time his eyes were holden to earthly things, and he began to shine alike upon the just and the unjust. He automatically closed the "blind tiger," which Melton kept in the back of his livery stable, by hanging out there because he liked Melton, who was a very bad man in the opinion of everybody else. He held strict views about keeping the Sabbath. But toward the end he forgot the names of popular transgressions, and he might be seen any Sunday afternoon seated beneath an old June-apple tree, watching a crowd of boys play baseball in his cow pasture. When some youngster started upon a home run with the odds against him, the old saint would fling his cane high in the air and root like a cracked violin to encourage the runner. Nobody in this town was mean enough to tell him that he was encouraging baseball on Sunday.

Finally one spring he fell ill. He simply lay down at the doors of death and stayed there. Every morning we heard that the doctor could not last through the day. But he lasted. The physicians said he had a fine constitution, but that it was only a question of time—there was no hope for him. Brother Wrenn began quietly to gather material for the funeral sermon. He found out when the doctor was born, how long he served as chaplain in the Confederate Army, picked up stories here and there of his courage upon the battlefields of Virginia, went through the records of Berton to show what a brave citizen he had been in the lawless days of the Reconstruction period, collected anecdotes of his ministry and of his loving kindness in his old age. I reckon everybody in the town helped prepare Doctor Branan's funeral sermon. We were so taken up with it that we forgot to keep hourly tab upon the doctor himself. Then I met Doctor Edd one day coming from the doctor's house.

"Do you think the end is near?" I asked.

"Well, not so near as it was yesterday, and a good deal further off than it was last week," he answered, looking at me drolly.

"Is he really better?" I asked, astonished.

"He's quit taking nourishment through a quill, wants it in a spoon, slept like a top last night, pulse stronger, respiration much better," he said, almost embarrassed.

"But I thought all the doctors agreed that he couldn't live!" I exclaimed, feeling somehow that we had been put in the wrong cribbing our memories to help Brother Wrenn with the funeral sermon.

"By rights he should have died a week since, Mrs. Thompson, but the old fellow got a hunch somehow, made

up his mind, without any knowledge of his fatal symptoms, to live. And he's fixing to pull through."

He did too. He took his time about it, seeming to get well one leg at a time. Finally he crawled out of bed with a kind of pinched-up, glorified look about his face, as if he'd only taken advantage of being confined in the house to brighten his expression.

On the last Sunday in June he appeared at the morning service, walking a trifle steadier than usual, and took his accustomed seat in the amen corner. Now, it has been the custom in this church since the beginning for any person who wished to repent of something, or who for any reason desired the "prayers of all Christian people," to go and kneel at the altar during the singing of the last hymn. Very few of us ever avail ourselves of this privilege, preferring rather to seek forgiveness in the closet, so to speak, behind the back of our own pew, and thus avoid speculation on the part of our brethren as to what is the matter. But now and then someone does expose himself to the spiritual searchlight of the church by going forward in this manner. Whereupon the pastor always mentions "our dear brother" in the closing prayer, commending him to the tender mercies of heaven—but very carefully, in loose-fitting terms, lest the petition should give some intimation of the real trouble, which we always suspect according to what we know of the victim who has risked the experiment.

What was our amazement on this Sabbath when we saw Doctor Branan arise with infinite effort, totter forward and kneel at the altar! Brother Wrenn prayed a very feeling and eloquent prayer for him, in which many of us recognized material designed for the funeral sermon. We were confused. We could think of no reason why Doctor Branan should desire the prayers of all Christian people. If there was one without sin among us, it was this saintly man.

I was no less mystified than the others, but with this difference—I do not enjoy, as some do, merely the sensation of not knowing what I want to know. I can endure sickness, sorrow, affliction and even death with decent courage, I hope, but I cannot endure my own curiosity. It consumes me like a fire. I can't sleep, and I cannot even remain awake with comfort; so I humor myself in this, as we humor a good child now and then with candy.

The next day I went to call on Doctor Branan, who lived with his widowed daughter. He was glad to see me. Yes, he was glad to be well again, he told me. And he was glad to be at church yesterday. And he was glad so many other people were out too. He was glad to have lived all his life in a Christian community. Then he looked through the window at the pleasant green and blooming world, and said he thought this would be a good crop year, of which he was very glad.

I agreed with him and endured as much of his gladness as I could, doing my best all the time to draw him in a certain direction. Finally I lost patience, seeing that he was determined to rejoice straight ahead as long as I would listen.

"Doctor," I began abruptly, "I want to ask you a question."

"What is it?" he asked, looking round at me in mild sweetness.

"You know people in our church who desire prayers for their sins, or the sins of anyone near and dear to them, sometimes go to the altar at the close of the service."

"Yes," he answered, smiling.

"But, yesterday, why did you go? What could you have done to need so public a confession ——"

"I didn't go for that, my daughter," he answered quickly.

"For what then?" I insisted.

"You see I have been sick—so near to death that almost I saw the gates of one pearl. I was in great danger of the angels, you understand."

I did not understand, but I nodded my head.

"Well, when I felt, rather than saw, my family gathered round the bed, I kept my eyes closed for fear I should see—you know—beyond the things of time and sense. And I made a vow to God that if He would let me live I'd make a public thanksgiving at the altar for His mercies."

"But, doctor, why did you want to live, you who have lived so well and who must be so sure of eternal life?"

"That's it, my daughter!" he exclaimed, reaching out a tremulous hand in strange opposition. "This life to which I am so long accustomed is comfortably narrow. I am old and tired. I shrink from the heights and depths of eternal life. It appalls me. I have always preached it and prayed for it. But when I stood upon the threshold of it I couldn't bear it, leaving all the familiar things—the grass, the kind green leaves, the sparrows in my hedge, that gate out there through which I have come and gone for so many years, this house so near and kin to me that I can find my way through it on the darkest night, the children on these streets, the men and women I have known so long. At my time of life I could not yield the companionship of so much that I know for the great and terrible things unknown to me in their awful splendor."

He was silent a moment, and then went on more to himself than to me: "Every man must believe in immortality or perish. But every man who loves life must fear immortality, if he thinks what it means. I reckon I'll get used to it when I must, but not until then." He looked at me, smiling whimsically.

He died before the end of that summer. And I have no doubt he entered upon his duties as a citizen of Eternity with the same sweetness and courage that distinguished him here.

I never worry over what I'll do or how I shall feel in the next world. It is written that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. If He is so mindful of a sheep He will surely know how to take care of an old woman who has just lost her body and her mortal bearings. However, we never have a death in this town that the bereaved ones do not begin to question the providence of God to find out why He took this particular son or husband or father. And they never do find out. I do not admire Job. He must have been the Thomas Carlyle of the Old Testament, with remarkable literary gifts, but so cantankerous and mean that I've always wondered what his boasted integrity could have been. But he did know how to behave with dignity when his sons and daughters perished. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." That is as good a way as any of disposing of the whole matter, though it places more responsibility upon Him than the facts warrant sometimes when the deceased has outraged every law of health, as the living usually do before they die.

And after the bereaved family pass through this first acute stage of grief, when all their neighbors and friends have persecuted them into a state of resignation with arguments about why it was really best for the departed one to go just as he did go, they begin their spiritual convalescence by raising the second question: "Shall we know each other there?" "Will my mother recognize me in paradise?"

Maybe the mother in question was a high-tempered old lady who had nagged her children as long as she lived and never gave them a peaceful moment in her presence. But that makes no difference. They are worried for fear when they come sneaking through the big gates at sundown they will not hear her shrill voice complaining: "Johnny, where have you been all this time, with the chores not done, and me having to bring in the wood and kindle the fire in the stove?" Or, "Come here this minute, and let me feel of your head. I believe you've been in that wash-hole again, catching your death of cold! If your hair's wet I'll punish you as sure as I live!" And so on, and so forth.

Our pastor may preach the most beautiful funeral sermon over this departed mother. He may draw the finest pictures of eternal life and paint her with a crown upon her poor old head and a harp in her poor old hands. But in his heart of hearts her son John finds no comfort in these glories, because nobody can promise him that she will know him, or that he will know her in the kingdom of heaven. I say these questions do not trouble me any more than the question whether the angels have their wings put on behind or in front. But you cannot exercise your spiritual imagination by discussing them, without risking the charge of heresy by somebody who has a penguin soul and no imagination at all.

One cold day in January I was out collecting dues for our missionary society. We had not been doing very well since I prayed for Charlotte Warren at the meeting of the Parsonage Aid Society. Some of the women took up for her and went so far as to say that I called on the Lord to deal harshly by her, which is the truth. But if ever a woman needed a spiritual chastisement that woman was Charlotte. I knew I had done right and had prayed for her properly, but many a time I have found that performing the harsher duties of my Christian life hurts my conscience quite as much as any sin I dare commit. This, I believe, is the reason so many church members avoid their sterner obligations to each other. It is much safer in this present world to leave a brother to backslide than to tell him to his face that he is becoming a liar, a thief or a drunkard. And it's five times more prudent to be silent when your sister in the church is developing the character of a termagant saint, than to call her bluff and let the people as well as the Lord know what she is doing.

So I was very low in my mind that day as I went from house to house, collecting ten cents here and a quarter there, trying to smooth the rumpled feathers of the opposition and to persuade everybody to come to the next meeting of the society. Maybe my depression was partly due to a bad cold.

When I reached Sally Parks' gate I saw her bobbing up and down in her flower pit, which is on the sunny side of the yard. I have seen many a woman who looked indigenous

"Sally," I Whispered, "How Many Blooms are There on Your Cape Jasmine Bush?"

among blooming plants; but Sally is not one of them. She always gives the impression of an outraged mother when she is in that pit. She snatches off the dead leaves of her geraniums as if they ought to know better than to wear stockings with holes in them. She thrusts her fingers in the soil as if she suspected her snapdragons of going to bed the night before with cold feet. She turns up the leaves of her rose cuttings, narrows her eyes, primps her mouth, and searches for mildew as if she was looking at little Jimmy's ears to make sure they were clean. Altogether she is very busy and very fault-finding with them, but she can stick the stem of any flower in the ground with so much authority that the thing will not dare to die, but grows and blooms dutifully as a scholar learning to read.

On this particular morning she appeared to be in a strangely placid mood when I greeted her from the door of the pit.

"Good morning, Sally! Nothing hurt by the frost, I hope. Last night was very cold," I said.

"Oh, good morning, Sister Thompson," she exclaimed cheerfully, facing about from something she was doing.

"No, they are all right. I was just counting the buds on this Cape jasmine bush. They'll be in bloom by the time we need them. There are nine—enough to make a cross, I think."

"A cross! What for?" I exclaimed, coming down into the pit to get a nearer view of the big green bush which she keeps in a tub.

"Haven't you heard? Taggy Lipton's mother is very low. They don't think she'll live but a day or two longer. I always set my Cape jasmine in here during the winter to make sure of having proper flowers for funerals, you know."

I didn't say anything, merely sat down weakly upon the bottom step with the cold chills running up and down my back. Every year in March I come down with a spell of grippe which always threatens to go into pneumonia. I could see Sally running in to find out how bad off I was, then hurrying home to see if she had enough gardenias to make a cross for my casket in case the worst happened. How many times, I wondered, had she done this?

"Do you remember the winter Lula Jackson died?" she went on, not noticing the state I was in. "There wasn't a single blossom in Berton. The girls in her Sunday-school class got together to do something about it. They took all the artificial flowers off their summer hats, made anchors and crosses of them with cedar foundations. I'll never forget how the casket looked. We all recognized the wreath of wild roses on it that Fedora Branan wore on her white leghorn for two seasons. We knew the design of lilacs came off of Emily Peters' straw. We'd seen the forget-me-nots many times on the little Peters girl's bonnet. Well, I made up my mind it should never happen again, that I'd grow natural flowers for the dead if it took half my time to attend to 'em. And I've done it. I've sent a wreath or cross of these Cape jasmines to every funeral we've had here since, even if it was a cold-water Baptist that was to be laid out."

It's wrong to judge people. Every time you do it and hand in your verdict, they do something that reverses your decision. Suddenly I thought differently about Sally. Seeing her perched up beside her funeral flower bush, I thought how kind she'd been to think of such a thing. I could see her drifting into paradise very old and thin, her hair skinned back the way she wears it, her brow wrinkled above her popped eyes, her mouth primped from the long struggle she's had working and digging to make ends meet and flowers grow, but wearing over her dingy mourning—for she's always in black for somebody—all the garlands and wreaths she's woven these many years for the other dead, perfuming the whole place with her gardenia deeds of charity. I could see the shining hosts take a long breath of that sweetness. Then they'll look round, see just Sally Parks, very much confused about which way to go, where to take off her things, and with her red elbows sticking out through the blossoms! I do not say that they will recognize her as Sally, she having been raised a spiritual body, though I've sometimes wondered what manner of incorruption the Lord prepares for a homely old turkey-legged woman like her. But they will know what Sally will not understand herself, that she's clothed in the kindness of her own deeds.

Now if I'd stopped with that vision of her redeemed in all her jasmine glory, if I'd collected her dues then and there for the missionary society and gone on about my business, as I should have done, that would have saved me much trouble and this church a scandal connected with one of its oldest members. But when my mind starts outward and upward it's hard for me to get it down without some kind of spiritual accident.

"Did you ever think of this, Sally," I said suddenly—"that if we are immortal we always have been immortal?"

"Don't tell me you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mary Thompson!" she cried, staring at me in horror.

"I don't, and don't you ever say I do!" I retorted indignantly.

"Well, then, what do you think you were before you became what you are?" she asked suspiciously.

I knew what was in her mind. Old Dan Mitchell, who came from no one knew where, had dropped into Berton and set up a shoe shop. Then he organized what he called The Society for Psychic Research, and the people who belonged to it didn't belong to any church. But they held meetings and professed to receive communications from departed spirits.

"I've had my doubts about a good many things, Sally," I answered, determined to avoid the snare of spiritualism, "but my faith has never wavered about this for a moment. I know that I've always been just myself. I know I've never been a cat or a bessie-bug or a protoplasm. I started out a woman, with the earlier stars. I feel that since the beginning I've traveled as steady as any of them toward this place, this church, and all the duties that make up the rotary motions and diurnal existence of a Christian woman."

She stared at me as if I were talking in my sleep.

"Sometimes," I went on, merely cavorting in my spirit, "I almost remember playing with Eve's little girls, I can see 'em so plain in their vegetable pinafores and petticoats, kicking up the dust. Maybe I was standing a long way off in the sand with a veil over my face, watching for Isaac when he went to meet Rebecca at the well. My folks may have wandered off and married with foreigners, and for all I know I may have been the grandmother of the Sphinx or one of the Cleopatra girls ——"

"A Christian woman," interrupted Sally fiercely, "saying such things, thinking herself in and out of heathen bodies—and at your age, Mary!"

"It's my age that makes me do it," I insisted whimsically. "Sometimes I feel as if I'd been every woman, good and bad. You ought to be thankful I don't recall being one of those shameless jades in the church choir at Corinth in Paul's day. I've lived a long time. I've been so far."

"When did you go? I never heard of your travels before!" she sniffed.

"How many times have you read your Bible through, Sally?"

"Every three years since I joined the church. Why?"

"Didn't you ever see the tents of Abraham in the land of Uz?"

"No, I never did! And I'll have you know I don't feel kin to Cleopatra, nor ——"

"Can't you remember the day Job's sons and daughters were drinking and feasting when the house caught fire and burned them up, what a sight that was—the flames leaping between the earth and sky, the flocks flying, the shepherds shouting, the messengers running to tell Job what had happened and ——"

"Look here, Mary ——"

"And did you never feel that you were one of the guests at that wedding in Galilee when Jesus came in unexpectedly and changed the water to wine, and how amazed we all were?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. It sounds flighty and dangerous—Cleopatra and all that! I hope I'm a Christian woman. I believe as much as you do in eternal life after death, but nobody can accuse me to my face of being the missing link in my own immortality, without my resenting it!"

I had to laugh at the idea of her being her own missing link. But I paid dearly for that trip through the holy land of my imagination, especially the part which took me through Egypt.

Sally reported over Berton that Mary Thompson believed in the transmigration of souls, and laid claims to being one of the Cleopatra girls, without telling which one. I paid no attention, being an old woman who had never acted in a manner to suggest any strong trait of the Cleopatra family. But when my own neighbors began to stare at me in church, as if I were a doubtful stranger they'd entertained unawares, something in me began to rise which had no resemblance to piety.

One day old Dan Mitchell passed me on the street, and he bowed to me familiarly with a kind of high sign in his eye as if we held views in common, though I despised him and all his works. But Sally, who was in and out of my house nearly as often as the cat, discontinued her visits. No matter where I caught sight of her, she was always going in the opposite direction.

At the next meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society I had a whole bench to myself, until Molly Brown came in and sat beside me, which showed how bad off I was, because Molly always cleaves closest to those in affliction. Then Charlotte Warren, who was president, called the meeting to order. She said she would take this occasion to do her duty, however painful it might be. She explained that since we were to elect officers for the coming year she felt obliged to suggest someone else be appointed treasurer—that it was injurious to the cause for a person holding heathen views concerning immortality to have an office in the society.

Sally Parks pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and wept. Emily Peters tried to look as if she had never heard of any views about immortality. Taggy Lipton stared imploringly at me, as much as to say she was willing to defend me to the last ditch if I'd take back what I'd said about being one of the Cleopatra girls. The other women, frankly curious, glanced first at me, then at Charlotte.

I acted the part of a face-slapped Christian for once in my life. But when Charlotte called for the treasurer's report I read it—in full. After showing how few had paid their dues I mentioned by name those who had not paid. I told how often in all weathers I had made a house-to-house canvass, trying to collect what they owed. I gave the excuses they had given me. Sally Parks was six months behind with the regular assessment. Charlotte had paid nothing on the "special," which is always about four times as much as the regular dues. In all, the various members owed sixty-eight dollars.

"These debts are allowed in law," I said, closing the book and giving them a long look over the top of my spectacles. "I must and will balance my books as treasurer before the election of officers at the next meeting of this society. I shall, therefore, turn over these accounts to an attorney for collection at once."

Then I sat down and patted my foot. It is a question in my mind whether anybody can be treasurer of a Woman's Missionary Society and retain all her Christian virtues. If, however, you lose some of them in the scrimmage you may always regain them by proper repentance. But once you submit to the tyranny of an overbearing woman like Charlotte Warren, even your virtues profit you nothing in peace.

The last one of them paid her dues the following day. Charlotte sent a naked check for what she owed without a

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THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXX

WITH the riches thus unexpectedly placed at his disposal, and legitimately his by the fortunes of war, Kingozi was enabled to proceed to the final grand exchange of gifts that assured his friendship with M'tela and sealed the alliance. He was spurred to his best efforts in this by the news, brought in by an alarmed Mali-ya-bwana, that Winkleman had escaped. However, by dint of rich presents, supplementing the careful diplomatic negotiations that had gone before, he arrived at an understanding.

"And now, O King, I must tell you this," he said boldly. "Of white men there is not merely one but many kinds, just as among the African peoples. There are strong men and weak men, good men and bad men, and men of different tribes. Of the tribes are the *Inglishee*, to which I belong, which is the most powerful of all like your own people of the Kabilagani in this land—and also another tribe called the *Duyche*, only a little less powerful. These two tribes are now at war."

"A-ā-ā-ā," observed M'tela interestedly.

"One of the *Duyche* is in your country, O King. I have met him and defeated him by my magic. Some of these people you see here were his people; and of his goods I have everything."

"But it may be," suggested M'tela with a slight cooling of cordiality, "that many more *Duyche* will follow this one."

"They cannot prevail against my magic. Talk with Simba, with my men, and know what virtue is in my magic. But beyond that, O King, have you not heard of the wars of the Wakamba? Of Lobengula? Of the Matabele and the Basuto? Has not news come to you from the north of the battles of the Sudan? Have you not heard of Lenani, the king of all the Masai, and of his advice to his people? All these wars were won by *Inglishee;* Lenani's words of wisdom spoke of *Inglishee*. Have you ever heard of the victories of the *Duyche?* No. There were no such victories!" Kingozi here took shrewd advantage of the fact that German East Africa was peacefully occupied without necessity of the spectacular tribal wars of Matabeleland, Zululand, Basutoland, and the Wakamba district of British East Africa. Lenani's advice to his people was given at the close of the Wakamba war. Said he: "There is no doubt that the Masai are a greater people than the Wakamba, and in case of war we could fight the white man harder than the Wakamba fought him. Undoubtedly, too, my people could kill a great many of the English. But this I have noticed: that when a Wakamba is dead he remains dead; but when a white man is dead ten more come to take his place."

In consequence of this advice the Masai—one of the most warlike of all the tribes—negotiated with the English, and to-day remain both at peace and unconquered.

After an hour's elaboration of this theme Kingozi judged the moment propitious to return to the original subject. M'tela offered the opportunity:

"This *Duyche* whom you have conquered—you killed him?"

"He escaped."

"A-ū-ā-ā"

"He is still alive and in your land. Let order be given to search him out."

"That shall be done," said M'tela after a moment's thought.

Mali-ya-bwana and Simba set out with a posse of M'tela's men.

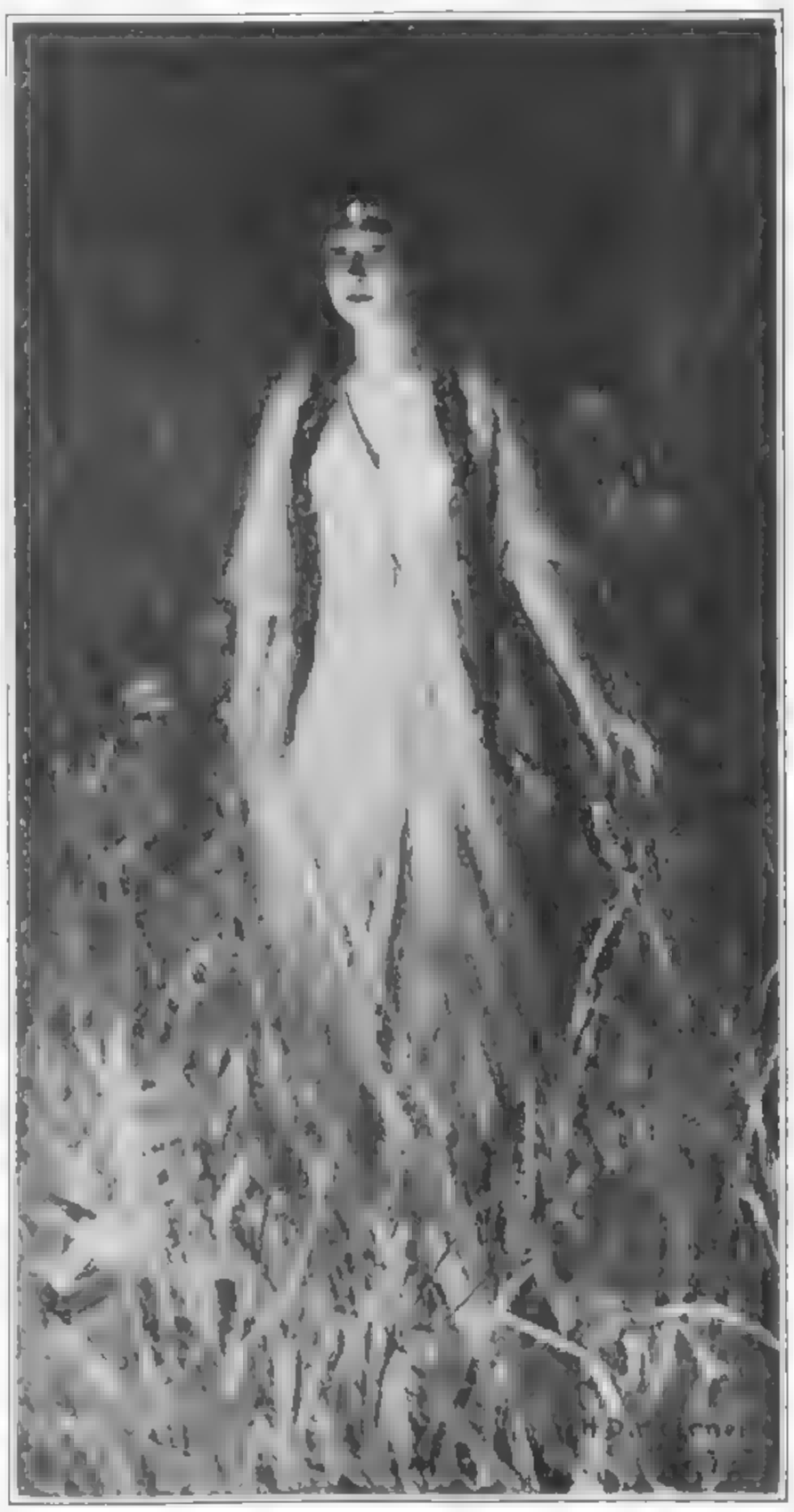
They had no great difficulty in getting track of the missing Bavarian. Winkleman had arrived to find the camping site deserted. He had indomitably set out on the track of his safari. To eat he was forced at last to beg of the wild herdsmen. M'tela's dread name elicited from these last definite information. The search party found Winkleman, very dirty, quite hungry, profoundly chagrined, but still good-humored, seated in a smoky hut eating soured, smoky milk. He wore sandals improvised from goatskin, a hat and spine pad made from banana leaves ingeniously woven.

"*Ach!*" he cried, recognizing Kingozi's two men. "So it is you! What have you done with my safari?"

"I led it to my *bwana*," replied Simba.

"Where you now lead me," said Winkleman resignedly. "By what means have you thought of these things, *N'ympara?*"

"By the magic of this," replied Simba with becoming modesty, producing the precious bone.



A More Startlingly Exotic Figure for the Wilds of Central Africa Could Not be Imagined

"*Ach*, the saurian!" cried Winkleman. "I remember. It had gone from my mind. It is a curious type; I do not quite recognize. Let me see it."

But Simba was replacing carefully the talisman in its wrappings. He had no mind to deliver the magic into other hands—perhaps to be used against himself!

He led the way directly to Kingozi's camp. Winkleman followed, looking always curiously about him. His was the true scientific mind. He was quite capable of forgetting—and actually did forget—his plight in the interest of new fauna and flora, or of ethnological eccentricities. Once or twice he insisted on a halt for examination of something that caught his notice, and insisted so peremptorily when the savages would have forced him on that they yielded to his wish.

It was early in the morning. Kingozi, as always, sat in his canvas chair atop the hill. He was alone, for the Leopard Woman, always on the alert and always staring through her glasses, had caught sight of the little group before it plunged into the papyrus, and had retired to her tent. Winkleman plowed up the hill, blowing out his cheeks in a full-blooded, hearty fashion.

"Oho!" he cried in his great voice when he had drawn near. "This is not so bad! It is Middleton!"

"I am sorry about this," said Kingozi briefly. "A man of your eminence—very disagreeable."

Winkleman dropped heavily to the ground.

"That is nothing!" he waved aside the half-apology. "Though it would not be bad to have the bath and change these clothes. But fortunes of war—it is but the fortunes of war. I would have done worse to you. How long is it that you have arrived?"

"Long enough," replied Kingozi briefly. "Oh, Cazi Moto, bring tea! I have had your tent pitched, Doctor Winkleman; and you must bathe and change and rest. But before you go we must understand each other. This is wartime, and you are my prisoner. You must give me your parole neither to try to escape, nor to tamper with my men or with M'tela or with any of his people. If you feel you cannot do this I shall be compelled to hold you closely guarded."

Winkleman laughed one of his great, gusty laughs.

"I give it willingly. What foolishness otherwise. What foolishness anyway all this. War is nonsense. It destroys. It interferes. Consider, my dear Middleton, here was I safely in the Congo forests, and for two, three months I have live there like a native quietly; and of all the world there is to amuse me only the fauna and the flora, which I know like my hand. But I discover a new species—a papilio. All the time I live quiet, and I wait. And at last the people, the little forest people, little by little they get confidence; they come to the edge of the forest, they venture to camp, slow. Suppose I wave my hand like that. Pouf! They have run away. But I wait, and they come forth. So I camp by myself in the forest—for I leave my safari away that it may not frighten this people. And by and by we talk. I am beginning to learn their language. Middleton, I find these people speak the true click language; but also I find it true sex-denoting language, most resembling in that respect the ancient Eula!"

"Where was this? Impossible!" cried Kingozi, interested and excited.

"Ah!" roared Winkleman with satisfaction. "I thought I would your interest catch! But it is true; and in the Central Congo."

"But that would throw the prehistoric Libyan and Hamitic migrations farther to the west than ——"

"Precisely!" interrupted Winkleman.

"What sort of people were they? Did they show Hamitic characteristics particularly? Or did they incline to the typical prognathous, short-legged, steatopygous type of the Bushmen?"

But Winkleman reverted abruptly to his narrative.

"That is a long discussion to make. It will wait. But just as I get these people where I can put them beneath my observation, so, there comes an *Oberleutenant* with foolishness in the way of guns and uniform and *askaris* and that nonsense; and my little people run into the forest and are no more to be seen."

"Hard luck!" commented Kingozi feelingly.

"Is it not so? This *Oberlieutenant* is a fool. He knows nothing. *Dummkopf!* All he knows is to give me a letter from the *kaiserliche dummkopf* at Dar-es-Salaam. I read it. It tells me I must come here, to this place, with speed, and get the military aid of this M'tela, and so forth, with many details. It was another foolishness. I know this type of people well. There is nothing new to be learned. They are of the usual types. It is foolishness to come here. But it is an order, so I come and I do my best. But now I am a prisoner, while I might be with the little people in the Congo. I talk much."

"I fancy we are going to have a good deal to talk about," interjected Kingozi.

"*Ach*, that is true! That is what I said—that I am glad this is Middleton who catches me. Yes, we must talk!"

Cazi Moto glided to them.

"Bath is ready, *bwana*," said he.

Winkleman puffed out his chest and protruded his great beard.

"This war—foolishness!" he mumbled.

"Yes, we have much to talk about. Nevertheless," said Kingozi with slight embarrassment, "it is necessary that I do my duty according to my orders. And my orders were much like yours—to get the alliance of this M'tela. But I have told him that you are my enemy; and he sent his men with mine to find you. And now, as you can well comprehend, I must ——"

But Winkleman's quick comprehension leaped ahead of Kingozi's speech.

"I must play the prisoner, is it not?" he cried with one of his big laughs. "But so! Of course! That is comprehend. How could it be otherwise? I know my native! I know what he expects. I shall be humble, the slave, your foot upon my neck. Of course! Do you suppose I do not know?"

"That is well," said Kingozi, much relieved. "I shall tell him that you are a man of much wisdom and great magic; and that I have saved your life to serve me."

"So!" cried Winkleman delightedly, and departed to his tent and the waiting bath. A few moments later he could be heard robustly splashing in the tent. A roar summoned Cazi Moto.

"Tell your *bwana* I want *n'dowa*—medicine—understand? Need some boric acid," he yelled at Kingozi. "Eyes in bad shape."

Kingozi ordered Cazi Moto to take over the medicine chest; then sent a messenger for M'tela, who shortly appeared.

"This enemy of mine is taken, thanks to your men, O King! I have him here in the tent, well guarded."

"How shall we kill him, papa?" inquired M'tela.

"That has not yet been decided," replied Kingozi carelessly. "He must, of course, be taken to the great King of all *Inglishee*."

M'tela looked disappointed.

"In the meantime," pursued Kingozi, "as he has much knowledge and great magic, I shall talk much with him, and get that magic for the benefit of us both, O King! He cannot escape for my magic is greater than his."

This M'tela well believed, for the reports industriously circulated by Simba anent his magic bone had reached the king and had not lost in transit.

So when Winkleman came swashbuckling up the hill M'tela was prepared. The blue-black beard and hearty, deep-chested carriage of the Bavarian impressed him greatly.

"But this is a great *bwana*, papa," he said to Kingozi; "like you and me."

"This is the prisoner of whom I spoke to you," said Kingozi in a loud voice.

Winkleman, a twinkle in his wide eyes, but with his countenance composed to gravity, stepped forward, salaamed, and placed his forehead beneath Kingozi's hand in token of submission. Thus proper relations were established. Winkleman seated himself humbly on the sod and kept silence, while high converse went forward. At length M'tela departed. Winkleman immediately plunged into the conversational gap round which mentally he had been impatiently hovering for an hour.

"But this articulation of the *saurus*," he broke out. "What of it?"

"The magic bone," chuckled Kingozi.

"Pouf! Pouf! It resembled much the *cinoliosaurus*; but that could not be."

"Why not?" demanded Kingozi quickly.

"It has been found only in the lias formations of the Jurassic," stated Winkleman dogmatically, "and that type of Jurassic is not here. It is of England, yes; of Germany, yes; of the Americas, yes. Of Central Africa, no!"

"Nevertheless ——" interposed Kingozi.

"But the *cryptocleidus*—that resembles the *cinoliosaurus*—perhaps. Or even a subspecies of the *plesiosaurus* ——"

"Simba," called Kingozi.

"Sah!"

"Bring here the magic bone. The *bwana* wishes to look at it. No, it is all right. I myself tell you—no harm can come."

The Search Party Found Winkleman, Very Dirty, Quite Hungry, But Still Good-Humored

Reluctantly Simba produced the bone, now fittingly wrapped in clean *mericani* cloth, and still more reluctantly undid it and handed it to Winkleman. The latter seized it and began minutely to examine it, muttering short, disconnected sentences to himself in German.

"Now here is what I have said," he spoke aloud. "See. By this curve ——"

He broke off, staring curiously into Kingozi's face. The latter sat apparently looking out across the hills, paying no attention to the fact that Winkleman had thrust the bone fairly under his nose. The pause that ensued became noticeable. Kingozi stirred uneasily, turning his eyes in the direction of the scientist.

"Glaucoma!" ejaculated Winkleman.

Kingozi smiled wearily.

"Yes. I wondered when you would find it out."

"You are all blind?"

"I can distinguish light." Kingozi straightened his back, and his voice became incisive. "But I can still see through eyes that are faithful to me! Make no mistakes there."

"My dear friend, have I not given my parole?" gently asked the Bavarian.

"Beg your pardon. Of course."

"It is serious. You should have a surgeon. But why have you not used the temporary remedy? Of course you know the effect of drugs?"

"I know that atropine is ruin, right enough," said Kingozi grimly.

"But the pilocarpine ——"

"Of course. I only wish I had some."

"But you have!" came Winkleman's astonished voice. "There is of it a large vial!"

Kingozi gripped the arm of his chair for a full minute. Then he spoke to Cazi Moto in a vibrating voice:

"Bring me the chest of medicines. Now," he went on to Winkleman, when this command had been executed, "kindly read to me the labels on all these bottles. Begin at the left. All, please."

He listened attentively while Winkleman obeyed. The pilocarpine was present; the atropine was gone.

"You have not deceived me?" he cried sharply. "No—why should you—wait ——"

He thought for some moments. When he raised his face it was gray.

"One of the bottles was broken. I had reason to believe it the pilocarpine," he said quietly. "Can I trespass on your good nature to make the proper solution for my eyes."

"It is but a temporary expedient," warned Winkleman. "It is surgery here demanded. I know the operation, but I cannot perform. One makes a transverse incision above the cornea ——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Kingozi. "But the pilocarpine will give me my sight. Let us get at it."

XXXI

THREE hours later Kingozi stepped into the open, his vision cleared. Such is often the marvelous—though temporary—effect of the proper remedies on this disease. He looked about him with a thankfulness not to be understood save by one whose sight has been thus unexpectedly restored. Winkleman followed him full of deep sympathy.

"But I understand," he repeated over and over. "But it is like water on a weary march, *nicht wahr?* But this is bad, very bad! You say it has been going on for a month? And a month back! Too late. *Ach, schrecklich!* It is so much a pity! You have the youth, the strength, the knowledge! You could so far go! But you must learn the dictation; the great book, the *magnum opus*, it is there. Cheer up, my boy! Work, much work! That is what will cure your sick courage even if it cannot cure your sick eyes. Now, while we have the sight see—the bone—this curve clearly indicates to me ——"

Winkleman produced the saurian bone. And for the first time Kingozi noticed Simba hovering anxiously near. Request and blandishments had proved of no avail in getting the magic bone from Bwana Nyele.

"It is all right," Kingozi reassured him. "We but use the magic for a little while. See, it has given me back my eyes."

"Ä-a-ä-ä!" ejaculated Simba, deeply astonished.

"We will use it but a little while longer," Kingozi concluded. "Then you shall have it again."

"But to give this specimen to a gun bearer!" cried Winkleman in English. "That is craziness! It is a museum piece."

"It belongs to him, and I have promised," said Kingozi.

Winkleman subsided with deep rumblings. After a moment he renewed his discussion.

Kingozi only half heard him. His mind was occupied by another, more human problem. The discovery that the atropine and not the pilocarpine had been destroyed agitated him profoundly. Not, as might be believed, because it enabled him at a critical time to regain the use of his sight, but because it threw before him an insistent question: Did or did not Bibi-ya-chui know? He recalled the incident in all its little details—himself in his chair and Cazi Moto squatting before the three bottles set up before them, carefully tracing in the sand with a stick the characters on the labels; the Leopard Woman's sudden dash forward; the tinkle of smashed glass; and her voice panting with excitement. "I will read your labels for you now—the bottle you hold in your hand! It is atropine! Atropine!" And her wild laugh.

Did she know, or was she guessing or bluffing?

It hurt him, hurt him inconceivably, to think that she might have deceived him thus; might have broken the wrong bottle, and then deliberately have kept him in darkness with the very remedy at hand. That would seem the refinement of cruelty.

But he must be fair. She was then fighting, fighting with all her power against odds, for her sworn duty. Deceit was her natural weapon. And at that time such deceit seemed very likely to win for her her point. No, he could not blame her there; he could not consistently even feel hurt. The few moments' reasoning brought him to the point where he did not feel hurt. After a little he even admired her quickness of wit.

The instinctive depression vanished before this reasoning. He suddenly became light-hearted.

But immediately the dark mood returned. Granted all this, how about the last two days? Before that it might well be that her sense of duty to her country, her firmness of spirit, her honor itself would impel her to cling to the last hope of gaining her end. Until his influence over M'tela was quite assured, Winkleman's arrival would probably turn the scale. She had not prevented Kingozi's arriving before the Bavarian, but she might hold the Englishman comparatively powerless. That was understandable. Kingozi felt he might even love her the more for this evidence of a faithful spirit.

But the last few days! It must have become evident to her that her cause was lost; that M'tela's friendship had been gained for the English. If she had cared for him the least in the world, would not she have hastened to produce the pilocarpine for his relief? What could she hope to gain by concealing it? And then the other words insisted on his recollection,

"Great Is the Magic of This Bone Which Is Mine. With It I Shall Be Lucky Always"

bitter words, when, first blinded, he had asked her to read the labels on the bottle that would have given him sight: "Why should I do this for you? You have treated me as a man treats his dog, his horse, his servant, his child—not as a man treats a woman!"

What real reason—besides his hopes—had he for thinking she did not still hate him, or at least remain indifferent to him? So indifferent that even after her chance had passed she still neglected to inform him that the pilocarpine was not destroyed after all.

Winkleman talked on and on about his saurian. Would he never stop and go away?

"I agree with you; you are probably right," said Kingozi at last, driven by sheer desperation to the indorsement of he knew not what scientific heresy. Winkleman snorted heavily in triumph, and returned the bone to a vastly relieved Simba. Kingozi interposed in haste before the introduction of a new topic.

"Undoubtedly you will wish to see the palace of M'tela," said he with deep wile. "Of course you are supposed to be my prisoner, so I must send you under guard. You might take a small present to M'tela from me. I have not yet visited his palace, of course. This might be considered a preliminary to my first visit. Does it appeal to you?"

"But, yes! And I shall behave. I have given my parole. I shall be the good boy!"

"Of course. I understand that. Do you eat at noon? No? Well, good luck! Cazi Moto! Take Mali-ya-bwana and two *askari* guns, and go with Bwana Nyele to the palace of M'tela."

Kingozi Gathered That Through the Distant Cleft He Indicated the Strangers Must Come

Scarcely had the group disappeared down the forest path when Kingozi was at the tent door of the Leopard Woman.

"*Hodie?*" He pronounced the native word of one desiring entrance.

"Who is there?" she asked in Swahili.

"I—Middleton."

A slight pause; then her voice:

"Come."

He drew aside the tent flaps and entered. She was half reclining on the cot, her back raised by pillows stuffed with sweet grass. Her silk garment, carelessly arranged, had fallen partly open, so that the gleam of her flesh showed here and there. The blood leaped to Kingozi's forehead. She did not alter her pose. Suddenly he realized. Of course she thought him blind.

The embarrassment met his sterner mood in a head-on collision, so that for a moment the impulsive speech failed him. She spoke first.

"That was Winkleman, I suppose," she said. "I did not want to appear. What is decided?"

"Decided?" he stammered, not knowing where to look, but unable to keep his eyes from straying.

"Yes. Is it too late? Can he prevail with this M'tela after all?"

"He is my prisoner; he has given his parole."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, raising herself on her elbow in excitement. The abrupt movement dropped the robe from her shoulder. "You can see!" she cried; and huddled the garment about her in a panic. "You can see!" she repeated amazedly. "How is that? What has happened?"

The words brought him to himself and to his need for definite knowledge.

"Winkleman read the labels on my bottles," he said sternly. "I have simply used the pilocarpine."

"The pilocarpine! But that was destroyed!"

So unmistakably genuine was her cry of amazement that Kingozi's heart leaped with joy. She had not known! He took a step toward the couch.

But at this moment a wild hullabaloo broke out in the camp. Men yelled and shouted. Someone began to blow a horn. Then came the sound of many running to and fro. "Damn!" ejaculated Kingozi fervently, and ran out of the tent.

XXXII

THE whole camp was gathered about a number of M'tela's people who were all talking at once. The din was something prodigious. Kingozi pushed his way rather angrily to the center of disturbance.

"Here, what is this?" he demanded to know.

But a dead, astonished silence fell upon them all. They stared at him, gaping.

"What is it?" repeated Kingozi impatiently.

"But, *bwana!*" cried Cazi Moto. "You see!"

"That is a magic," replied Kingozi curtly. "Now what is all this *kalele* about?"

"*Bwana*, these people say that messengers have come in telling of many white men and *askaris* marching in this direction."

"From where? But that does not matter—are they *Inglishee* or *Duyche?*"

"These *shenzis* do not know the difference."

"That is true. How far away are they?"

"Very near, *bwana*."

"Get my gun. Have Simba follow me. Here, you lead the way."

They marched rapidly through the forest path and past the palace of M'tela, which Kingozi had never seen. The savage king came out, and Winkleman and his bodyguard soon followed.

"O King," said Kingozi, "now is the time to show to me that your friendship is true. As you know, other white men are coming with warriors. I do not know yet whether these are *Inglishee*, who are my friends—and yours—or *Duyche*, who are my enemies. If they are *Duyche* they must be attacked and killed or captured, for we are at war."

He watched M'tela carefully while he spoke and felt satisfaction at what he saw.

"Have no fear, papa," replied M'tela easily. "I will cause the great drums to be beaten. My warriors are as the leaves of the grass; and these are few."

"Nevertheless, they will kill many of yours," said Kingozi with great earnestness; "for they have guns that kill many times and at a long distance. When your warriors hear the great noise the white men make and see the dead men they will run."

"You do not know the warriors of M'tela," replied he with dignity. "Should the half of them fall, the other half will give these to the hyenas. Yes, even if they had the thunder itself as weapon!"

"How many are there, O King?" asked Kingozi, greatly relieved.

"My men report thirty-one white men and many black men."

"I go now," advised Kingozi, "to look upon these men. Give me guides, and a messenger to send back with news of what I find."

M'tela issued the orders. A moment later Kingozi started on. Winkleman, who had spoken no word, waved him a friendly good-by. Before they had reached the forest edge the great war drums began to roar.

The guides took them swiftly down the forest path and across the rolling country with the groves. Kingozi looked at it all with curiosity and delight. It seemed to him that never in all his wanderings had he seen so beautiful and variegated a prospect. His blindness had overtaken him, it must be remembered, out on the open dry veldt between the Great and the Little Rains. It was as though he had awakened from a sleep to find himself in this watered, green and wooded paradise.

At the top of a hill the guide stopped and pointed. Kingozi gathered that through the distant cleft he indicated the strangers must come. All sat down and waited.

An hour passed. Simba uttered an exclamation. Kingozi raised his glasses. Tiny figures on foot were debouching from the forest. They spread in all directions, advancing in fan formation. Evidently the scouts. Then more tiny figures, figures on horseback. Kingozi counted them. There were, as M'tela had said, just thirty-one; a gallant little band, but at this distance indistinguishable. They rode out some distance, and at last the first files of the black troops appeared. Kingozi dropped his glasses to the end of the thong with a cheer. Drooping in the still air the colors were, nevertheless, easily recognized. The flag was of England.

"*Inglishee! Inglishee!*" he repeated to M'tela's messengers, and made a motion back toward the palace. The men departed at a lope. Kingozi and Simba took the other direction. They met the newcomers halfway across the long, shallow dish between the wooded hills. On catching sight of them the mounted white men spurred forward. A confusion of greetings stormed them.

"It's Middleton!" "Where did you rain down from?" "We've been looking for you without end!" "Isn't this a lark, old man!"

In the meantime, in the personal attendants of the white men Simba had discovered acquaintances, among them the two messengers Kingozi had dispatched back in quest of Doctor McCloud.

Kingozi stood in the middle of the group, his heart overflowing. It was good to see so many white faces again; it was good to see the faces of friends; it was good to know that his labors had not been in vain and that the border was assured. And underneath it was a great exaltation. He walked on air. For she had not known! The blank astonishment of her face had proved that to him beyond a doubt. She really thought that she had destroyed the pilocarpine; she had not deliberately held from him the light of day!

His high spirits expressed themselves in an animation and volubility so unlike the taciturn Middleton that many of his acquaintances stared.

(Continued on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

The Pawn Ticket

YOU would have to turn back many pages in the history of national finance to find another instance where nations comparable to England and France have hocked their valuables as security for a loan. The last English instance, we believe, was in the seventeenth century. When the British commissioners came over here a year ago to arrange an Anglo-French loan of five hundred million dollars the question of specific security was raised in some impolite quarters. It was then explained, with an air of shocked surprise, that great nations like England and France could not lower their dignity and compromise their credit by putting up collateral.

But the hundred-million-dollar loan to the French Government in July was secured by a hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of excellent collateral, duly hypothecated with a New York trust company; and the recent two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar loan to the British Government is secured in the same way, by three hundred million dollars' worth of first-rate stuff. In both these transactions the credit of the respective governments counts for nothing. They borrow just as Pete Smith borrows.

Undoubtedly this means that, in the judgment of the bankers who handled the transactions, no further unsecured loans could be floated in this market—though the total proceeds of the loans are to be spent here for American goods, and sympathy in the best investment markets is strongly on the side of the Allies.

The Allies have much good collateral left for future loans, but they are still buying goods here on a scale that will use up collateral rapidly.

These two specifically secured loans illustrate that, seemingly unlimited as the resources of the belligerents have been, there is actually a limit.

A New National Competition

AGENTS of Atlantic steamship lines are said to have been circulating about the country wherever any considerable number of foreign-born residents are to be found, and to have concluded—as the result of an extensive canvass—that at least a million foreign-born residents will return to Europe immediately after the war ends. Thousands of them are said to have already made small deposits in order to secure early passage.

Whereupon opponents of any restriction upon immigration renew their arguments that the end of the war will witness a great outflow from this country, instead of the great inflow from distressed and ruined Europe which other prophets have predicted.

It will depend, of course, upon what Europe—or more especially those parts of Europe from which our heaviest immigration in recent years has come—can offer the man who must live by manual labor as compared with what this country offers. Up to now this country has offered most, as the flow of labor hither indubitably shows. One can imagine a regenerated Austria-Hungary, Russia and Italy, free from the burdens of militarism, with peace reasonably assured by international federation, with liberal ideas, redeemed from stupid and tyrannical reaction, with rapidly expanding industries—which would offer common labor as good a lot as it finds in the United States.

But in that case certainly—with Europe actually giving better conditions, and thus not only stopping the westward flow but inducing a wholesale return of immigrants—a literacy test in our immigration law will do no harm. In the opposite case it will do good.

Savings

AN ACUTE observer opines that in the last year and a half the people of the United States have been saving money at a greater rate than ever before, not only absolutely but relatively to their income. As the income of the people of the United States in the last year and a half has been decidedly greater than ever before, this would imply a big boost in savings.

Savings go on in so many ways that nothing more than a rough approximation of their extent is ever possible. As to the single item of bank deposits, the last comprehensive statement is contained in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1915. It shows that in June of that year savings deposits, including time certificates of deposits, amounted to eight and three-quarter billion dollars against nine and a third billions of deposits subject to check. The latter, of course, mainly represent the country's working cash balance, to be checked upon to meet its day-to-day needs; while savings deposits and time certificates mainly represent money laid by for investment. The first item, it will be seen, is now nearly as large as the second.

Moreover, in the year covered by the comptroller's figures—which includes a considerable area of business depression—checking deposits decreased slightly, while savings deposits and time certificates increased by something like a billion dollars—an exact comparison being impossible, for the two statements are not made up in exactly the same way.

This country's savings-deposit account is much in excess of any other country's. So are its total savings, including the investments in bonds, mortgages, loans, stocks, lands, and so on. In short, measured by what we save we are decidedly the thriftiest of people. It is only when the measure is taken by what we might save that we appear spendthrift. And at that, a good deal of nonsense is written about the spendthrift side.

Individually, extravagance is not the rule. Collectively we are extravagant—in our government, our fire waste, our unscientific use of fuel, and so on—because our collective consciousness is defective.

Still Higher Finance

SUPPOSE that two years ago last July you had put this question to any distinguished American financier: Can the United States lend Europe two billion dollars and at the same time finance a trade boom of unprecedented proportions at home? The answer would certainly have been in the negative. Yet, with the new British loan of a quarter of a billion and with the American stocks and bonds repurchased from the other side, we have already, in effect, poured something like two billion dollars into the Allies' war chest.

Meantime domestic securities have been issued and absorbed on a very great scale; money has been found for the most rapid trade expansion the country has ever known; and, though this is the crop-moving season, when tradition requires us to look for a pinch in the money market, the situation is actually so easy that banks in New York and Chicago freely buy good commercial paper round four per cent interest.

Looking to the United States, we can easily see the apparatus by which the miracle was worked—that is, enormous exports of merchandise, a steady inflow of gold, saving at a rapid rate. Looking to Europe for an explanation of how they worked the miracle of floating forty billion dollars of government loans in about two years, the details are less clear; but the primary factors of a huge production and rapid circulation of goods and a high rate of savings are evident enough. Over there, as here, no doubt, the thing simply financed itself.

On the whole, it makes the financier's rôle look comparatively easy. At a pinch the United States could undoubtedly produce a dozen billions or so out of its own hat, as transatlantic belligerents have done. All the financier need do is to hold the hat.

The Shifting City

THE typical big American city not only grows but squirms restlessly round in its shell, which causes much inconvenience. Recently, for example, New York woke to the significance of the fact that the garment trades were overflowing the Fifth Avenue shopping district. Those trades occupy a great amount of upstairs floor space and employ hundreds of thousands of operatives. Their coming would inevitably change the character of Fifth Avenue, making it less desirable for retail shops. At the same time, a great amount of upstairs floor space farther downtown, which the garment trades had occupied, would be left tenantless.

Fortunately the Fifth Avenue shopkeepers were extensive patrons of the garment makers and the threat of an extensive boycott seems to have stopped the movement. But such means of stopping similar disturbing movements are not usually available. Whenever a skyscraper is built many offices in more modest and aged structures are left vacant—permanently vacant in some cases. Then a still loftier skyscraper blankets one side of the first tall building, cutting off its light and air, and that side is relegated to dust and cockroaches.

From a big city, which has registered an important growth at every census period for two generations and is still growing at the accustomed rate, we hear complaints that never before was there so great an amount of vacant space in the wholesale district.

A good many expanding concerns have moved out where the ground for their growing needs can be got cheaper. In two or three huge mail-order houses is now concentrated the business that was formerly handled by hundreds of jobbers. The city's restless squirming has left many empty places in what, by its location, should be a very busy district. How residential sections all round the city map are overrun, and entirely change their character, is well known.

Perhaps in time the growth of a city will be made to conform to some carefully thought-out, settled, comprehensive plan. There seems no particular reason why it should not be, and the advantages are obvious.

Railroads

FOR so long that most people have probably forgotten it, a governmental investigation of the physical value of railroad property has been under way. A committee of Congress is about to begin another and apparently very sweeping investigation of the whole subject of the relations of privately owned railroads to the public.

So we ought to get somewhere pretty soon. This matter of the dispute between the roads and the trainmen's unions shows that we can hardly be said to have got anywhere yet. Last winter the unions, acting as a country-wide unit, presented certain demands to the railroads as a unit. Failure to agree implied paralysis of the country's land transportation. There is failure to agree. It comes to the eve of a strike. The President, at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour—with considerable other business on his hands—seizes the bull by the handiest horn to avert a national calamity.

It illustrates an essentially unsettled relationship. We have Government control—exercised by forty-odd independent and frequently conflicting bodies, some of them quite frankly animated by the policy of what the traffic will bear; in other words, of how much can be got out of the railroad for the shipper. The railroad policy, no doubt, is to some extent at least the reverse of that. Neither policy represents the true public interest.

Out of the pending investigations a fairer, more stable relationship ought to issue.

Investigating Wheat

THE Department of Justice, it appears, is conducting an elaborate investigation of the recent rise in the price of wheat on the Chicago market. It will cost quite a bit of money. With a view to lightening the expense, we offer the Department the following elementary facts, which it can confirm by interviewing the first elevator boy it runs across over in the Department of Agriculture:

The wheat harvest in the United States begins virtually in June and runs into September. Whoever bulls the fall options, therefore, is bulling the whole new crop in the hands of the producers. Whatever price he sets, in operations such as those under consideration, is the price farmers will get for their grain.

At the tail end of a light crop, with the grain mostly out of farmers' hands and warehoused, the country's supply of wheat might possibly, under favoring circumstances, be monopolized—though Prof. Joseph Leiter probably holds an opinion to the contrary. An attempt to monopolize the wheat supply, with the whole new crop virtually in the producers' hands, would probably occur to nobody outside a lunatic asylum.

The farm value of last year's wheat crop was estimated by the Department of Agriculture at nine hundred and thirty million dollars. You read in the newspapers of "enormous lines" of speculative wheat, amounting maybe to fifteen or twenty million bushels, and of "tremendous winnings," which may come to a million dollars or two. Speculation in wheat is of less actual concern to the wheat growers and bread eaters of the country than keeping their feet dry in rainy weather.

But it is what press agents term a sure shot. Investigating it will always get a headline on the second page at least.

THE EMERALD SNAKE

By EDITH ORR

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"HOW much will you give me for this necklace?"

The request was as short and precise in its tone as in its phrasing. "But, madame ——" The jeweler's voice was rich with protest. "How can I tell how much the necklace is worth till I examine it stone by stone through the little glass I put in my eye for that purpose? How can I examine the necklace till you have shown it to me? How can I be sure all at once, like this, that you are a fit person to have in your possession a necklace of any value? . . . And finally, dear, dear madame, are you so little an epicure, so little versed in the refinements of pleasure, that you are willing to forego the ritual prescribed by tradition: the approaches, the feints, the meditations, the deadlocks, the momentary despair, the burst of temper, the reconciliation—all the little emotions that will presently resolve themselves into a complete and mellow satisfaction for both of us?"

The jeweler did not say all this in so many words. His actual words stopped with "But, madame ——" He divided the burden of expression equally among eyebrows, shoulders and hands.

Madame had picked out one of the most famous establishments of the Rue de la Paix—not the shop of M. Courbet, but one of almost as great authority. She had insisted that M. Georges in person be summoned from that mysterious back region where he sat all day, surrounded presumably, like an Indian rajah, by jewels too sacred to meet the common eye; unlocking them from their guardian safes, gloating over them and restoring them, to be succeeded by other treasures more brilliant still. Was this a man to have his conduct prescribed to him by a woman who had come not to buy, but to sell—not a patron, but a mere suppliant?

"Will madame be seated?" suggested M. Georges in his gentlest tone.

Madame accepted the hint as to the spirit in which the interview was to be conducted, sighed, and was seated.

"Madame has something charming she wishes to show me?"

"I have a necklace I want you to buy."

"Pearls?" Monsieur's voice was very much afraid the case he was unwrapping would open and finally disclose pearls. "Everybody brings me pearls. Everybody is selling pearls. You would think there was no other jewel in the world, just as the Americans believe there is no wine but champagne."

The lady disdained to disperse his fears prematurely, and presently the glass table before M. Georges reflected the green lights of a rope of emeralds, held tenderly in his sensitive hands. "Ah! Emeralds!"

They were wonderful emeralds, indeed; enormous and cut in the old square Oriental fashion. M. Georges' eyes were too used to beautiful gems to express, in spite of him, amazement, rapture or greed. They looked upon the stones with profound admiration for being the wonderful stones they were. They looked upon madame with sober respect as the possessor of them.

"How much are they worth?"

"But, madame ——"

Again monsieur's eyebrows, shoulder and left hand—the right being busy with the necklace—protested in the interest of decorum:

"I have not often seen such a string; in fact, of this size and this cutting, never. This cutting is Indian."

"I believe so."

"Madame perhaps brought them from India?"

"No."

"They have been long in her family?"

"M. Georges, if you are to buy my emeralds you must buy them without their history; I am not prepared to give it to you."

"But, my dear lady, a necklace, like a Raphael or a thoroughbred, must have a pedigree—without this, it is a dangerous character and must be treated as such."

"Surely, monsieur, you can trust your own judgment ——"

"As to the genuineness of the stones, naturally. As to the prudence of handling them, no."

"You mean you don't know who I am?"

"Madame is not one of my clients, certainly. She comes to me without introduction."

"I am Sorry; But for the Present I Would Prefer Not to Give You My Address"

As a matter of course, this brought the personality of M. Georges' new client abruptly into the spotlight. He turned upon it an appraising eye. She awaited the inspection with confidence—not to go further and call it insolence.

M. Georges had already decided that he had before him a young woman worthy of respect, not only as the possessor of an extraordinary necklace but because of something in herself, troubling, baffling, not easily to be placed or defined. She was of an exterior that might almost be called magnificent.

Tall, narrow-waisted, but broad of shoulder, she did not look like a Frenchwoman; her hair was too black, her eyebrows too thick, her color too high, and her manner too lacking in the insinuating charm of the Parisian. She was neither sympathetic nor seductive; she was bold, direct and compelling; and yet not without feminine mystery, either. She seemed to M. Georges to be about twenty-six; but, discounting the fact that he was not made of stone, he cannily gave her two or three years more; perhaps four—perhaps ——

He did not spend all his hours behind a counter or squinting at jewels through an armored eye—did M. Georges. Out of business hours he was a man of the world; he spent every evening at a café, and every fine Sunday went to the races. He knew Deauville and Monte Carlo like Paris; he had even spent a week once in London. He knew types as he knew stones—ladies of the *ancien régime* and ladies of the new, adventuresses, Americans, South Americans, English ladies, Rumanians, visiting royalties, Jewesses, actresses, smart milliners, ladies from the country, ladies official and political, and ladies of no *monde* at all. He did not know where to put madame of the green necklace, and his own inadequacy piqued him.

"How much will you give me for my emeralds?"

"Ah, madame—if you will be good enough to take a receipt and wait till to-morrow morning! It is a matter that will take time and consideration."

"But I want the money now!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Take it across the way, then, to M. Courbet."

"Oh, no; I couldn't do that!"

"A most honorable house."

She looked across the street and pulled down her veil.

"*Bon!*" said monsieur to himself. "It is evident they know her at Courbet's!"

"This afternoon?" She almost entreated.

"Very well this afternoon. And madame's address?"

"Is that necessary?"

"Quite necessary."

"I am sorry, but for the present I would prefer not to give you my address."

"The name, then?" Monsieur tried to give his voice a dry and routinelike sound, which to his own ears was not perfectly successful.

"Is that usual?"

"Madame knows that it is quite usual to have a name!"

"I," declared madame haughtily, "am one of those unusual people who prefer on occasions to do without one."

"As madame pleases."

She rose regally from her chair, was ushered out with due ceremony, and got into a motor that was waiting for her outside—not her own motor, but a common, ordinary taxi. The door was opened for her by a young man of quite extraordinary good looks, a young man whom M. Georges vaguely felt he had somewhere seen and ought perhaps to remember.

He sighed a little as he turned back to walk the length of the shop. Somehow—he did not quite know why—he would have liked it better if she had been alone.

II

M. GEORGES absent-mindedly put the emeralds into a safe and locked it. He did not even look at them again. He had made up his mind about the stones long since.

He asked one of his shopmen to get him into communication with M. Blondeau, of the Police, a personal friend of his own. In the course of half an hour, when the connection was established, he proceeded to give his friend a detailed description of the lady who had just called upon him.

M. Blondeau, of the *Direction des Recherches*, thought offhand he could place her by the description. She sounded very much like a certain Madame Liane de Pervenche—a lady apparently of large means, of some unknown foreign extraction, and suspected of being a German spy. Other details were added to the life and habits of Madame de Pervenche, a written and fuller account of which M. Blondeau promised his friend when he should have looked up her *dossier*.

"Do you happen to know," asked M. Georges, "whether the lady has any connection with the Royal House of Burania?"

"Why do you ask this question?" asked Blondeau.

"Because Madame de Pervenche has just brought me the Emerald Snake to sell."

Even M. Blondeau had heard of the Emerald Snake. Almost everybody had heard of it; it was one of the most valued of the crown jewels of Burania. The Royal House of Burania, as to revenues, was one of the poorest in Europe; but it had in its possession a collection of gems such as a maharajah might have envied. Just where they came from was the secret of the family annals; but the fact that the house has been royal for less than a hundred years and rose from a family of barbarian chiefs gives a certain freedom to the imagination.

The episode seemed quite as rich in possibility to M. Blondeau, of the Police, as it had to M. Georges. He confessed as much to the jeweler over the telephone, and suggested calling in person upon his old friend that afternoon with his memoranda. Both men smiled as they hung up their receivers. They were French and they loved mystery.

"It is undoubtedly," pronounced M. Blondeau, of the Police Department, that afternoon, "the Green Snake of Burania. I saw it often on the late queen's throat when I was detailed to look after their majesties at Vichy. A beautiful affair, but, to my mind, a bit archaic."

"Possibly, possibly," agreed M. Georges. "And your notes on Madame de Pervenche?"

M. Blondeau handed over to his old friend a copy of Madame de Pervenche's private history as recorded by the *Direction des Recherches:*

"Tall, broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted, eyes brown, eyebrows nearly meeting over nose . . . . It is undoubtedly the same woman."

M. Georges read and raised his eyebrows.

"Dear me!" he said

He read farther and sighed regretfully.

"I should not have believed her that sort of person. She seemed to me most attractive. She attracted me, indeed—strongly."

M. Georges put down the document.

"Do you believe the king ——" he began.

M. Blondeau leaned forward and tapped his friend upon the knee, looking delightfully mysterious.

"Let me tell you something—a most dramatic circumstance: The king—King Paul of Burania—is at this moment in Paris!"

"I had not heard of it," answered M. Georges.

"Incognito. In strictest incognito. The fact is known to scarcely a hundred persons besides myself."

"Then how —— "

"A royal incognito, my dear friend, can be preserved only by the connivance of a sufficient number of discreet individuals."

"Since the king is in Paris," suggested M. Georges, "why should we not inform him at once that this De Pervenche woman has the necklace in her possession?"

Blondeau looked doubtful.

"The situation seems to me a little delicate—extremely delicate. One can never tell. . . . His Majesty has his eccentricities."

"H'm!" said M. Georges. "I see."

"Nevertheless," brought out Blondeau after a moment's meditation, "I think His Majesty would overlook, on my part, on the part of an old friend, some excess of zeal. . . . My mind is made up; I will go to him."

"Do so, my dear friend," commended M. Georges, warmly pressing his hand.

M. Georges breathed freely for an hour or two, feeling that a delicate mission was in the right hands. He felt he had acted wisely in detaining the necklace, and foresaw for himself future patronage by the royal hand of Burania, which was notoriously poor but prodigal.

He could not help, however, a momentary qualm when the thought of the lady came into his mind. The lady had been attractive—most attractive. She looked young, engaging, full of spirit; not at all the kind of person Blondeau's documents had made her out—not at all like a woman named Liane de Pervenche. A most improbable name! A name of astounding improbability. Georges made a wry face over it.

III

"BUT," objected M. Blondeau respectfully, "I understood Your Majesty to say that you had never heard of this woman, Pervenche."

"Nor had I," returned King Paul imperturbably as he rolled and lighted his one hundred and second cigarette for that day, "until you yourself introduced her name."

If there was in Christendom a more picturesque monarch than Paul of Burania, surely none other than he could do the picturesque "more natural." There was something in his appearance of the brigand, the pirate, the *boulevardier*, and the late King Harry of England. He was scrupulously, almost foppishly, dressed in the English fashion as interpreted by Paris; but somehow, instead of the middle-aged gentleman comfortably seated in a *fauteuil*, smoking a cigarette, one had only to close one's eyes a crack to see a semibarbarian chief in velvet jacket, kilt and gaiters, striding along a mountain pass. And yet here he was, conversing in the *most* affable and friendly manner with M. Blondeau, of the *Direction des Recherches;* absolutely, you would have said, a conversation between equals, men of the world, men of experience.

"By the way," said the king, suddenly giving the conversation a push in a slightly different direction, "I think you'd better telephone your friend Georges to bring the emeralds to me."

"For what purpose, Your Majesty?" asked M. Blondeau.

"To identify them."

"But they have already been identified by M. Georges, who knows by heart every jewel of any fame in Europe; and by me, sir, who have often seen them on the neck of her late majesty at Vichy."

"Ah!" said the king.

"If you will pardon me, sir, it would not be regular; it would not be according to our official procedure to restore stolen property to its owner without some further investigation that would lead to the apprehension of the criminal."

The king slightly changed his position.

"Send for the jewels, M. Blondeau!" was all he said.

Blondeau, the friend and equal of princes, rose without protest from his chair, descended to the bureau of the hotel, and telephoned to M. Georges the mandate of King Paul.

M. Georges, accompanied by an armed messenger, presently arrived at the king's hotel, and was conducted by Blondeau into the royal presence.

"You have my emeralds with you, M. Georges?"

"I have, Your Majesty."

M. Georges produced the morocco case containing them with a dramatic flourish and, with an air, handed it to the king. He did so with so much manner that, to be in the atmosphere, the king should have burst into Alexandrines and knighted him on the spot.

All that eccentric monarch did, however, was to remove the necklace from its case, slip it nonchalantly into his waistcoat pocket, and pitch the case carelessly into the fire.

"That's all," he said.

"But, Your Majesty —— "

"That's all!" repeated the king. "Kindly make no report to your department."

"But, Your Majesty ——"

"Kindly make no report."

"Unfortunately," said M. Blondeau, "it has already been made."

"Quash it."

M. Blondeau raised his hands, palms outward, in a gesture of despair.

"I will do my best," he said.

IV

THE two friends walked down the steps of the hotel honored by King Paul sadly, with heads bowed, their English sticks trailing behind them.

"We have not arrived anywhere at all," said M. Georges.

"Nowhere," agreed Blondeau.

"It is an *impasse*."

"Quite."

"What are you going to do?" asked Georges. "Officially, I mean."

M. Blondeau looked mysterious.

"Nothing," he answered

"Do you think His Majesty ——"

"Certainly not," replied Blondeau.

"Do you think the lady ——"

"How do I know?" said Blondeau.

M. Georges sighed.

"Why do you sigh, my poor friend?"

"I have a certain feeling of humanity," replied M. Georges, "for my client. What shall I say to her when she arrives, asking news of her necklace?"

"A feeling of humanity for Madame de Pervenche," returned M. Blondeau dryly, "is a feeling, my dear friend, that I should advise you to discourage."

M. Georges did not reply, but looked at his watch.

"If you will step into my establishment with me," he said, "you may be able to get a glimpse of my client in person. It is about the hour she was to call upon me."

M. Georges was informed that the lady, in fact, was waiting for him in his private office. With a glance at his friend, M. Blondeau made for the office, opened the door and closed it with many apologies to the occupant.

"There is no doubt of it," he whispered to Georges—"not a doubt in the world. And now, with your permission, I will go back to my affairs. If I have further need of this person I know where to find her."

Georges entered his office feeling, on the whole, rather rueful and ashamed of himself, a secret emotion that did not in the least interfere with his enjoyment of the dramatic value of the situation.

"Good afternoon, Madame de Pervenche," he said with calculated casualness.

"Why," she demanded, not at all abashed, "do you call me Madame de Pervenche?"

"Because it seems to be your name. You live at 235 Boulevard Pereire, and you brought me this morning the Emerald Snake of Burania to sell."

The lady did not move an eyelash. The cool and businesslike was the rôle she had undertaken, and she continued to play it.

"And are you going to buy my necklace?"

Georges thrust his hands out, palms upward.

"Alas, madame, it has been commandeered by King Paul of Burania, who thinks his right to it is better than yours!"

At this the lady's eyes flashed fire at last. Her thick eyebrows contracted; she rose to her feet, and a very unpleasant-sounding expression, in a language M. Georges did not know, escaped her lips. Then she regained her self-control and sat down. In the course of a minute or two her face smoothed itself out, and in a moment more her lips twisted into a sudden smile.

"And what's to happen to me?" she asked. "Am I to be put under arrest?"

"There is no indiscretion, madame, in telling you that, for the present, you are not."

"Are you quite sure?"

"M. Blondeau, of the Police, identified you just now and withdrew, leaving you in peace. What more can I say? If you are prudent, madame—as, for your own sake, I hope you will be—there is no immediate need for alarm."

And the expression on her face, which was more like that of a disappointed child than of a criminal foiled, worked so upon M. Georges' humanity that he went further and told her something that Blondeau had told him and that he should have kept to himself:

"It would be wise for you, madame, not to be at 235 Boulevard Pereire to-morrow; in fact, I think I should leave Paris altogether. M. Blondeau showed me a copy of your *dossier*, and an item more would make it a very unpleasant document indeed."

The lady asked one more question before her departure:

"And do you suppose this last adventure of mine has gone upon my *dossier?*"

"Without doubt."

Instead of expressing annoyance, a slight smile dawned upon her face and was instantly suppressed.

■

KING PAUL, after Georges and Blondeau had left him, frowned, looked into the fire, and then burst into sudden laughter. After that he pulled the bell cord; and from the next door there slid into the room a man who in appearance was a mixture of valet, gentleman-in-waiting and gentleman of fortune, and who answered to the name of Dmitri.

"Why," said the king, prefacing his inquiry with a perfectly conventional oath in Dmitri's native tongue, "did you not tell me that my daughter-in-law was in Paris?"

"Your Majesty, I did not know it."

"It is your business to know!"

"The Princess Elena is officially at Cap Martin, sir, visiting ——"

King Paul responded to the upward inflection of doubt by throwing the Emerald Snake on the table between them.

"She took that necklace yesterday to Georges, in the Rue de la Paix. Georges did not recognize her; but, from his description, I did. If she had this in her possession she doubtless has her pocket full."

"It is very awkward, sir."

"Very!" responded the king with a grim smile. "Very! Especially as, in case of a revolution, I was planning to sell off for my own private expenses a few of these little baubles."

"And what am I to do, sir?"

"You are first to find the bird!"

At the end of the day, after vicissitudes he was not encouraged to narrate, Dmitri came back with the news that Her Royal Highness had just left a quiet and eminently respectable hotel in the Etoile quarter, and was now stopping at one but indifferently known to fame on the Left Bank.

"The Left Bank!" The king smiled in amusement. "That is something I must try myself one of these days."

"And meantime, sir?"

"Meantime, Dmitri, you are to mind your own affairs and allow me to discipline my family."

But, when Dmitri had withdrawn, the king, who found it so easy to discipline his own family and mystery all together, drew from his pocket a note, which he reread with a puzzled brow.

It was from a lady he had never had the pleasure of meeting, who demanded with some authority that he call upon her the next afternoon.

It was signed Liane de Pervenche.

VI

IT WAS the very next day that King Paul, having enjoyed himself incognito for a few weeks, arrived officially in Paris.

In an unpretentious hotel on the Left Bank, in the hotel's most ambitious effort in the way of a private salon, a tall and beautiful lady sat by a window overlooking the Seine, a newspaper in her hand.

(Concluded on Page 30)

"My Friend," Said the Lady, "Do You Remember the Night I Proposed to You?"

First aid to the hungry

Safe to say that half the dyspepsia would be banished from the world—and a large share of our other troubles along with it—if every dinner began with a good soup.

When the "men folks" or any of the "business" part of the family come home fagged out with the day's work, when the young people come romping in from their studies or their play—ravenous and impatient, when the home-keepers, weary with their own burdens, feel almost "too tired to eat"—the one thing which brightens up the situation like magic is a delicious steaming plate of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You can have it ready in almost "no time" without the least trouble or fuss.

It provides immediate nourishment of the most wholesome and inviting kind. It dispels the fatigue of hunger, stimulates the flow of digestive juices, tones and strengthens the stomach to digest a hearty meal.

It is wonderfully appetizing whether you simply add hot water, or serve it as a Cream of Tomato—which is almost as easy as saying it.

Or you can prepare it readily with noodles, vermicelli, boiled rice, and in other hearty forms so that it often takes the place of a heavy meal and is in itself completely satisfying and sufficient.

All authorities agree that a good soup eaten every day does a work in the building up of the human body which no other food can accomplish so well.

Make it a point to serve such a soup regularly on your table and you will be more than gratified by the far-reaching and beneficial results.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
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Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
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Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

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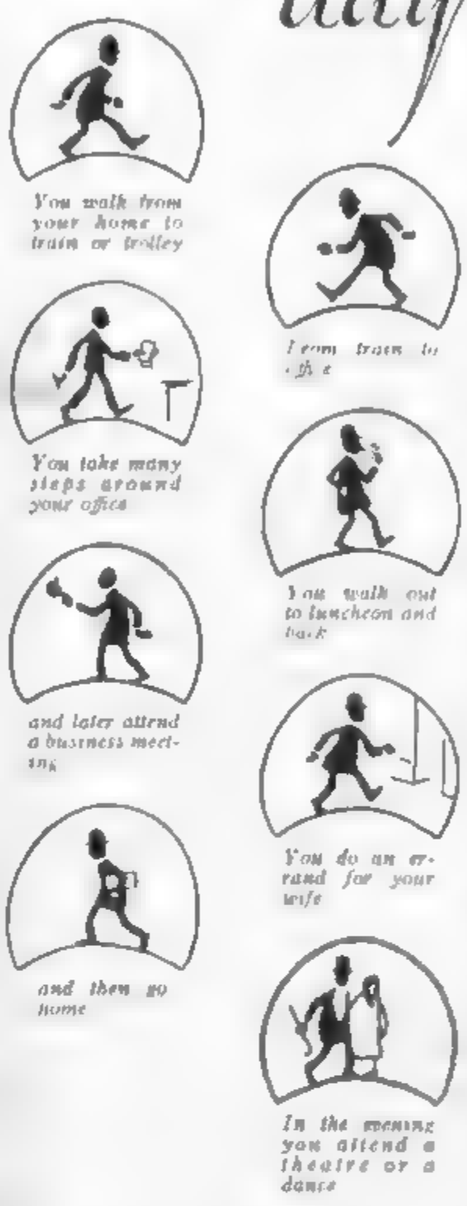
Heel prints that you leave every day


You walk from your home to train or trolley
From train to office
You take many steps around your office
You walk out to luncheon and back
and later attend a business meeting
You do an errand for your wife
and then go home
In the evening you attend a theatre or a dance

—and by long odds the best aid you have in maintaining a serene disposition is in the wearing of—

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

Millions wear them in preference to other kinds, because the Foster Friction Plug, set where the wear comes, prevents slipping and makes the heel last longer. There are no holes to track mud and dirt—cost no more than the ordinary kind.

50c—black, white or tan. For Men, Women and Children.

Foster Rubber Co.
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

(Concluded from Page 28)

Near her—almost at her feet, in fact—an extremely handsome young man, with dark and liquid eyes and a pointed mustache, looked up at her.

"*Mon ami*," said the lady, "papa is in town again."

"The devil!" exclaimed the young man quite good-naturedly.

"I told you I suspected it," she said, "when the secretary of the hotel informed my maid that that odious Dmitri of his had been inquiring for me here. Fancy looking for me in a hole like this! The impudence!"

"But you are here, you know," suggested the young man.

"My being here is a caprice," declared the lady haughtily—"one of those vagaries of the Latin temperament to which I am subject. I am here, it is true; but for Dmitri to expect it was impudence."

"But you are not Latin, my dear Elena," suggested the young man; "you are Russian."

"My dear Victor," said the lady, "I am Latin—pure Latin, of the ancient Latin strain of Burania—and so must you be if you expect to carry out your intention of marrying me."

"Dear me!" said the young man, lighting a cigarette, but pausing on the way to kiss the hand that was not occupied with her paper. "Just as you like, of course."

"And I knew it," said Elena, reverting in her own volatile way to King Paul's presence in Paris, "when I went back to the little man in the Rue de la Paix and he tore his hair and told me who had taken the Emerald Snake away from him. He was very nice—poor little man!—and advised me to leave Paris to avoid arrest! . . . Just as you did, Victor, when you thought I was an anarchist!"

"What were you doing with the Emerald Snake, my own?"

"How forgetful of me! I should have told you. . . . I was trying to sell it."

"And where did you get it?"

"Colonel Saroff, the guardian of the crown jewels, gave it to me."

"My dear Elena, this seems serious."

"It is serious; and I have with me, besides, the stomacher of Catherine of Russia, and all the jewels that were left over the last time they remodeled the crown."

"And how did Colonel Saroff ——"

"My friend," said the lady, "let me tell you the story in my own way. . . . Do you remember the night I proposed to you?"

"Do I remember it!" Victor kissed her hand again. "It was in the Bois—a night of May. . . . I have forgotten all the nights and all of my life before that."

"And papa discovered us and seemed quite pleased about it? And said we might be married whenever we liked? And got his silly old Parliament and Privy Council to ratify it and pass us a life pension?"

"My dear Elena, of course I remember."

"And why are we not married at this minute? Why did that old fox change his mind?"

"Listen! Do you know, Victor, that within a year, perhaps a few months, perhaps a few weeks, the whole of Europe may be plunged into war?"

"The whole of Europe has been on the point of being plunged into war for the last twenty years. I remember hearing that story in my nursery."

"With which side would your country go—with Germany or Russia?"

"With Russia, of course; they told me that, too, in my nursery."

"Good! Brave country! Noble country! Honest hearts! I feel already that I shall love them. My countrymen, too, they are pro-Russian. So am I—with every drop of my Latin blood I am pro-Russian. *Voilà tout!* That is why dear papa has changed his mind about letting me marry you. He is currying favor with Berlin!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Victor looking almost serious.

"And I will tell you something else. My countrymen hate the policy of their king. Before the war it is possible we may have a revolution!"

"My dear Elena!" said Victor again, and positively rose to his feet without remembering to kiss her hand again first.

He stood looking so strong, alert and soldierly, and so unlike his carefully cultivated indifference in speech, that a shiver of pride in him went down Elena's Latin spine.

"I belong to the revolutionary party; the Prime Minister belongs to the revolutionary party; Colonel Saroff belongs to the revolutionary party. Everybody belongs to the revolutionary party; and the Emerald Snake and Catherine's stomacher are going to buy bullets and guns, and incidentally a quite nice little trousseau for me!"

"And King Paul? You know it is a weakness of mine to be rather fond of Cousin Paul, if you are not, Elena."

"We will let papa live on in Paris. He likes it. But you are to lead our armies, Victor; and you and I shall reign in Burania."

The Princess Elena sank into a limitless depth of thought and rose out of it to make a remark seemingly of no pertinence whatever:

"I have a most consuming desire, Victor, to call this afternoon on this fascinating Liane de Pervenche."

"For what purpose?"

"Partly because I was told to keep away from the Boulevard Pereire, and partly because I wish to see a woman whom I have evidently the honor to resemble."

Victor also meditated.

"My dear Elena, as your future husband, I can hardly consider Madame de Pervenche a desirable acquaintance for you. For me—that is another matter. I have a friend or two at the Bureau of Police myself. Let me go out this morning and see what scraps of information I can pick up before you go any farther."

■■■

"SO THAT is why this Blondeau was so ready to jump to the conclusion that I was Liane de Pervenche!"

Victor, returned from his mission, pulled his little mustache with a gesture of satisfaction. He had his moments of being willing to appear as intelligent as he really was.

"Exactly. It appears that they have known for some time at headquarters that this adventuress is a German agent, and that our papa has been notified that his preliminary negotiations with Berlin are to be conducted through her. You see how simple it is! A king with a madness for pretty ladies goes and calls on one—nothing political—nothing compromising."

"It's disgusting!"

"Madame de Pervenche," added Victor, "is not at all disgusting."

"You have met her? And you find her charming!"

"My dear Elena, she looks like you. Really, in an imitating, unoriginal sort of way, she is very like you. The weakness of her character, as the nature of her profession might indicate, is that she is mercenary."

"Victor, my desire to meet this woman is more consuming than ever!"

"Very well, my love. We will call on her this afternoon for the five o'clock."

"Why for the five o'clock?"

"Because, my own, rumor says that papa is to be there at the same time."

VIII

IT WAS not at all a dignified scene that took place that afternoon in the apartment of Madame de Pervenche.

King Paul's motor set him down at 235 Boulevard Pereire at five minutes after five exactly. He was unattended—only a large and extremely handsome middle-aged gentleman going to pay his respects to a lady whom he had never had the pleasure of meeting.

The door on the second floor, at the left, was opened for him by a trim maid, quite unconscious of the presence of royalty, and he was taken into the very handsome salon of Madame de Pervenche.

A tall and picturesque lady, wearing a hat and frock that commanded his instant admiration, rose out of the shadow, advanced to meet him, and had the temerity to present her cheek for an unemotional embrace.

"Good afternoon, papa!" said the Princess Elena.

"Good afternoon, my dear, dear daughter," returned the king imperturbably. "And how does your friend Madame de Pervenche find herself?"

"She is not at home at this moment, papa, and has left the task of entertaining you to me. Admit it, papa! This time you are caught!"

King Paul did not admit it. He laughed so long and so uproariously that his daughter-in-law was annoyed almost enough.

"You do not seem overjoyed to see me," she said.

"My dear Elena, I am more than overjoyed. Your presence here saves me a trip to the other side of the river, where I hear you are so charmingly domiciled. I wish to make my adieus. I am going back to Burania to-morrow."

"To Burania, papa?"

"To Burania, my dear. There has been a little disturbance in Burania. And before I go I must ask you to restore to me a few little items you have brought with you from the royal treasury—namely, the stomacher of Catherine of Russia, an antique for which I have always had a fancy, and a few unset stones which I hear you have with you."

For once in her life the Crown Princess was almost tongue-tied.

"But how—but how—but how ——" she stammered.

"My dear, Colonel Saroff has abandoned the revolutionary party to its fate on condition of my giving him an office in my new government; in fact, just at present there are no parties in Burania. There is nothing in Burania but an all-pervading desire for the return of its hereditary ruler.

"And so, if you please, we will no longer bother our heads about Madame de Pervenche, but go peacefully back to your little hotel, where you shall give me a charming little dinner and all the jewels you were planning to sell in the Rue de la Paix."

It was a most disconsolate lady who drove by the side of her detested relative back to the little hotel on the Left Bank. No jewels; no pension; no marriage to her adored Victor!

Victor was awaiting them in the salon of the little hotel on the other side of the river.

"Papa is dining with us to-night, Victor." Victor expressed his gratification. "And when he goes he will relieve us of the responsibility of those tiresome little trinkets I foolishly brought with me from Burania."

"Really, sir?" said Victor.

"*Parfaitement, mon cher!*" responded the king.

"You might as well get them for me now," suggested Elena, presenting Victor with a bunch of keys.

IX

"LET us sit down a moment first," suggested Victor, "and smoke a cigarette or two."

The king accepted one of Victor's; Victor took one from His Majesty's case; Elena took one from a silver box on the table, took a puff or two, and then threw it angrily into the fire.

"Control yourself, Elena," suggested the king blandly.

"Do, Elena," added Victor—"at least until I have shown Cousin Paul a little collection of documents I have here. I know they will interest him."

The king lighted another cigarette.

"First there is a note, Cousin Paul, written in your own hand, arranging an interview with Madame de Pervenche at five o'clock this afternoon. That is nothing.

"Further, there is a copy of a secret treaty between Berlin and Paul of Burania, signed. Then, I have the draft of a second treaty, granting further privileges to Prussia—unfortunately for Prussia, not yet signed.

"Oh, yes—and a miscellaneous collection of letters from persons in Berlin containing certain instructions to Madame de Pervenche. . . . And an official copy of Madame de Pervenche's *dossier*, ending with her attempt to sell to M. Georges, of the Rue de la Paix, the Emerald Snake of Burania."

"And what were you planning to do with this little collection, my dear Victor?"

"I had thought, sir, of sending them to the worthy Delyanoff, born in Russia and at present playing the part of your Grand Vizier. Copies must be sent to the leaders of the opposition. There is ——"

The king interrupted him. Reaching into his waistcoat pocket, he removed from a cigar case a string of green stones.

"Permit me, my dear Victor, to give you and Elena a little gift on the occasion of your approaching marriage."

"Thank you, Cousin Paul—papa, if I may call you so. And the stomacher of Catherine of Russia?"

"Pray keep it," said Paul generously, and accepting without undue haste the documents from Victor's hand.

"The unset stones ——"

"Keep them! Keep them!"

"Unfortunately I cannot," said Victor. "They have passed out of my possession. But who—who would have the heart to begrudge them to the beautiful, the magnificent, the disinterested Madame de Pervenche?"

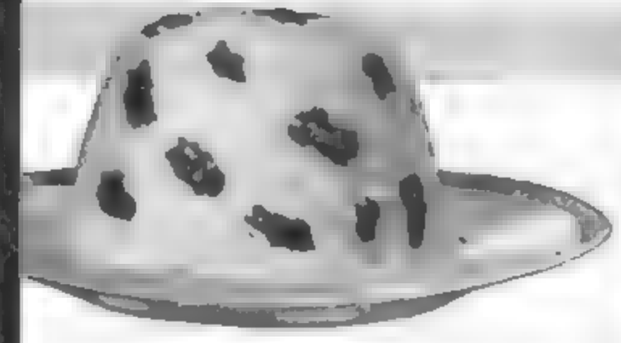
THE TRUE FRUIT-FOOD

Sun-Maid Raisin Pie

3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream (sour preferred), ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ package Sun-Maid Raisins.

Beat yolks of 3 eggs and white of one, keeping the remaining two for frosting. Add sugar, cream, cloves and raisins.

Bake in a rich pie crust in a slow oven. When done, beat the whites of the two eggs until stiff; add two tablespoons of granulated sugar. Bake until light brown.



Rice Raisin Pudding

½ cup SUN-MAID Raisins, ½ cup rice, ½ cup sugar, 3 cups milk, 1 cup water, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon nutmeg (may omit).

Wash rice and place in double boiler with one cup water. Cook until water is absorbed. Add two cups milk; cook until rice is tender. To the remaining one cup milk add the sugar, spice and well-beaten eggs, combine with rice, add raisins, pour into pudding dish, set in pan of hot water and bake until custard is set.

California's Rich Contribution to the Food-Wealth of a People

Long before Rome was an Empire, man husbanded the raisin as one of his chief foods. Today 8000 raisin growers offer you this great fruit-food in Sun-Maid Raisins, from the sunlit vineyards of California, sun-cured in the vineyards and shipped throughout the nation.

This is the brand by which these growers wish to be judged. Better raisins cannot be produced. No other soil and sunshine make such grapes. No other grapes yield such rare flavor in their sun-brewed juices. Nature stores her choicest sugar in such raisins. Eat plenty of these Sun-Maid Raisins. They are a true fruit-food, both good and good for you—nuggets of energy, exceeding in energizing properties eggs, milk, meat, and other famous foods. And they are slightly laxative. Raisins are Nature's confection—her own answer to the sweet-tooth problem. Children find in them a satisfying supply, in its purest form, of the energy food they crave. Let them have all they wish. Sun-Maid Raisins lend a rich variety to your daily menu, and are a true economy because of their high food value. To get this great fruit-food at its best, ask for Sun-Maid Raisins by name. Your grocer—or another near you—can supply you. Write for free booklet of raisin recipes, describing many dishes new to housewives.

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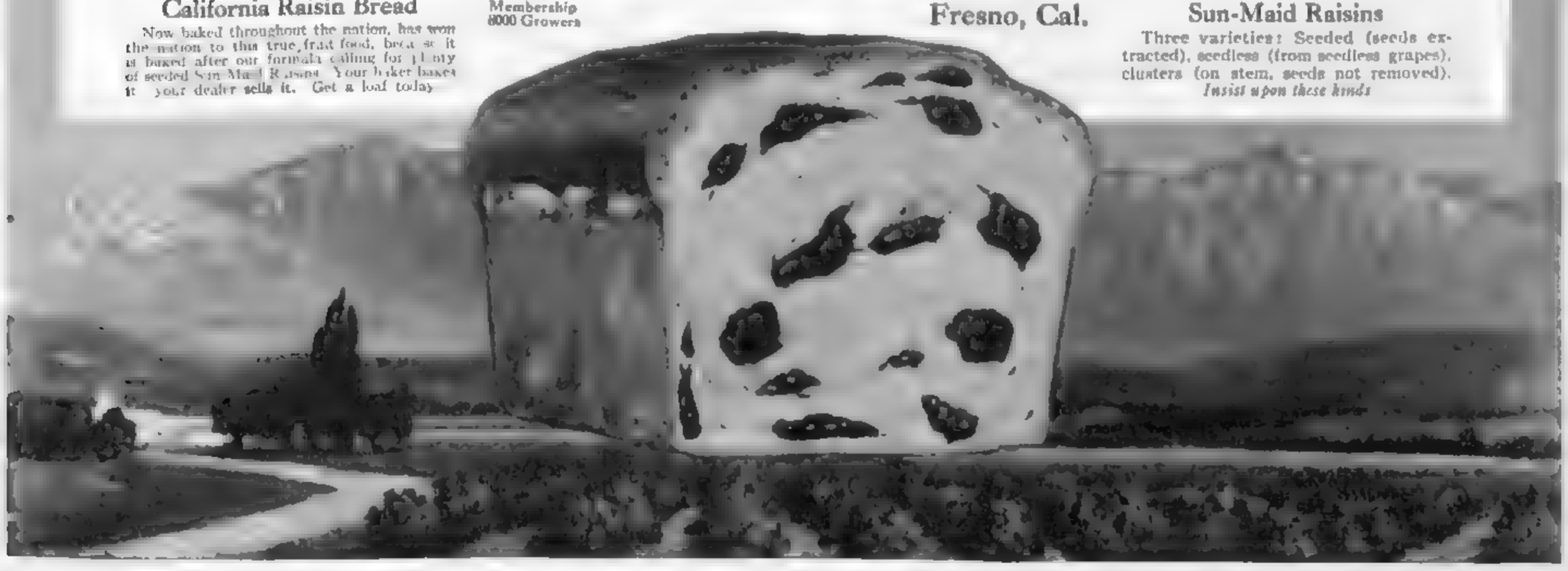
California Raisin Bread

Now baked throughout the nation, has won the nation to this true fruit food, bread as it is baked after our formula calling for 1 pint of seeded Sun-Maid Raisins. Your baker bakes it—your dealer sells it. Get a loaf today.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted), seedless (from seedless grapes), clusters (on stem, seeds not removed).

Insist upon these kinds



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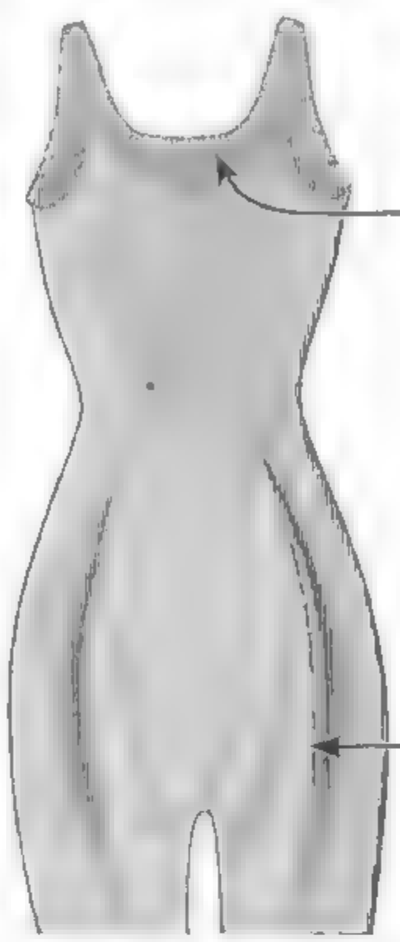

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Low neck sleeveless suit

—straps cannot slip down—front cut lower than back.

Sloping shoulders and sleeves

take natural shape of body and arm.

Shoulder stays

keep garment from stretching across shoulders and hold sleeves in place.

Curved cut armhole

brings the garment snugly up under the arm.

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MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, CHICAGO

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 25)

"Seems quite bucked up," commented one to another. "Must have had a deuce of a time back here."

"What is this arm of His Majesty's Service, anyway?" Kingozi was asking in general. "I mean the mounted and disreputable portion, not the decent infantry."

"This, my son, is the Settlers' Own Irregulars, and we've come out for to hunt the shy and elusive German."

"Good heads scarce up this way," rejoined Kingozi. "I've caught one specimen myself, however."

"Specimen of what?"

"German. Ever hear of Winkleman?"

"Rather! The native *fundi* [expert]? You don't mean to say you've got him!"

"I've got him. He's the only specimen in these parts. But I can show you several thousand of the best fighting men in Africa—all loyal British allies."

"Good man!" cried a grizzled old settler. "I told 'em you'd do it!"

"But the war?" demanded Kingozi eagerly. "What of the war? Tell me. I know nothing whatever."

One of the younger men dismounted and insisted on delivering his animal to Kingozi.

"Do me good to stretch my legs," said he. "And you've walked your share."

Riding in a little group of the officers Kingozi listened attentively to an account of affairs as far as they were known. The Marne and the Retreat from Mons straightened him in his saddle. It was worth it; he had done his bit! Whatever the price, it was worth it!

The account finished, Captain Walsh began questioning in his turn.

"Excellent!" he greeted Kingozi's account. "Couldn't be better! We have reasons to believe that the water holes on this route are mapped by the Germans."

"They are," interrupted Kingozi.

"And that the plan contemplated coming through here, gathering the tribes as they advanced, and finally cutting in on us with a big force from the rear."

"They'll run against a stone wall hereabouts," said Kingozi with satisfaction.

"Lucky for us. I've only four companies and these settlers. We are really only a reconnaissance."

"How did you happen to follow my route?"

"Ran against the messengers you sent back to get Doctor McCloud. They guided us. By the way, what is it? Must have been serious. You're not a man to run to panics. You look fit enough now."

"Eyes," explained Kingozi. His heart sank, for the failure of his messengers to go on after McCloud took away the last small hope of saving his eyesight.

"Fancy it will be all right," said Captain Walsh vaguely. He was thinking, quite properly, of ways and means and dispositions. "About this Sultan, now; what do you advise?"

They rode forward slowly through the high aromatic grasses, discussing earnestly every angle of policy to be assumed in regard to M'tela. At its close all the white men were called together and given instructions. Even the youngest and most flippant knew natives well enough to realize the value of the structure Kingozi had built, and to listen attentively.

These alternate marches and halts had permitted the foot troops to close up. Kingozi turned in his saddle to look at them. Fine, upstanding black men they were, marching straight and soldierly, neat in their uniforms of khaki, with the dull red tarboosh, the blue leggings, the bare knees and feet. They were picked troops from the Sudan, these, fighting men by birth, whose chief tradition was that in case his colonel was killed no man must come back to his woman short of wiping out the last of the enemy. In spite of a long march they walked jauntily. Two mounted white men brought up the rear.

Now they entered the cool forest trail. The sound of distant drums became audible. Men straightened in their saddles. Captain Walsh gave crisp orders. They entered the cleared space before M'tela's palace with colors flying and snare drums tapping briskly.

The full force of M'tela's power seemed to have been gathered, gorgeous in the panoply of war. The forest threw back the roar of drums, of horns, of people chanting or shouting. Straight to the middle of the square marched the Sudanese, then wheeled smartly into line. At a command they raised their rifles and fired a volley, the first gunfire ever heard in this ancient forest.

XXXIII

THE sun was setting. In a few minutes more the swift darkness would fall. After delivering the astonishing volley the troops wheeled, and under Kingozi's guidance proceeded down the forest path to the great clearing. It was the close of a long hard day, but under the scrutinizing eyes of these thousands of proud *shenzis* the Sudanese stepped forth jauntily. Camping places were designated. All was activity as the tents were raised.

But now rode in the two white men who had closed the rear of the column, not only of the fighting men but of the burden bearers as well. They were covered with dust and apparently very glad to arrive. One of them rode directly to the group of officers and dismounted stiffly.

"McCloud!" cried Kingozi.

"The same," replied that efficient surgeon. "And now let's see the eyes. I have your scrawl." He stumped forward, looking keenly for what he wanted. "Sit here in this chair. Boy!" he bawled. "*Lete taa*—bring the lantern. And my case of knives. No, my lad, I'm not going to operate on you instanter, but I do want my reflector. Hold the light just here. Now, don't any of you move. Tip your head back a bit, that's a good chap." He went methodically forward with his examination, as though he were at home in his white office. "H'm. How long this been going on? Five weeks, eh! Been blind? Oh, why didn't you use that pilocarpine I gave you?—I see."

The officers and other white men stood about in a compact and silent group. A sudden grave realization of the situation had descended upon them, sobering their careless or laughing countenances. No one knew exactly what it was all about, but some had caught the word "blindness" and repeated it to others. Someone yelled "*kalele*" savagely at the chattering men. Almost a dead stillness fell on the clearing, so that in the falling twilight the tree hyraxes took heart and began to utter their demoniac screams. The darkness came down softly. Soon the group in the center turned to silhouettes against the light of the two lanterns held head high on either side the patient.

Absorbedly Doctor McCloud proceeded. Kingozi sat quietly, turning his head to either side, raising or lowering his chin, as he was requested. At last McCloud straightened his back.

"It is glaucoma right enough," said he, "fairly advanced. The pilocarpine has been a palliative. An operation is called for—iridectomy."

He paused, wiping his mirror. Nobody dared ask the question that Kingozi himself at last propounded.

"Can you do it? Have you the necessary instruments?"

"Fine spade scalpel, small tweezers, scissors—and a lot of experience. I've got all the former."

"And the latter?"

"I've done the operation before," said McCloud dryly.

"Will it restore my sight permanently?"

"If successful the job will be permanent."

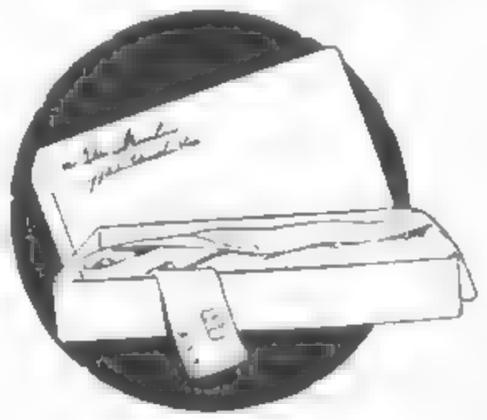
"What chance of success?"

"Fair! Fair!" rejoined McCloud with a touch of impatience. "How can I tell? But I'll just inform you of this, my lad—without the operation you're stone blind for the rest of your days, and it must be done now or not at all. So there's your Hobson's choice; and we'll get at it comfortably in the morning."

He turned away and stopped with a frank stare of astonishment. The other men followed his gaze and also stared.

The Leopard Woman stood just within the circle of illumination. So intent was she on the examination and on Kingozi that she seemed utterly unconscious of the men standing over opposite. Her soft silk robe fell about her body in classic folds, the single jewel on its chain fillet blazed on her forehead, her hair fell in its braid to her hips, and her wide gray-green eyes were fixed on the seated man. A more startlingly exotic figure for the wilds of Central Africa could not be imagined. The expressions on the faces of the newcomers were varied enough,

(Concluded on Page 35)



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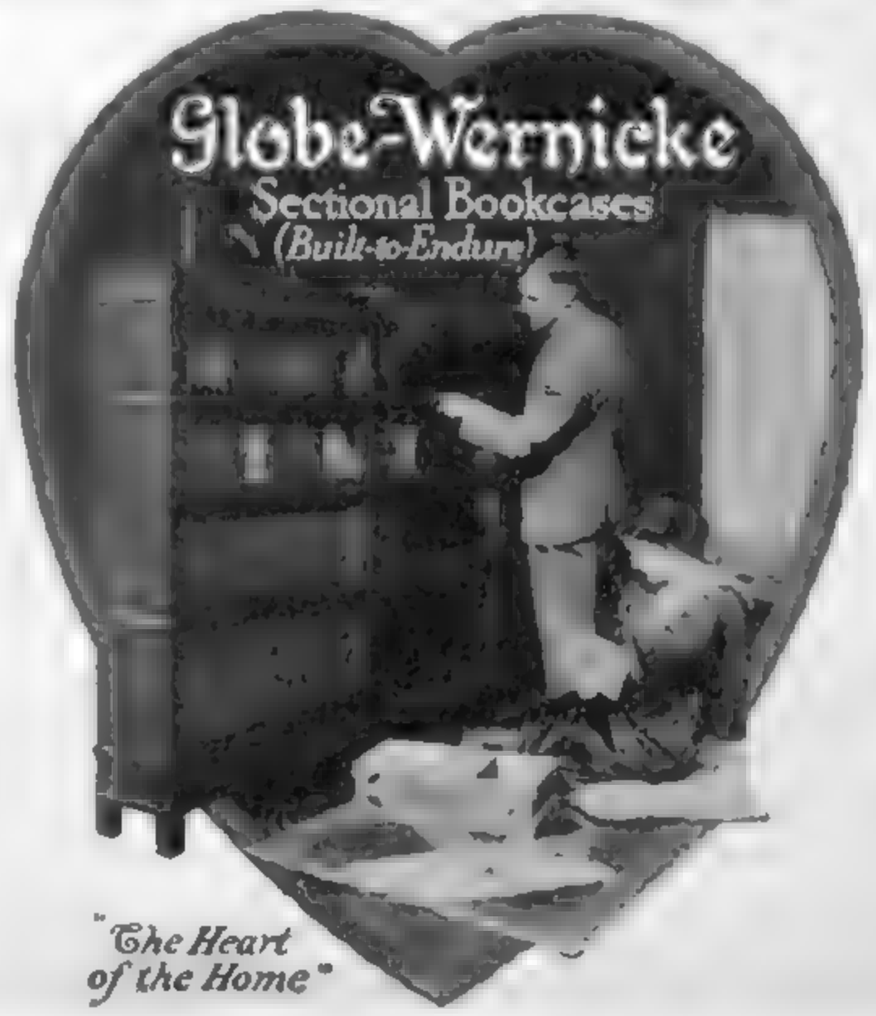

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(Concluded from Page 33)

to be sure, but all had a common groundwork of fair imbecility.

She seemed to be unaware of even their presence.

When McCloud had pronounced his opinion she glided forward and laid her hand on Kingozi's shoulder.

"I am glad—but I am afraid," she said softly. Kingozi covered her hand with one of his own. His eyes twinkled with quiet amusement as he looked about him at the stricken faces of his friends. She whirled on the gaping McCloud.

"But you must have a care!" she cried at him vehemently. "You must save his eyes. I wish it!"

McCloud, recovering himself, bowed.

"Madam," said he with a faint amused irony, "it shall be my pleasure to do my best in fulfilling your commands."

"It must be," she repeated, and turned to face the rest. "He is a great man; he must be saved. All this is folly. I have fought him to my best, for long, and I have used all means, good and bad. He conquered me as one who—what you call—subdues a child. And he is generous and brave, and when the darkness comes to him he does not sit and weep. He is a great soul, and all things must be done!"

She was superb, her head thrown back. Captain Walsh was the first to recover from the stunned condition in which all found themselves. He bowed.

"Madam," said he, "in what you say we heartily concur. We add our urgence to yours. You must forgive our stupidity and lay it to the surprise of your appearance. Even yet my astonishment has not abated." He turned easily to Kingozi. "I hope you will afford me the pleasure of naming me to madam."

Kingozi arose to his feet.

"I do not know your name," he muttered to her.

"I am the Leopard Woman," she smiled back on him enigmatically.

Kingozi paused, embarrassed as to what to do. He could not use that name in an introduction to these men. She was looking at him mischievously.

"Captain Walsh—and gentlemen," said Kingozi suddenly, "I want the pleasure of presenting you to—my future wife!" Her gasp of astonishment was lost in the chorus of congratulatory cries. It was all mysterious, profoundly astonishing. Much was to be explained. But for the moment each man was ready to believe the evidences of his own senses—that no matter how incongruous the fact of her presence might be, there she was, beautiful as the night. And every man facing her had seen the glory that shone from within when Kingozi had pronounced his introduction. Captain Walsh was speaking.

"This is an occasion," he said, "and the King's African Rifles cannot have it otherwise than that you become its guests. I see our camp is in preparation. We have nothing beyond the ordinary stores, but you must all dine with us"—he paused, considering—"say in an hour," he continued. "It must be early, for I do not doubt we must receive His Royal Highness this evening."

"You're right," said Kingozi, "and unless I miss my guess it will be an all-night job."

The travel-wearied men groaned.

"No help for it," said Captain Walsh cheerfully.

They pressed forward to shake the hands of this strange couple. The Leopard Woman carried herself with the ease and poise of one accustomed to receiving homage. She had drawn near Kingozi again, and managed to reach out and press his arm.

"Ye'll be married soon, I'm thinking," surmised McCloud.

"Depends," replied Kingozi, his brow darkening. "Part of it's up to you, you know," he added briefly. "A blind man is a poor man."

"We shall be married soon—now, if there is a priest among you!" cried the Leopard Woman vehemently. "As for poor man—pouf!" She turned to Walsh with an engaging smile. "And you, when you came, did you pass the people who live in the mountains back there, with a *sultani* who dresses in black ——"

"I know," supplemented Captain Walsh, "very well."

"The *sultani* whose place has a fortified gate."

"Really? We did not get to his village—too much of a hurry."

The Leopard Woman shot a glance at Kingozi. He saw the triumph in it, and understood.

The ivory stockade was unknown to any but themselves; still remained there in all its wealth awaiting the first trader. And that trader should be himself!

"Poor, indeed!" she whispered to him.

At this moment a roar of astonishment came up to them from down the slope. All turned to see Winkleman, the forgotten Winkleman, standing at the door of his tent. He was in pyjamas, and his thick hair was tousled about.

"But how I have slept!" he cried. "And the English, they have come! Well, well!" He came out, stretching his great arms lazily over his head. They stiffened in surprise as he caught sight of the Leopard Woman. For a second he stared; then dropped his arms with one of his big gusty laughs.

"*Kolossal!*" he roared. "The Countess Miklos! I was wondering! So he has captured you, too, has he?"

With a simple and unembarrassed gesture she laid her arm across Kingozi's shoulders.

"But, yes," she repeated softly, "he has captured me too."

At the tiny fire burning before the tent reserved for the headmen of the camp sat Simba, Cazi Moto and Mali-ya-bwana. The bone of the saurian lay before Simba, who was bragging:

"Great is the magic of this bone which is mine. It has brought us a long journey; it has won us the friendship of the great chief; it has revealed to us much riches in the teeth of *tembo*, the elephant, though that must not be spoken aside from us three; it has restored the light to Bwana Kingozi, our master; it has captured for us a great *bwana* and a rich safari; it has brought to us Bwana Bunduki [the Master of the Rifle, Captain Walsh] and many *bwanas* and *askaris;* it has brought to our master a woman for his own—though to be sure there are many women.

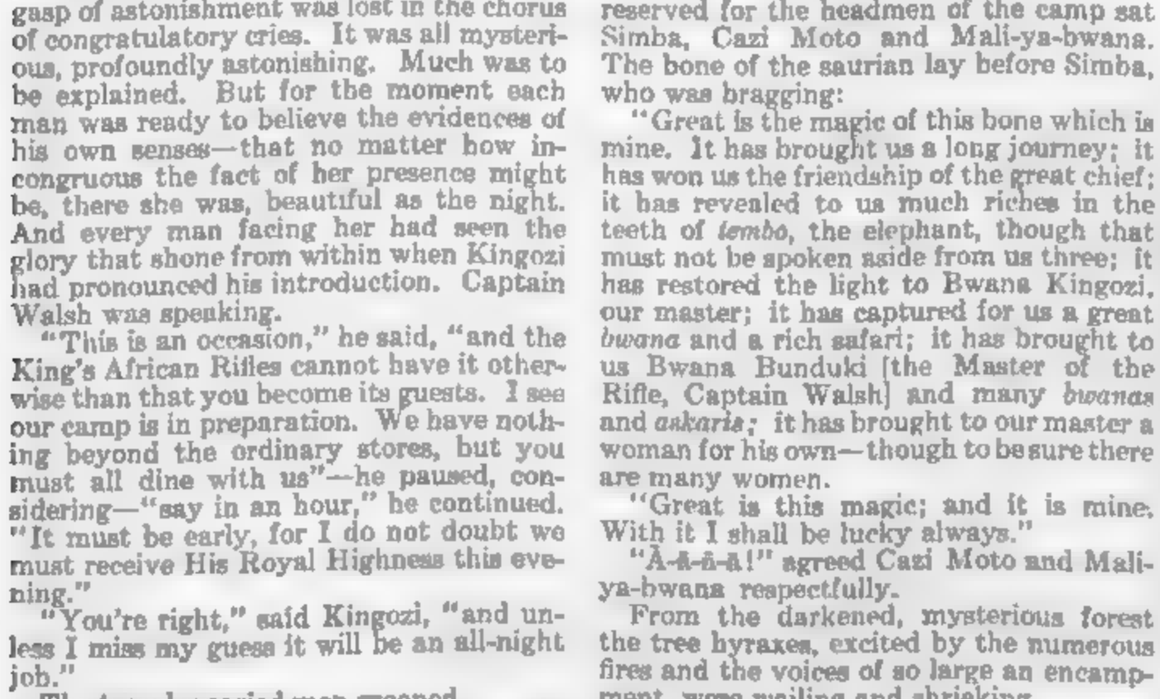
"Great is this magic; and it is mine. With it I shall be lucky always."

"A-a-a-a!" agreed Cazi Moto and Mali-ya-bwana respectfully.

From the darkened, mysterious forest the tree hyraxes, excited by the numerous fires and the voices of so large an encampment, were wailing and shrieking.

"The Dead are restless to-night," said Simba, poking the fire.

(THE END)



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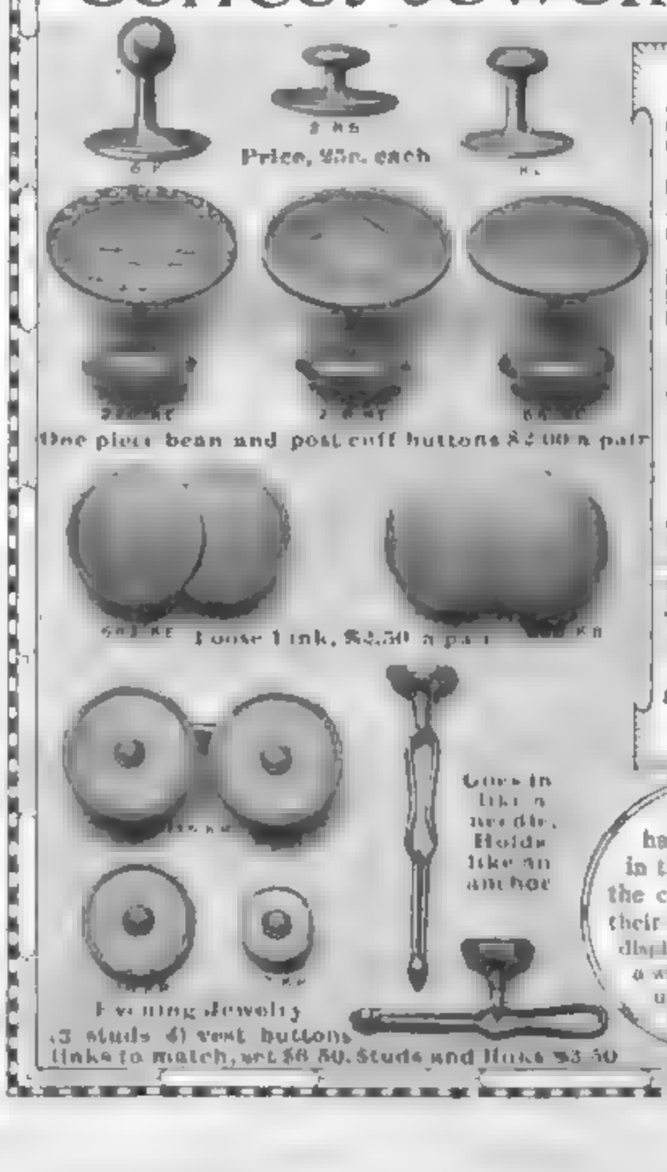
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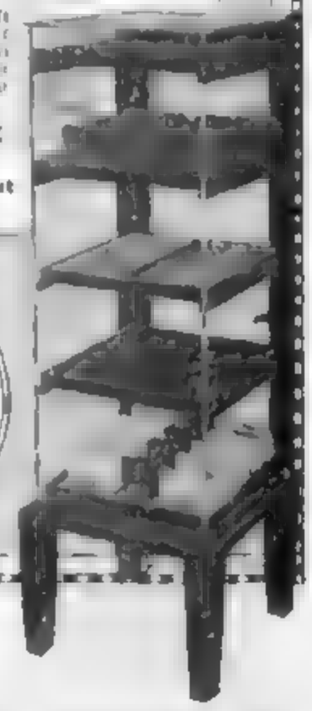

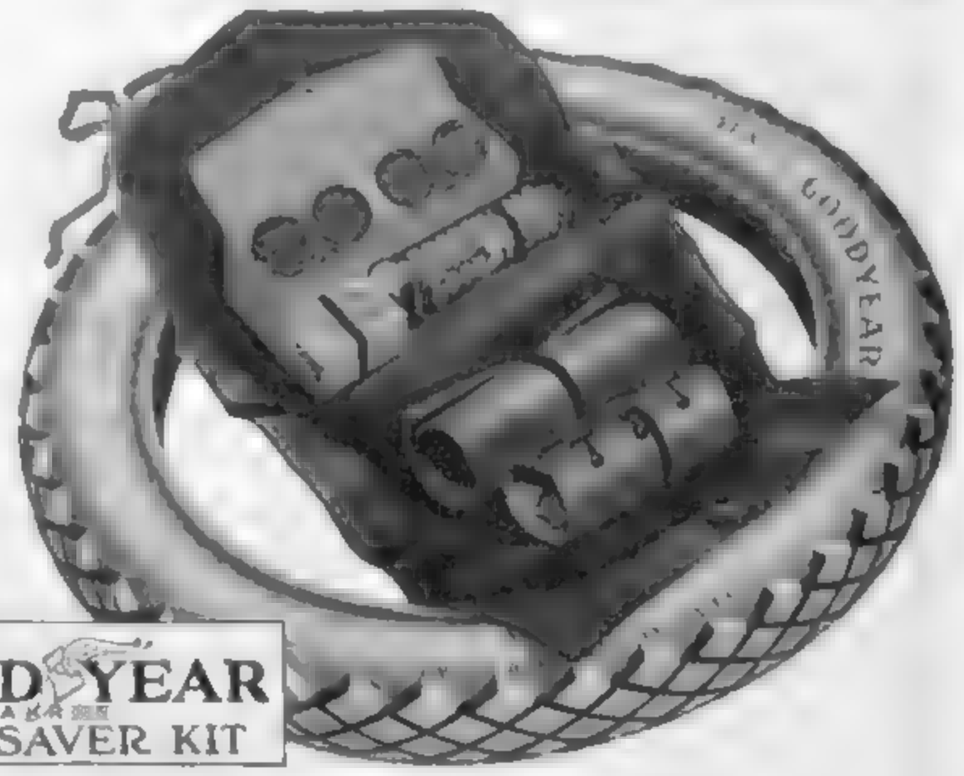

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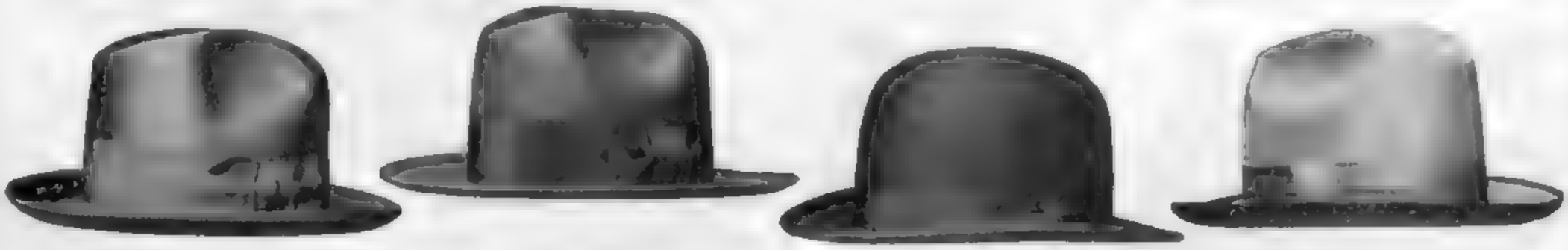

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FERDINAND FINNEY, BUCKEYE

(Continued from Page 19)

"We plant our game like this: When we have shot as much art into a town as it will stand, Ham moves on to a new place. He first digs up some fashionable young portrait painter, foreigner preferred, and makes him a cold-blooded proposition to land him socially. In this town he grabbed off this sculpture lad, Campini, the social pet. For five hundred dollars the kid agreed to introduce him to the headliners whose busts he was modeling. If, in this way, he lands the local dowagers for a social tea, half the battle is won, for at these functions he always meets the society fuzzies and culturines. Pretty soon he is talking before the Rembrandt, Thursday Evening and Million clubs. He is simply a cultured Eastern critic who is stopping off for a short time with friends. As he has nothing to sell, nobody gets wise, and at last the stage is set for the entrance of J. Ferdinand Finney, of New York.

"My first business is to rent a suite in a swell hotel or office building and, after properly furnishing it, to have the goods sent up. The first room is a sort of *entresalle*, luxuriously and tastefully fixed up with low divans, rich draperies, taborets, Oriental rugs, one fake Velasquez—not for sale, just one of the props—and that low cathedral lighting stuff that gives the place such a restful, exotic atmosphere.

"A little of the green Chinese incense adds the final note. It's the same sort of chloroform that these Indian swamis administer to the gang who like their bunk.

"The next room is the gallery—about fourteen pictures, that's all. Just samples of the different schools. It's in here that I have to use the divining rod, for I am supposed to get their slant on the stuff they like before taking them into the trap, which is the last room. This is small and entirely dark and contains four or five comfortable chairs, an easel and a squirt light. Behind the easel is a screen and behind the screen are the pictures. You see, I show only one picture at a time. Standing on the easel by itself with no competing or disturbing colors, in the full glow of the squirt light, it appears like a beautiful jewel. This dramatic effect is greatly enhanced by the rich frames in deep shadow boxes. The artist's name or nom-de-brush on a little gilt tablet adds immensely to the importance of the picture.

"If my victim has shown a preference for the modern French I don't show him anything else; and if I see he is strong for a certain canvas I stop right there until I land him. It doesn't do to confuse him with too many choices.

"I have another room close by where I can work if it is necessary. Now Ham hasn't a thing to do with this end of the game; he just keeps away and steers people to me. Quite inadvertently he mentions a remarkable exhibition of pictures at the Hotel So-and-So and advises people to have a look in. Sometimes he agrees to accompany them, and when we meet it is only as acquaintances. However, he often tips me over the telephone that Mr. and Mrs. Long Green will be in on Thursday and that they like Diaz and Keith. And if perchance I am out of either of these lines, I can dash off a few before Thursday. In a case like this I have to paint in pure 'turps' and Vibert varnish, so's the things will dry before I show them."

The Broken Motor Game

"You may think that we figure a pretty big profit when we soak people four or five hundred dollars for an eight-by-ten Dyaz, but the fact is our expenses are pretty big, and even at these prices we cannot make a great deal. Ham has to be a pretty good spender—his front costs a lot. Usually he puts up at the best hotels, and his taxi bills alone are fierce. Sometimes he blows in more on one customer of mine than the dub spends when we get him in the trap.

"Take this last case, for instance. We had a rotten time landing Mrs. Wesley Henderson for that Blummer. She was a shy old bird, and for a month we couldn't get her even to look at the stuff. Ham had her doped as easy picking, for she was known as a picture fan. But for one reason or another he was never able to steer her to our anaesthetic parlors. Finally after trailing her to Monterey and back I pulled that old one about the broken automobile, and darned if she didn't fall for it!

"Don't you know that? Well, it's so simple and foolish that nobody but a woman would be taken in by it. We knew the angle of her slant it was Dutch stuff. So one day I rented a jitney, loaded in an Israels, a Neuhuys and a Mauve—we always have a few good come-ons with good stiff prices that they are not likely to meet, and if they do, well and good—and a couple of buckeyes, one of which was the Blummer. I knew in advance that she wasn't at home, so when I broke down out in West Adams right in front of her house I jumped out of the machine and ran lightly up the front steps and rang the bell. When the maid came I explained that I had had an accident. I told her I had some valuable paintings in the machine and begged permission to leave them inside the door while I sent to the garage to have the machine taken home. Of course the maid couldn't refuse, as I said I would send for the pictures later in the day or surely the next morning. I waited until the following evening, when I knew the old girl would be at home, and then I called.

"Of course she had done what any woman would—she had turned the pictures round and looked at them. More than that, she had them standing full out on the floor round her little gallery. I knew she'd do it—they always do. Well, that's all. Just give Ham or me a look-in and a good fluent fountain pen, and we'll get their names on the dotted line if they have to pass up their spring automobile to do it. Of course those real masters made her junk look like a lot of Mexican money, and as the big stuff was too steep for her she succumbed to the near masters with real triumph. You know yourself that Jimmie Geegan can paint."

Blummer or Blommer?

"Everything would have gone fine, but the old dame of course had to crow; and she had a reception just to hang it on a rival of hers who had a couple of bum Corots. I thought it was a good time to clear out, but Ham had a few customers almost landed and didn't want to lose them. Besides, he said he had eaten lady fingers with all her bunch and there wasn't one of them knew a Blommer from a Bellows. But darned if she didn't invite the curator of the art museum, and he is the boy who spilled the beans.

"When he came in that evening with all of those artistic *cognoscenti* standing speechless before her prize, she waddled up and says:

"'Oh, Mr. Mansfelt, I want you to see my new Blummer.'

"'Blummer? Blummer? Don't you mean Blommer, my dear Mrs. Henderson? I never heard of Blummer.'

"Mrs. Henderson turned red and then white, for in two minutes of examination fore and aft of my Irish master Mr. Smart Alec had kindly but unmistakably given her artistic number to all those ladies of the Rembrandt Club. Of course they gave her the merry ha-ha, notwithstanding the fact that none of them had seen the joke until they were tipped off. You know the rest—it was all brought out at the trial. To be humiliated right before all those dear friends of hers was too much, so she let out a squeal that could have been heard in Uruguay. And she took her revenge on poor me. Of course all she really did was to advertise her punk culture. And incidentally I'll bet some of those alleged experts wish their testimony was back inside of them. There's nothing I'd rather do than take a wallop at some of these boys who think they know all about art. Say, if you want to know about art you want to deal in it. I've got a few questions that have made prize asses out of men who had hitherto enjoyed real respect in their communities.

"No, old man, never again for me! I'll stick to the men. A woman can't take a joke. Besides, there's nothing in selling one picture. What we aim to do is to sell a collection. It's all right to plant a few canvases among the headliners, for that makes it easier to land some new-rich old wheeze for a young gallery. The last thing we did before we left Seattle was to sell a guy up there a fine little collection for sixteen thousand dollars. And the only reason we landed him was because we had sold a real picture to the local Pierpont Morgan of the village. We always have a few for just such purposes."

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You yourself may drive carefully enough, but you can't tell what the "other fellow" may do And you can never tell when your car will skid on wet or icy pavements. You may hit another car, a wagon, a street car or a post any moment—or the "other fellow" may be unable to stop in time to avoid bumping your car.
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Get in touch with your nearest Automobile Supply Jobber He can supply you with Badger Bumpers. Here is a chance for attractive business during a time when trade is dull. Write your jobber now—get an attractive Badger display stand free.
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Automobile Supply Dealers everywhere have Badger Bumpers in stock or can quickly get them for you. Have your car equipped now—before winter sets in.
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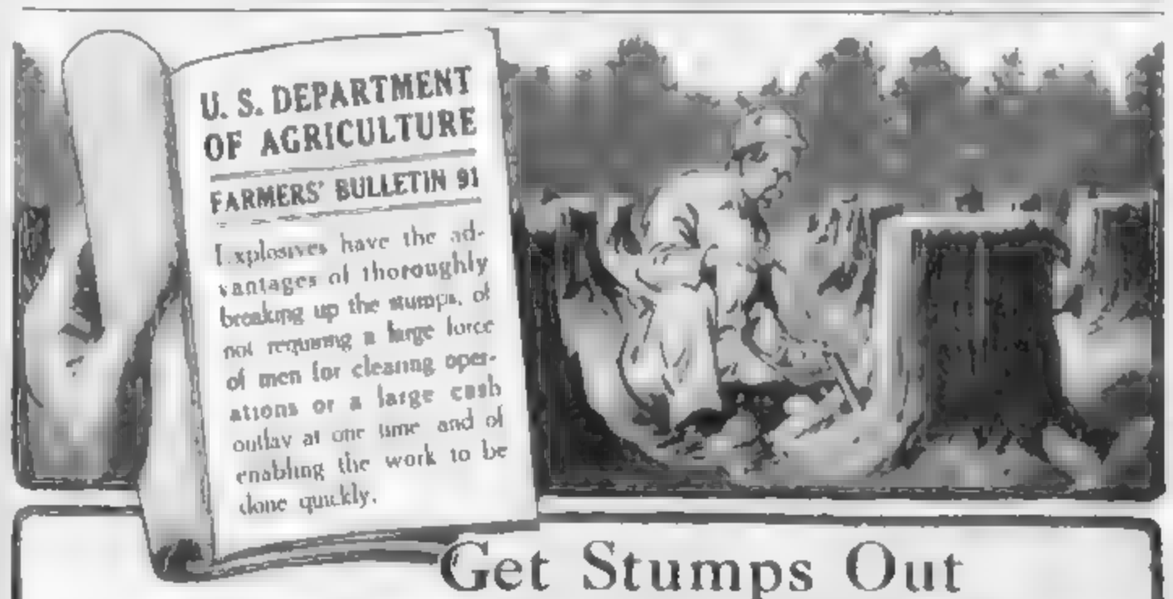
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FARMERS' BULLETIN 91
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"YES, SIR-EE! I've settled the sock question by elimination. When a man gets along where I am, he hates fussing around the stores. I've found in Everwear Hosiery all that I can possibly imagine first-class hose to be. They fit—not here and there, but all over. They are comfortable to my feet. Even the extra threads in the places that get the extra rubs are soft.

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For men and women, in pure thread silk, lisle and cotton; children's, lisle and cotton. At your haberdasher's or department store. If not, write us.

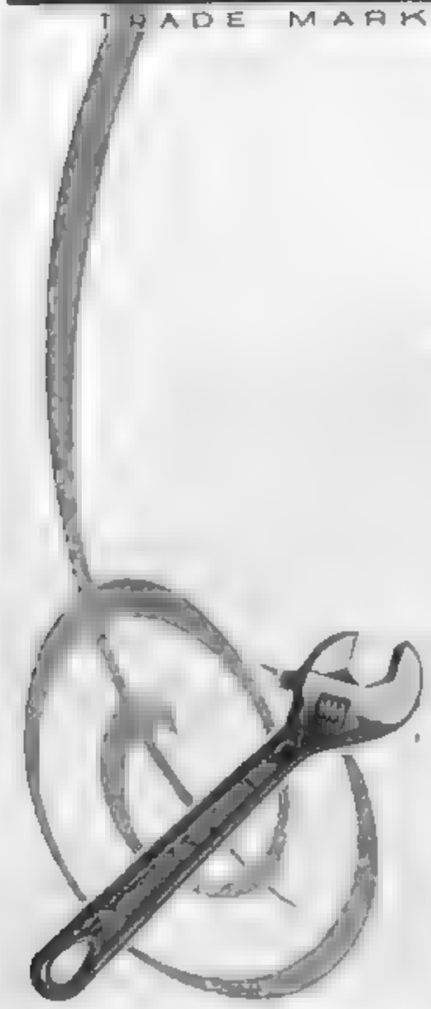
EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO. Milwaukee, Wis.

B TRADE MARK

A Symbol

In itself means nothing. What it stands for means everything.

For this reason men follow flags, and for this reason men look for the triangle trademark B when purchasing tools or examining the drop-forged parts of an automobile, motor boat or of any machine in which trustworthy drop-forge work is a pre-requisite.



THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.

Then Finney rambled on shamelessly, narrating his financial conquests for an hour or so. In fact, he was unmistakably proud of the part he played. For ten years he had been matching wits with men of affairs who had succeeded in business, and it flattered his pride that he could get the better of them. He stoutly maintained that their success in life had been achieved by shrewdness and cunning rather than brains, and he felt that in the sporting hazards of the jungle fight of trade he had simply met them at their own game.

Finney did not begin his artistic career on Parnassus, dreaming dreams; but he had wandered so very far down into the market place that he gradually bartered away his slender ideals for the naïve unmorality of the traders. He had taken for his motto that dear old injunction of Blackstone's—*caveat emptor*—and he was always able to hide behind it when he got into trouble with a patron. Yes, indeed, "Let the buyer beware" of Finney, at least of his spelling!

Even accepting Finney's point of view, it seemed strange that a chap like him could get the better of a man who had grown rich in business; but he had matched suspicion and shrewdness with psychology. Listen to him tell it:

"My chances of winning in the art game are determined by the ratio between the victim's ignorance and his vanity. Because a man succeeds in making a killing in business, that is no sign that he has any knowledge of art. Yet these fellows almost invariably are convinced that they have full sets of brains. It is this vanity that makes them so easy. The qualities that make for their success have nothing to do with æsthetics; but the poor simps don't know it. Their belief in the power of money is magnificent. Having grabbed off a fortune, they feel that a little thing like culture can be dragged in by the ears—if a fellow has the price."

The Easiest Marks

"The best age to grab them off is about fifty, for if they haven't learned the stuff by that time they are too old to tackle so large a job. At seventy they are too tight across the chest. Also, when a man is fifty his daughter has probably just taken Art History at school; and mother's household cares are in the hands of servants, and she has joined the Rembrandt Club, and perhaps has read a paper on Current Art—though no doubt she knows much more about currant jam.

"It's mother and daughter who first make the old man realize that he has very little culture; so he determines to go right out and strong-arm it. The more he has bitten and child-labored his way to the top, the more anxious he is to show the villagers that he has a softer and finer side. The best way to demonstrate this is to be known as an art lover, and he starts to buy books and pictures. At this point enter Finney & Beasley, art dealers, the grandest little cultural supply company this side of sun-up. Ham gets him first, and by a systematic campaign of flattery soon has him believing that he has got better taste than Arthur Eddy. And it's a mighty good thing we do get him, for if the picture crooks got him first and landed him for a couple of high-priced Connecticut Corots, it would kill the game for him and us too.

"Of course the paint we sell him isn't the big stuff, but it looks important, especially the way Ham shows it, in heavy shadow boxes, deep frames and squirt light. In any event, it isn't a fake old master, a copy or a composite. It's just a good old buckeye; not at all the old factory stuff that you remember. No, it's graduated from that; it's a buckeye with a college education."

"But are those graduated buckeyes worth what you charge for them?" I interrupted.

Finney looked at me with pity.

"You know as well as I do that a work of art is worth just as much as you can get for it. *Caveat emptor*, by heck! I once sold a picture for twenty thousand dollars that stood me in just three hundred and seventy-five, frame and all.

"But, Ferdie," I protested, "you may be within the law, but how about the ethics of——"

"Say, you are not going to pull that stuff, are you? Do you, or doctors, or lawyers, or any other professional men charge everybody alike? I guess not! You charge what you think you can get. I'm getting good and sick of this ethics piffle. I've got as much respect as any man for real people, but I've got my little hatchet out for the fake art patrons. Do you suppose I'd treat a school-teacher who really liked something I had as I would a man whose tastes came from below his tropic of Capricorn? I've sold a lot of pictures for next to nothing, and I've given away more than I have any business to, but the swine have got to pay for my pearls."

Buckeye Ethics

"Honest now, what do you think ought to happen to the gang who regard art as furniture? A rich citrus grower right in this town came to my show one day and had the crust to tell me that the reason he couldn't buy was that he had just given an order to a big house here to furnish his library, pictures and all. The contract called for four thousand dollars. Would you be squeamish about unloading a few buckeyes on an art lover with his specifications? Ham tells me that he saw one of my old E. M. Company buckeyes, a game piece, on the wall of one of the swellest houses in Pasadena. What are you going to do with a man with a million dollars and an eight-cent taste?

"No, it always gets my goat to hear this ethical talk. I wish I could make you understand the contempt I have for nine-tenths of the dubs I get into our trap. In the name of all the poor artists who have been snubbed and patronized by these egotistical *poseurs* and shallow culturines, I feel it my duty to soak them good and plenty for the grand old buckeye.

"Of course there are occasionally rich men who have a fine knowledge of art and are generous patrons, but it is the four-flushers Ham and I are after. Ethical? Say, you don't know how I love to take their money away from them! If it wasn't for that bunch there are a lot of clerks and school-teachers who would be unable to buy some of the best things I've had. Robin Hood had it doped just right. I'd rather give a good Jimmie Geegan to an art student than to try to sell a Jimmie Geegan, alias Blummer, to an ignorant new-rich."

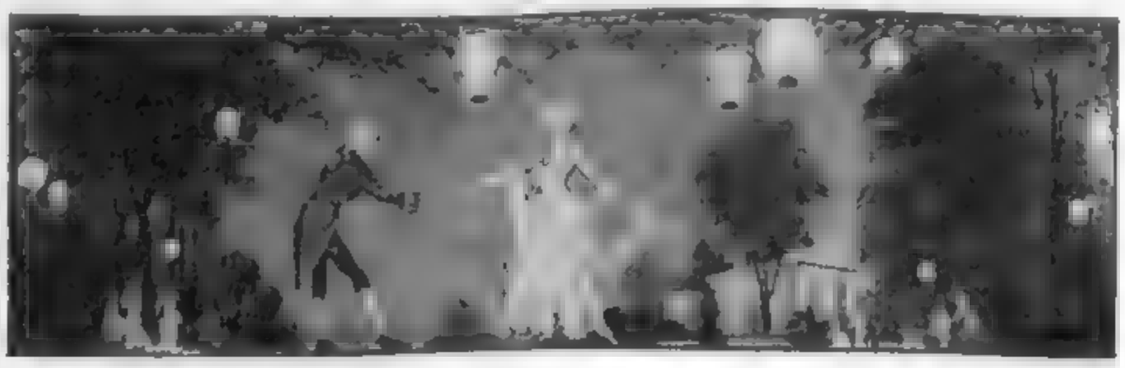
"But," I asked more humbly, "don't you ever get tired of dealing with stupid people and long to get back in the game and paint just for the fun of it?"

"No. There's no money in making art; the only money is in selling it. Perhaps after I've saved up enough so that the kids will get a decent education, I may turn to and try to do something serious. I've a feeling I can trim some of these high boys if I ever put both feet on the floor and go to work.

"Incidentally, I might add that in the last twenty years I've picked up some pretty good stuff, and have a little gallery at home that would make most of these *poseurs'* collections look like the art section of the Sunday paper. My kids at least are going to be brought up on the real stuff."

"How long do you think it will be before you can afford to quit selling pictures and paint a few?"

"Not long," he answered. "Ham and I have a deal on now in which we expect to make our final killing. The buckeye is a wonderful thing. It brings art into the lives of even the rich. Just the same, the only buckeyes I, personally, care to possess are those little green monochromes turned out by the United States Bureau of Engraving."



America's most stylish shoe for women

Note these models below:—

No. 456—the "Albion." Has a vamp of tan Russia and a top of brown suede—a decidedly rich looking combination.

No. 448—the "Stratford." A beautiful boot in various color combinations of dark vamps with light kid toppings, such as vamps of patent colt or dull calf with toppings of white or grey kid. Made also in all black kid.

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These and many other equally charming models are [illegible] at the Red Cross dealer in your town. If not, write us, mentioning his name and address. We can [illegible] Red Cross Shoes are sold [illegible] from $3 to $5 and $6—some [illegible] from $4 to $8 to $12, depending on materials and patterns.

Write for Footwear Style Guide

[illegible] without charge. It illustrates and describes the correct models for [illegible]. We will tell you the name of your nearest Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct

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73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

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JOHN W. BATE'S
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The 1917 Smart Cars

The Coming Vogue in Bodies

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The Mitchell Limousine has seats for seven, the extra seats facing either way. The Mitchell Coupé seats four.

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You will find the final result of 700 improvements made under John W. Bate. A car built in a model factory, equipped with 2092 efficiency machines. A car designed to serve you for a lifetime.

You will find Bate cantilever springs, not one of which has ever broken. You will find a power tire pump, reversible headlights, an extra-cost carburetor for fuel economy, a new type of control.

You will find an example of what modern efficiency can do for the motor car. An example to which an efficiency genius has devoted 13 years.

It will give you new ideas of motor car quality, beauty, finish and equipment. It will show you what completeness means. Lesser cars will lose their charm when you know this Mid-Year Mitchell.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine
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High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment, including 26 extra features. Also five types of closed bodies.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
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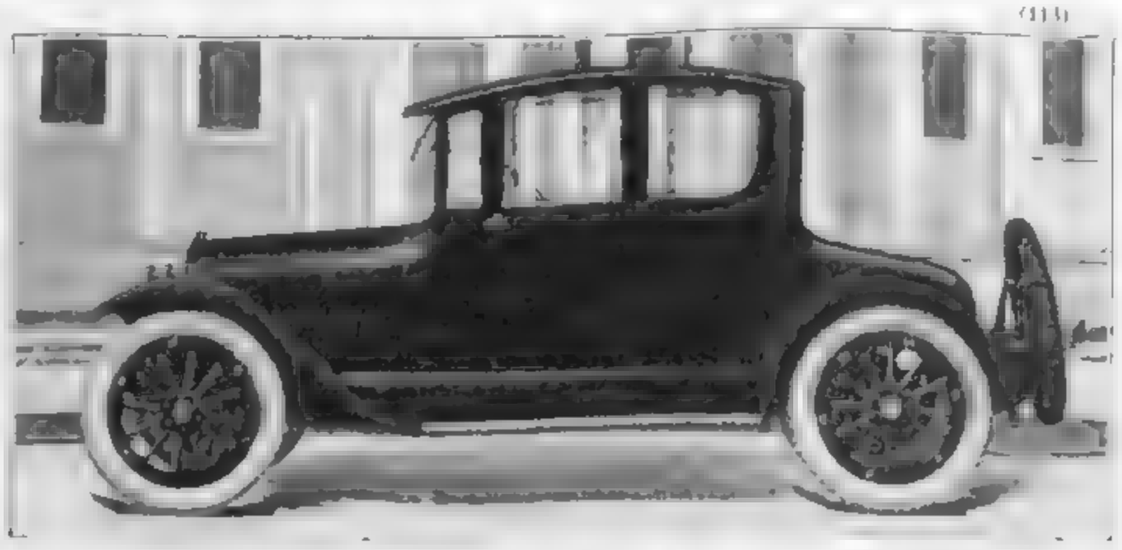
Mitchell Sedan, the Springfield type of body with windows down. An open touring car or a plate-glass Sedan. A minute will change it from one to the other. Price $1985, f.o.b. Racine.



The Mitchell Coupé with seats for four. Dome light, silk curtains, a package compartment, plate-glass windows which drop. Price $1350, f. o. b. Racine.

MOVIE STAR STORIES

By MACK. SENNETT

I HAVE been asked about using regular professional actors on the screen to produce comedy effects. Generally speaking, the greater the artist, the more readily he lends himself to any branch of his art. There are a number of these gentlemen, however, who have considerable difficulty while they are trying to become screen players.

Their habits of actual "business," or action, have all to be learned and a new set of rules followed. For instance, in a regular theater the stage is about fifty or sixty feet across and the scene covers the entire area. In pictures a scene, to show facial expression with any value at all, must be played within a scope of five or six feet—just a tenth of the space.

Also, colors in make-up are of no assistance. Rouge photographs black, and we even tone down high natural coloring with a little white powder. There is a very lifelike tone produced by a certain shade of yellow, and this secret remained to be discovered by a young woman star.

So far as possible we avoid using wigs, for they stand out very clearly in a photograph and can easily be detected. Naturally the old-time legitimate actor rebels at giving up wigs.

Another difficult knack for the actor to acquire is that of looking at the camera without really seeing it. If he looks into the lens, and sees it, he will be looking directly into the audience's eyes. He should look into it in an abstracted way, as if I were to look at somebody's chin or nose. He could hardly tell just where I was looking. The effect of the player looking into the lens is as faulty and unprofessional as is that of the actor-man's stare across the footlights directly into his audience's eyes.

Furthermore, the good comedian is usually on his mettle at the theater and receives from his first laugh the impetus and stimulation to encourage him to "go on being funny." After a good laugh at something really funny he has ingratiated himself into the hearts of the audience and they will laugh at less brilliant mots. But the screen star doesn't know just when he has really started to be funny, unless the director has gumption enough to laugh. The actor is temperamental and the steady whir of the handle of the camera seems to him a poor substitute for plaudits.

I sensed this at the start in directing and producing, and realized that there is such a thing as camera fright as well as stage fright. The screen stars play before one person, and that one person is the acme of criticism—the director. Finally they come round, however.

The more experienced the actor, the readier he is to help your picture to be a success. Nearly everybody in this category has at some time or other had a show of his own or an interest in one; and they have found out how easy it is to lose a lot of money through lack of coöperation, and how difficult it is to corral dollars.

They appreciate what the director is up against. They want to see the picture succeed, even to the point of agreeing and offering to do a lot of arduous things not called for in their contracts.

Popular Raymond Hitchcock

One of the most unusual cases in point—a man who is the most unusual in an all-round way that I have ever worked with—is that of Raymond Hitchcock.

The lovable quality of his personality communicated itself to the screen immediately; and this is at any time a very rare thing indeed, and a very essential one in moving-picture work.

Mr. Hitchcock has a very modest way with him when he comes on; and everybody in the audience says: "By George, he's a nice fellow! I like him."

Though he found the camera strange at first, I have no doubt that when he becomes thoroughly used to the technical side of it he will be a first-class motion-picture actor.

"Hitchie," as he is affectionately called by all who know him, went far afield from his regular business to serve our company. He was always peacemaker and mediator. If one of the lesser lights in the organization had a feeling of resentment at any time toward another individual, and it came to Hitchie's notice, he would go quietly to him and in his sweetest possible manner would say:

"Now listen! Don't get mad! Life's too short—and maybe he didn't mean it at all." Then, with a pat on the back: "You're too clever a fellow to get mad and lose your temper. Forget it!"

Invariably harmony was restored and the fellow did forget it.

When Raymond Hitchcock left us everybody in our company felt as if he were losing a relative. And what a handy man he was! So capable—so ready and equal to the occasion. If a benefit performance was on and there were a score of promises from as many people that they would appear, and no one else turned up at all, Hitchie was there; and if necessary he would do the whole show himself.

Mr. Fields' Modest Inquiry

He's the most ready-witted chap I've ever seen. Once he acted as announcer to fifteen thousand people; he was practically a one-man show and talked all the evening until midnight without repeating himself or tiring anyone.

Sam Bernard is another of those peculiarly considerate men. He did a couple of pictures for me. We were using a new style of light, which affected the eyes very badly, but not permanently or seriously; it simply made them smart and look bloodshot.

After Bernard's first experience with the lights, he couldn't see and was obliged to remain in bed all the next day. Then he resigned, saying: "I value my eyes more than all the pictures in the world." I explained to him that it was not a serious thing, and he realized the importance of remaining and finishing the work.

A more serious reason to kick was entertained by Weber and Fields shortly after they crossed the continent to act in some pictures. In the first of them they were in what looked, at first, like a fatal accident. The picture opened with a taxi, in which both comedians were seated. They were on their way to call on a young lady in distress and were caught speeding.

I also used a racing car that makes as high as a hundred miles an hour in the same scene. It was arranged that the racer should pass the taxi at a certain point before the camera; the racing car was to chase the speeding taxi, come up very close to the side of it, and thereby scare the passengers into a comedy scene.

It so happened that the racing car didn't miss them as planned, but skidded into them, caught the fender of the taxi, upset it, throwing Weber and Fields out, and whirled about, smashing the camera. Notwithstanding all the excitement, we secured the picture, because the camera man stayed at his post until the last second, and then jumped.

Everybody was scared almost to death. The cry went up: "We have killed Weber and Fields!"

But not so. Those gentlemen crawled from under the car and scrambled to their feet.

"My God, is this moving pictures?" cried Fields. Then, turning to his lifetime partner, he said: "Come on, Joe; let's go home. I'm through—I've had enough! Is this a joke?" he yelled at me as I appeared.

I had to talk to them for half an hour before I could persuade them to stay and do more pictures. No one could have blamed them for taking the next train back East; but they didn't—they stayed on just to see us through.

Weber's stay was fraught with dangers. We did a lot of pictures in which he had to do water stunts; and as he is a very poor swimmer he suffered accordingly. Once, in a frenzy to escape a pursuer, he had to jump off a bridge while wearing a heavy rubber suit that was necessary for the story of the picture. The suit leaked and he sank in spite of his wildest efforts to keep afloat. Lew Fields did a gallant dive from the high bridge and rescued him. Once safe ashore, Weber turned to Fields and said:

"Once again I am obligated to you."

So much for the legitimate comedy stage.

One of the comedians I discovered in vaudeville is Joe Jackson. After his first picture was under way I said to him one day: "How's the picture coming along? Is it a funny one?"

"You'll see in the projecting room," he replied.

He was so cocksure that we put up a little job on him. My staff and I went into the projecting room and his picture was shown. There was Joe on the screen and the real Joe sitting beside us.

The picture was really a scream; but, as prearranged among us, none of us even smiled at it. However, it seems that Joe had prepared for such an eventuality and had the seats wired with electric wires. He waited until all the fun on the screen had failed with us; then he touched a button and we were—yes, we were knocked off our seats literally. Everybody flew into the air and tumbled about generally.

"I told you I would knock you off your seats," was Joe's quiet comment.

Jackson seemed obsessed with wiring things electrically. He bought a fine big easy-chair to drop into between strenuous scenes at the studio; but whenever he found time to use it some other player was already stretched out in it, and Joe would have to drag a bench over from the wall to rest on; so his solution to this problem was—wiring it. He did. He placed a battery underneath the seat and a button on the back. Then he waited for his prey.

The first and, so far as I know, the only victim was Willie Collier. He finished a scene and strolled over and threw himself into Joe Jackson's chair. Joe toiled and sweated at the stunts he was doing. From time to time he cast revengeful and envious glances at Collier, resting in his easy-chair. Even when he finished the scene and approached his own private chair, Collier made no move; so Joe leaned nonchalantly upon the back of the chair and touched the button. Collier shot into the air, as mad as a hornet. Joe tried to explain in his dialect, which made William all the more indignant.

Willie Collier's Dismay

That was the only time I ever saw Collier ruffled. He's a good deal of a joker himself, you know; but his humor expresses itself in epigrammatic form—quick wit, clever retort, rather than in horseplay. Though built on the give-and-take plan, he is always on the alert.

The first time Collier ever worked before the camera he had a scene in a studio where he was represented as signing a contract with me. I was supposed—supposed, mind you!—to be exceedingly anxious to get his signature. On the roof overhead was a man—Roscoe Arbuckle, a three-hundred-pounder—wringing out clothes. I leaned over Collier's shoulder, breathlessly waiting. He was about to put his pen to paper when down came a stream of water right onto the contract. I looked up. I apologized for it. Down it came a second time and Collier said:

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing!" said I. "Just sign right there."

Then Arbuckle broke through the glass and landed on the table on his back in front of Collier, covering that gentleman with dirt and water.

At this point Collier—the actor, not the character—looked up at me very seriously.

"Listen, Sennett!" said he. "Are you kidding me? Is this on the level? Are we taking a picture or are you initiating me?"

"Of course it's on the level," I protested; "this is the picture we're taking."

"Well," said Collier dubiously, "I'll go through—but it looks like a joke to me!"

In every way Mr. Collier was one of the most reasonable men I ever met. If I said to him, "Will you be at such and such a place at five o'clock to-morrow morning?" he would say, "With pleasure, Mr. Sennett." And his manner would show that he meant it.

Some prominent actors, however, are not so successful as others in adapting themselves to the methods of the screen. Such was the case with Eddie Foy. Foy and his seven children were working for me. The wife was with them, and the children played in the sun all day and enjoyed it.

(Concluded on Page 43)

"Of Course We're Staying at Hotel La Salle"

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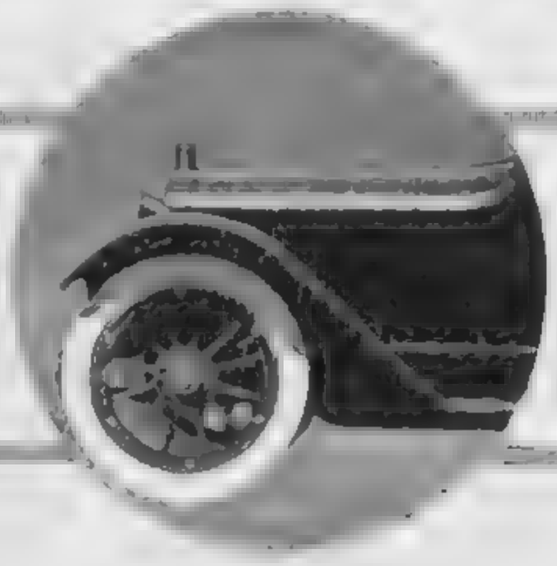


Hupmobile

(Concluded from Page 41)

All went well until one day Foy was cast to play in a picture with our ponderous Mr. Arbuckle. From his dressing room he could see Arbuckle working. The scene showed an automobile just missing the big actor, who had his arms full of vegetables and flour. Arbuckle did a wonderful fall and got a big laugh. But when the assistant director told Mr. Foy all was ready for his scene, he exclaimed:

"Do you think I'm going to play straight for Mr. Arbuckle? Not for a million!"

We pleaded with him; but Mr. Foy argued that he would be lost in the shuffle if he played with him—which was not the case, since his part would have been taken care of, and Arbuckle was willing to let him have the best of it all through.

However, Foy couldn't see it that way; so I got another story for him. Very good. As we began to rehearse it Foy wanted to put in some of his own stuff—some hits that he'd made on the regular stage. For instance, he wanted to be permitted to lose his trousers.

"But that doesn't fit in with the story," I protested.

"Can't you write it in?" he urged.

"Not unless we rewrite the entire story."

"It would be funny. I made a big hit with that scene in the regular."

You see, Mr. Foy was unused to the picture business and was not able to see why we couldn't write such stuff in.

We often run up against curious problems, sometimes in the matter of dangerous stunts; for the comedy picture is quite as apt to have those as the serious one. Arbuckle's smashing through the roof and Weber and Fields' narrow escape in the taxi are cases in point.

Roscoe Arbuckle started three years ago at five dollars a day, doing anything he was called upon to do; and he has kept up that attitude until to-day he is one of the highest-paid artists in the world. Arbuckle can do any kind of a fall; in fact, falling is his specialty. Or he can dive from a point sixty feet in the air in a policeman's uniform, boots and all. Imagine what three hundred pounds—plus the weight of a policeman's boots—falling sixty feet means when it strikes the water!

The Discovery of Charlie Chaplin

Arbuckle is an ambitious man. Before he came to us he was a Western actor, or "Coast Defender." But he saw his opportunity. He was not going to be a mere lay figure in the movies. He would make it a profession. Besides working in the studio under a director, he studied at night, used his head, thought things out.

Everything he does now shows intelligence. No matter what you ask Arbuckle to do, he is ready. He realizes that it was his willingness to do things which got him where he is.

Marie Dressler, also, will do anything the director asks her to do—jump off a moving train, leap overboard, or be shot at with a musket without flinching. Some nerve, that!

Because of the difficulty one finds in bending a big actor to his methods, it is a good scheme for the director to get men who are not too dead-set in their ways, who are pliable, whom one can teach. He can frequently pick up such a man doing small bits in the legitimate or unimportant work in vaudeville. Charles Chaplin was discovered in that way. I had seen a man play an English vaudeville sketch and later I saw Chaplin do the same thing in another theater, and do it much better.

Chaplin's method of getting laughs at once engaged my attention. There are many comedians who work mechanically, with too apparent force, assuming the attitude: "Now I'm going to make them laugh!" They are contracted, tense. You can almost hear them grind their teeth with determination. They work so hard that one gets fatigued in following them—exhausted rather than refreshed.

But Chaplin was wholly unconscious of his audience; just as relaxed in front of twenty-five hundred people as if he'd been sitting at ease in his own bedroom. His were humorous methods.

Chaplin was getting something like seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week then. I engaged him for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, I think, and took him to the Coast. He'd never been in a moving-picture studio before. I thought I had the making of a star in him—a big star—and I could afford to go slow and observe him. So I let him walk round for three or four weeks—just do nothing but get his bearings, familiarize himself with the workings of the studio, with the atmosphere. In a casual way I had him try on a few different make-ups to get just the right bit for him. We had a little trouble in getting the right make-up. Most of those we tried didn't suit—didn't fit his peculiar personality. At last I hit upon a mustache and big shoes.

"Eureka!" I cried. "We've got him! We can do almost anything in the world with that character—lover, husband, villain."

Mabel Normand is a good general screen-player. She specializes in certain lines. She is young and has natural humor, even if she was born on Staten Island. She can get laughs without forcing them—a very difficult thing for a young and pretty girl to do. One rarely sees a very pretty girl who is funny—fun seems to go with homeliness. Miss Normand can dive from a great height, swim, ride a horse or a bicycle, and run an automobile.

Mabel Normand's Bear Cub

But, above all things, she can do a comedy fall, which is an art in itself. The average person will fall in such a way that many in the audience will be shocked. They will gasp: "I wonder whether she hurt herself? She must have broken a leg!"

There are only four or five persons in the whole world who can do a funny fall. I have seen thousands of people try it, but they force themselves; they fall too heavily. One must have confidence, courage; he must know how to relax, how to catch himself, to do a good fall. The look of surprise, the attitude of the body, the whole expression, are what make the laugh.

Just now Miss Normand has a little black bear for a pet. Young Bruin is supposed to be very gentle and tame—he is only twelve weeks old; but he gets a little vicious now and then. He snaps and bites, and the young lady cuffs his ears for him; and then he whines.

She takes him motoring with her, and when she steps from the car she leaves the little fellow at the wheel, in charge; and he keeps people away from it—a regular watch-dog. They are great chums.

Recently I got a wire from Miss Normand, who is down in Mexico doing some race-horse stuff—you see, we can't get any racers in California. She related an experience with a pretty rough crowd she was in—bullfighters, Villistas, soldiers, and so on. She had been supplied with a body-guard of four or five husky prize fighters, who had nothing to do but look after her. But we found that the danger to Miss Normand was not so much from the ruffian as from the gentleman element. They still serenade ladies down there. The gallants stand underneath their ladies' windows and play the guitar; send languishing glances up along a moonbeam—make love at a distance. That sort of thing happens every night to the Mexican señorita. It's habitual—perfunctory, almost.

When these young Mexicans see a beautiful American girl, dressed up to the nines, they go completely off their bean. The case of Miss Normand was no exception. One or two of these hot-headed scions were playing the guitar under her window when an actor—not overgifted with tact—threw a pitcher of water on them from his own window, near by. A near-riot followed. They were going to kill the actors; and the governor of the city was about to have the picture people sent away, when Miss Normand, with infinite tact and her delightful smile, straightened the whole thing out. Now, instead of prize fighters, she has a guard of Mexican soldiers.

Verily this business is full of curious experiences!

Fred Mace, for instance, is notorious for his nerve ordinarily; but he has an obsession—the fear of drowning. Once we were taking a picture on the shore. Mabel Normand was on a rock and Mace was supposed to rescue her. He stood there superb; two hundred pounds—a veritable Samson. That was the picture.

In the taking of it, however, along came a little wave three feet high. Mace's obsession overwhelmed him; he called for help, and Miss Normand—reversing the proposed order of things—had to rescue him in the presence of the entire company, which included his lady friend, who was watching from a distance. Mace had quite a task in explaining to this lady just why he hollered for help, especially as he was in only three feet of water!

Mark Swain, another clever man, says that he was pushed off the dock when a little boy, fished out nearly dead, and laid up for a week from fright. He never got over his fear of the water. As a matter of fact, he has several times threatened to quit his position rather than venture up to his knees in the surf.

Ford Sterling—who is a wonderful tango dancer before the screen—or behind it, for that matter—has a mortal dread of all wild animals. Sterling, through pride, had never told us of this. We didn't know it until, by a curious irony of fate, he was cast for a certain part.

He was supposed to be in a Turkish bath and was so ticklish that the rubber tied him to the slab. Then—according to the plan of the picture—the attendant left. In a moment a door opened above, and a bear hopped down and started to run round and chase the bathers out of the room. After he'd chased out all the others, Bruin came over to where Sterling was tied down on the slab and began licking his arm.

We had put honey on Sterling's arm for the purpose of making the bear lick him; but when the honey was gone the brute began to nip the flesh a little, greatly to the horror of the man who was obsessed by this awful dread. Sterling shouted for help and tried to wriggle loose and get up, but the cords held him fast. We, thinking he was only doing this to make the picture good, kept right on with the camera until we had finished.

When he was finally released Sterling was so mad that he put on his clothes and went home, vowing to quit the moving-picture business forever!

Once we had a young man who worked for us a year and a half. He was only twenty years old. He did the dare-devil business for the outfit. He was just a clever boy. We didn't pay him a great deal. Anything difficult we had to do, such as riding a motorcycle off a forty-foot pier, or riding through ditches or houses or up stairways, or even jumping over automobiles with a motorcycle, was put up to him. Once he jumped his motorcycle—going fifty miles an hour—right over a seven-passenger machine, with people sitting in it, and took the top off the car. We had built a little incline back of the car to give him an uplifting start.

The Irony of Fate

This boy used his brains. He never took a chance. He figured out the exact time for everything, for every act; did everything mechanically; learned to govern his body and his machine absolutely as originally planned. He never made a miss of it. He was a wonder!

But one night this young man, who had done every dare-devil thing a human being could do, was just casually riding along a country road on his motorcycle—with his girl on behind him—when he ran into a car that was going slowly, and was killed! Talk about the irony of fate!

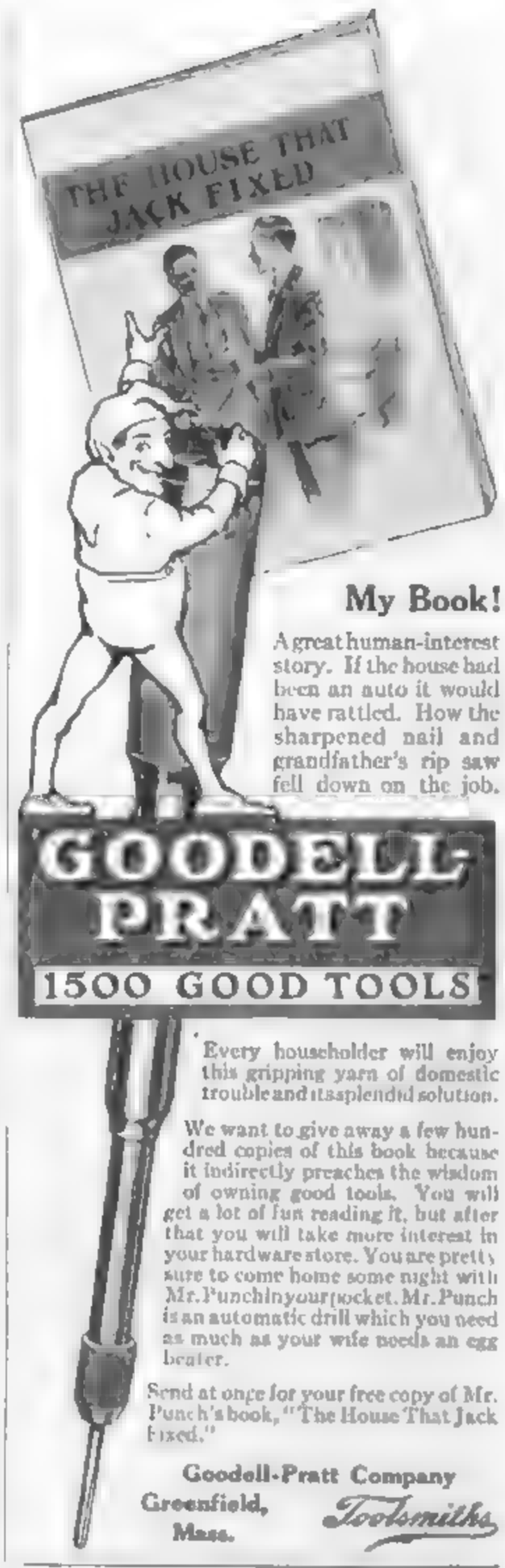
The percentage of accidents, considering the tremendous scenic work my studio produces, is very small; and I have only mentioned them to give the public the truth about a very exaggerated rumor—that we "use men up so fast."

Last but not least among my cleverest players, Chester Conklin is of interest to the movie-going public. He is a clever and unusual chap in many ways, and has the hobby of raising beans.

Those prosaic, seemingly uninteresting little lumps of food have made him a veritable rival of Mr. Burbank, the celebrated plant wizard; and Chester is always studying, planting, grafting and talking about beans.

He takes a bean from Massachusetts, one from Mexico, and another from Maine, and experiments with them on his twenty acres of bean patch in the hope of discovering what he is pleased to call the Violet Bean, which he expects will bring him a fortune.

Thus, you will see that fun-making for the screen has its human side as well as has everything else. Though our prime object is to commercialize that vague, intangible something—fun—we each have our own little hobbies to ride and our serious moments to live; which, we are grateful to acknowledge, do but make our aims the stronger and surer, and our triumphs the greater when millions of letters come to us from hard-working and saddened fellow beings all over the world, saying that we have made their burdens lighter through our business of making fun.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LAY OFF, MACDUFF

(Continued from Page 7)

come along in motor boat, he's a run you down! Then you swim five, six, seven mile to land and there dozen fella beat you with club—so you no fight champ!"

The Kid has sunk down on a chair and he's fannin' himself. His face was the color of skim milk.

"What you think?" asks Genaro. "She's a maka fine picture, what?"

"Great!" I says. "If that guy that wants to fix the Kid so he no fight the champ loses out, they can't say he wasn't tryin' anyhow! Why don't you throw in another reel, showin' the lions devourin' the Kid so he no fighta the champ?"

"That's a good!" he shakes his head. "I spika to Van Aylstyne!"

He took us up to his office, and when we got inside the door there's a dame sittin' there that would make Venus look like a small-town soubrette. She looked like these other movie queens would like to. While we're givin' her the up and down, she smiles at the Kid, and he drops his hat on the floor and knocks over an inkwell.

"Miss Vincent," says Genaro, "this Mr. Kid Scanlan! He's a work with you nex' week. This Mr. Green, his fren'!"

We shake hands all round and the Kid elbows me to one side.

"Where are you goin' this afternoon?" he asks the dame. "Anywheres?"

Genaro raps on the desk.

"Joosta one minoote!" he calls out. "Mr. Kid Scanlan, I would like——"

"Joosta wait!" pipes the Kid, imitatin' his voice. "Writa me the letta! I'm ver' busy joosta now!" He puts one hand on the mantelpiece and drapes himself in front of the dame. "And you haven't been here long, eh?" he says.

Genaro frowns for a minute, and then he grins and winks at me.

"Miss Vincent," he butts in, "you show Mr. Kid Scanlan all round this afternoon, what? Explain him everything about nex' week we maka his picture. What you think, no?"

"Yes," pipes the Kid, grabbin' his hat. "I never been nowheres; let's go!"

The dame smiles some more and, well, y'know, Scanlan must have been born with a horseshoe in each hand, because she takes his arm and they blow.

Just as they were goin' out the door in comes Gloomy Gus which brought us up from the station. He looks at the Kid and this dame goin' out, and he sneers after 'em.

"Champion!" he mutters, curlin' his lip. "Huh!"

The next mornin' we meet this guy Van Aylstyne, who doped out the stuff so the Kid "no fighta the champ!" He's a tall, slim, gentle-lookin' bird, all dressed in white like a queen of the May or somethin', and after hearin' him talk I figured my first guess was about right. We also get to know Edmund de Vronde, one of the leadin' men and shop girls' delight, and him and Van Aylstyne were both members of the same lodge. While we're standin' there, talkin' to Genaro, who I found out was the head keeper or somethin', along comes Miss Vincent in one of them trick autos that has a seat for two thin people and a gasoline tank. Only, you don't sit in 'em, you just stoop, with your knees jammed up against your chin. She drives this thing right up and stops where we're standin'. If she ever looked any better she'd have fell for herself!

"I'm going to Long Beach," she sings out, "and I'm going to hit nothing but the tops of the trees! Come along?"

De Vronde, Van Aylstyne and the Kid left their marks at the same time, but, as you know, my boy was middleweight champ, and when that auto buzzed away from there he went with it.

"Ugh!" remarks De Vronde. "I loathe those creatures!" He dusts off his sleeve where the Kid had grabbed it to toss him to one side. "The fellow struck me!" he says indignantly.

Van Aylstyne picks up his hat which had fell off in the struggle.

"Thank heavens!" he tells the other guy. "We will soon be rid of him! I'll have the script ready for Genaro to-morrow. I never saw such a vicious assault!"

They walked away, and I turns to Genaro who had stepped aside for a minute.

"Say," I asks him, "is this De Vronde guy worth anything to you?"

"*Sapristi!*" he tells me, makin' a face. "I could keel him! He's a wan greata big what you call bunk! He's a no good! He can't act, he can do nothing. Joosta got nice face—that's all!"

"Well," I says, "he won't have no nice face if he don't lay off the Kid! If Scanlan hears him make any cracks about him, like he just did now—well, he'll practically ruin him, that's all!"

After while the Kid and Miss Vincent comes back, and she hurries away to change her clothes, because she's got to work in this Macbeth thing.

The Kid is all covered with dirt and mud, and his face is all cut up from the flyin' pebbles and sand.

"Say," he says to me, "that's some dame, believe me! We passed everything on the road from here to Long Beach, and on the way back we beat the Santa Fé in by a city block! Come on over and see her work; she's gonna act in that Macbeth frolic!"

We breezed over past the African desert, and there's the troupe all gathered round a guy in his shirt sleeves, who's readin' 'em somethin' out of a book. One of the camera guys tells me it's Mr. Duke, Genaro's assistant.

"A fine piece of Camembert, he is too!" says this guy. "He put me over on this side, to get the battle scene from an angle, and tells me to shoot the minute the mêlée starts in case I don't get his signal. One of them dames fainted from the heat a minute ago and the rest of 'em go rushin' round yellin' like a lot of nuts. Naturally I thought the thing went in the picture and I took forty feet of it before he called me off! He's gonna report me now and I'm liable to get the gate when Genaro shows up! I'll get the big stew though; watch me!"

At this stage of the game this Mr. Duke waves for us to come over.

"Where's Mr. Genaro?" he wants to know.

"Search me!" I tells him. "I just left him an hour or so ago and ——"

He hurls down the book and dances round like he's gonna throw a fit or somethin'.

"I been all over the place," he yells, "and I can't find him! I want to get this exterior while the sun is right, and there's no Macbeth or no Genaro!"

The Kid, who has been talkin' to Miss Vincent, comes over then and says:

"What's all the excitement?"

"Who are you?" asks Duke.

"We're from New York," I butts in, "and ——"

"Well, sufferin' cats!" hollers Duke. "Why didn't you say so before? One of you is the man I'm holding this picture for!"

"Why, Genaro says," I begins, "that next week is ——"

"Never mind Genaro!" shrieks Duke. "He ain't here now and I'm directing this picture! See that sun commencing to get dim? Which one of you was sent on by Mr. Potts?"

"This guy here!" I tells him, pointin' to the Kid. "I'm his manager!"

"Carries a manager, does he?" snorts Duke. "Well, run him in the dressing room there and get a costume on him! Hurry up, will you—look at that sun!"

We beat it on the run for the place he pointed out and, as we started away, I seen him throw out his chest and say to one of the dames:

"That's the way those stars should be handled all the time! Fussing over them is a mistake. You must show them at once that no such thing as temperament will be tolerated! Broadway star, eh? Well, you saw how I handled him!"

I didn't quite make that stuff, but I felt that somethin' was wrong somewheres. Genaro had told me the Kid's picture wasn't to be made for a week, but we were gettin' thirty thousand for this stunt, so I says to the Kid:

"Get in there and shed them clothes of yours, and I'll beat it over to the hotel and get your ring togs! They're gettin' ready to fix you so you no fighta the champ!"

I beat it back to the trick hotel and get the suit case with the Kid's gloves, shoes and trunks in it, and it didn't take me five minutes to get back, but that Duke guy is on my neck the minute he sees me.

"Will you hurry up?" he hollers, pullin' a watch on me. "Look at that sun!"

"He'll be out in a minute now!" I says. "I got a guy in there helpin' him dress."

"He knows this stuff, all right, doesn't he?" he asks me. "I understand he's been doin' nothin' but the one line for years."

"Knows it?" I laughs. "He's the world's champion; that's good enough, ain't it?"

"That's what they all say!" he sneers. "All I hope is that he ain't a cheap ham! Look at that sun gettin' away from me!"

While I'm tryin' to dope out what all these birds in tights and with feathers in their hats has got to do with How Kid Scanlan Won the Title, Duke grabs my arm.

"Drag that fellow out of the dressin' room," he says, "and tell him he enters from the second entrance where those trees are. He goes right through the tower scene—he knows it by heart, I guess. I'll be right up on that platform there directing and that's where he wants to face—not the camera!"

Well, I went in to the dressin' room and the Kid is ready. He's got on a pair of eight-ounce gloves, red-silk trunks and ring shoes.

"What do I pull now?" he asks me.

"Just walk right out from between them trees," I says, "and they'll tip you off to the rest."

We sneaked round the scene from the back and stood behind the tree which Duke had pointed out. A stage hand or somethin', who seemed to be sufferin' from hysterics, told us not to let Duke see us till we entered the scene, because it was considered bad luck to walk before the camera first.

"Clear!" we hear Duke yellin', and then he blows a whistle. "Hey, move faster there, you extra people, a little ginger! Billy, face center, can't you! Now, Miss Vincent, register fear—that's it, great! All right, Macbeth!"

"That's you!" pipes the stage hand, and on walks the Kid. He stands in the middle of the scene, like he done many's the time in the newspaper offices back home, and strikes a fightin' pose.

A couple of women shrieks and runs back of the trees hidin' their faces, and Miss Vincent falls in a chair and laughs herself sick. To say the Kid created a sensation would be puttin' it mild—he was a riot! The rest of the bunch howls out loud, holdin' their sides and staggerin' up against each other, and the stage hands rolled round the floor. But the guy that was runnin' the thing, this Duke person, almost faints, and then he gets red in the face and jumps down off the platform.

"What do you mean?" he screams at the Kid. "What do you mean by coming out before these ladies and gentlemen in that garb? How dare you? Is that your interpretation of Macbeth? Have you been drinking or what?"

"What's the matter, pal?" asks the Kid, lookin' surprised. "I got to wear somethin', don't I?"

Off goes the bunch, howlin' again.

"If this is a joke, sir," yells Duke, "it will be a mighty costly one for you!"

This De Vronde has been standin' on the side, lookin' on; and the Kid, seein' Miss Vincent, waves a glove at her. She waves back, holdin' her side, and smiles.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roars this De Vronde guy. "How droll!"

The Kid is over to him in two steps. He's seen that everybody is givin' him the laugh and he realizes he's in wrong somehow, but the thing has him puzzled.

"Where d'ye get that haw-haw stuff?" he snarls, stickin' his chin out in front of De Vronde.

"Why, you ignorant ass," sneers De Vronde out loud, so's Miss Vincent can hear him, "if you had any brains you'd know!"

"I don't need no brains!" snaps the Kid, settin' himself. "I got this!"

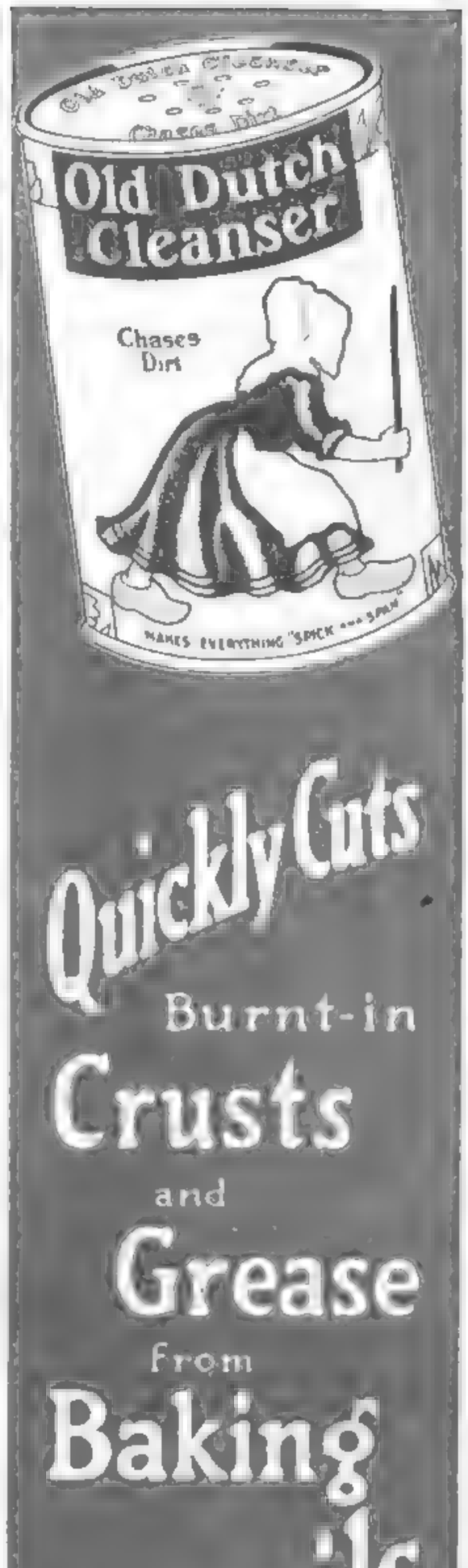
And he drops De Vronde with a right hook to the jaw!

"Boys," screams Duke, pointin' to the Kid, "throw that ruffian out!"

A couple of big huskies makes a dash for the Kid, and I figured I might as well get in the thing now as later, so I tripped one as he was goin' past, and the Kid bounces the other with a short left. De Vronde jumps up and hits the Kid over the head with a cane, while Miss Vincent screams and hollers "Coward!" Then a bunch of supers comes runnin' in from the back, just as the Kid puts De Vronde down for keeps, and in a minute everybody was in there tryin'.

Everybody but one guy, and he was turnin' the crank of his camera like he was gettin' paid by the number of revolutions the thing made. While it lasted it was some fracas, as we say at the studio. It certainly was a scream to see them guys, all dressed up to play the life out of Macbeth, fallin'

(Concluded on Page 48)



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Overland

Five Passenger Touring

$635

Roadster $620

F. O. B. - Toledo

31½

Horsepower

$2,000,000 a Week

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75-B reads like a

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a great success.

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ever greeted any new model ever introduced.

The whole country is buying this Overland. Its popularity has spread like wildfire.

No wonder!

Take this car over the worst roads you can find—pull it through sand and mud—take the biggest hill you know—and this $635 Overland—the wonder car of the year—will show you a performance that will open your eyes with astonishment and admiration.

The motor is a wonder—full 31½ horsepower.

But with all its power it is one of the most economical motors the world has ever known.

Thousands of owners are getting 20 to 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Thousands of owners are getting nifty miles an hour and even greater speed—and enjoying it because the car rides so easily.

It has cantilever rear springs—four-inch tires—and an exceptionally long wheelbase for a car at anywhere near its price—so of course it rides easier than many higher priced cars which lack these advantages.

What's more, it's complete. You get the finest Auto-Lite starting and lighting system, magnetic speedometer, one-man top, demountable rims—everything recognized as part of a completely equipped automobile.

Top all this off with beautiful, up-to-date streamline body design and beautiful finish throughout.

Is it any wonder, after all, that people are investing two million dollars a week in these cars—that they would buy thousands more if we could build them faster?

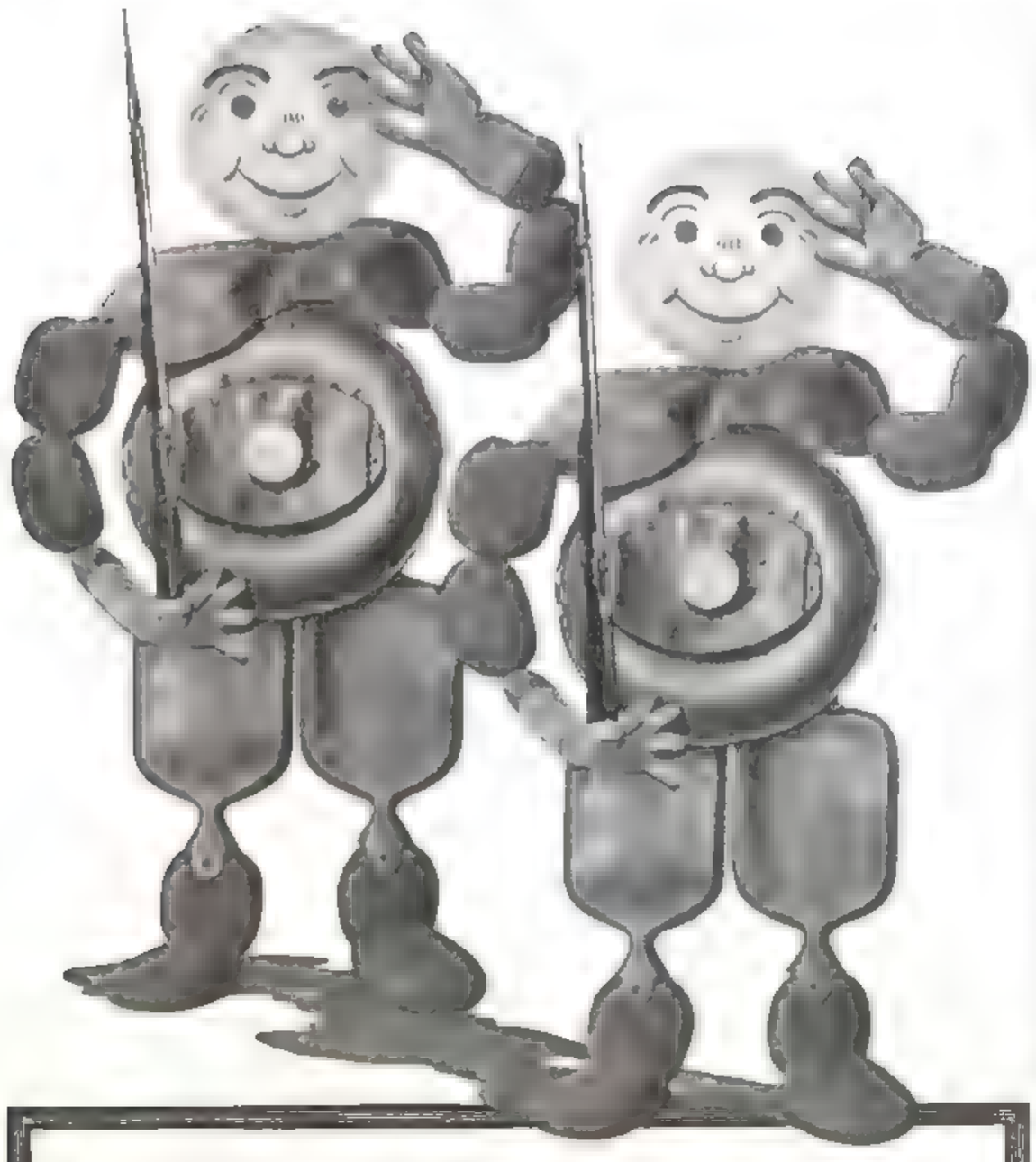
Such is public opinion—the strongest force—the greatest asset in the world.

The popular verdict says this is the year's smashing value.

Ask the nearest Overland dealer to show you the car—drive it—place your order at once.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."



Guardians of Health and Comfort

IN the home in which rubber goods have fullest opportunity *hygiene* is a word of real meaning. In the bathroom, the nursery, the kitchen, every day in the year, rubber goods stand guard over the health and comfort of the whole family.

Miller Standard

RUBBER GOODS

Have increased the use of household rubber goods and have made buyers more particular. They now seek definite values and known quality. The day of the anonymous hot water bottle, fountain syringe, household gloves, has passed.

Everywhere the Miller name and trademark are a guarantee of quality and satisfaction. Look for them.

When you buy anything in household rubber goods, from a five cent nurser nipple to a fountain syringe, look for the drug-store that displays the Miller agency sign and buy there.

Miller Standard Rubber Goods include Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes, Combination Bottle and Syringe Sets, Tubing, Ice Caps, Invalid Cushions, Vaginal Douches, Complete Nursers and Nipples, Rubber Sponges, Infant's Diapers, Sanitary Aprons, Household Gloves, Face Masks, etc.

Surgeons AND Physicians

Miller Standard and Sanitate Gloves stand more sterilization without deterioration, and are most satisfactory.

Send for price list.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY

Also Makers of Famous Geared-To-The-Road Tire

AKRON, O., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 45)

all over each other to get out of the way of the Kid's arms and bein' held back by the jam behind 'em. After the Kid had beaten most of them up and I have took care of a few myself, a whistle blows and they all fall back and in rushes Genaro.

"*Sapristi!*" he hollers. "What you mean, eh? What you people do with my Macabeeth?"

Duke tries to see him out of his one good eye.

"This scoundrel," he pipes, pointin' to the Kid, "came out here to play Macbeth, costumed like that!"

Genaro looks from me to the Kid and grabs his head.

"What?" he yells. "That feller want to play Macabeeth? Ho, ho! You maka me laugh! You're crazee lika the heat! That's what you call fighting champion of the world! He's a Mr. Kid Scanlan. We maka his picture nex' week!"

Duke gives a yell and falls in a chair.

I pulls on my coat and wipes my face with a handkerchief.

"Yes," I says, "and they just tried to fix him so he no fighta the champ!"

"Zowie!" pipes Duke, sprawled out in the chair. "I thought he was Roberts, the man we wired to come on from that Boston stock! What will we do now? Potts will be here to-morrow to see this picture, and you know what it means if it isn't made!"

The Kid is over talkin' to Miss Vincent and Genaro calls him.

"*Voila!*" he tells him. "You see what you do? You spoil the greata picture, the actor, the everything! To-morrow Mr. Potts he's a come here. 'Where's a Macabeeth, Genaro?' he's a wanna know. I tella him—then, goodaby everybody!"

"Everything would have been O. K.," says the Kid, pointin' to De Vronde, who's got a couple of dames workin' over him with smellin' salts, "everything would have been O. K. at that, if Stupid over there hadn't gimme the haw, haw!"

We go back to the dressin' room and the Kid gets on his clothes. That night, findin' that we was as welcome in Film City as smallpox, we went over to Frisco and saw the town. When we come back the next mornin' and breeze in the gates, the first thing we see is Gloomy Gus that drove us up from the station.

"Say," he sings out, "you fellers are gonna get it good! The boss is here!"

"Yeh?" says the Kid. "Where's Miss Vincent?"

"Talkin' to the boss'" he answers. "I don't believe you're no fighter either!"

"Where was you yesterday?" I asks him.

"Mind yer own business!" he snaps. He gives the Kid the up and down. "Champion of the world!" he sneers. "Huh!"

"Go 'way!" the Kid warns him. "I got enough work yesterday!"

"I think you're a big bluff!" persists the gloomy guy, puttin' up his hands and circlin' round the Kid. "Come on and fight or acknowledge yore master!"

He makes a pass at the kid, and the Kid steps inside of it and drops him, just as a big auto comes roarin' past and stops. Out hops friend Potts, the guy that practically give us our start in the movies. In other words, none other than the thirty-thousand-dollar kid!

"Well, well!" he pipes, lookin' at the gloomy guy on the turf and then at us. "What does this mean, sir? Are you trying to annihilate all my employees? Do you know you cost me a small fortune yesterday by ruining that Macbeth picture?"

"I'm sorry, boss," the Kid tells him, proddin' Gloomy Gus carelessly with his foot, "but all your hired men jumped me at once, and a guy has to protect himself, don't he?"

"Nonsense!" grunts Potts, growing red in the face. "You assaulted Mr. De Vronde and temporarily disabled several of my best people! I had made all arrangements for the release of that Shakspere picture in two days, and you have put me in a terrible hole!"

"Now listen," I butts in; "I tried to——"

"Not a word!" he cuts me off, wavin' his hands. "One of the camera men, another infernal idiot, kept turning the crank while this disgraceful brawl was at its height, and I have proof of your villainy on film! I'll use it as a basis to sever my contract with you and——"

"Slow up!" I says. "If you lay down on the thirty thousand iron men I'll pull a suit on you!"

Along comes a guy and touches Potts on the arm.

"They're waiting for you in the projecting room," he says.

"Come with me—both of you," barks Potts, "and see for yourself the damage you caused!"

We followed him round to a little dark room with three or four chairs in it and a sheet on one wall. De Vronde, Miss Vincent, Duke and Genaro are there, waitin' for us.

Well, they start to show the picture, and everything is all right up to the time the Kid had busted into the drama. Now I hadn't seen nothin' out of the way at the time it actually happened, but here, in this little room, that was a scream when they throwed it on the sheet.

You could see him wallop De Vronde, and then in another second the whole riot is on full blast!

On the level, it was the funniest thing I'd seen in a long time. A guy with lockjaw would have to laugh at it. Here was the Kid knockin' 'em cold as fast as they come on, with their little trick hats and the pink silk tights. There was a pile of Shakspere actors a foot deep all round him as far as you could see. Potts is laughin' louder than anybody in the place, and when they finally shut the thing off he slaps the Kid on the back.

"Great!" he hollers. "Wonderful! Who directed that?"

"I did!" pipes Duke, throwin' out his chest. "Some picture, eh?"

"Joosta one minoote!" says Genaro, wakin' up. "Joosta one minoote! It was under my supervision, Mr. Potts! I feexa the——"

"Cut that strip of film off," Potts interrupts, "and take four more reels based on the same idea! Get somebody to write a scenario round a prize fighter busting into the drama and playing Shakspere! It's never been done, and if the rest of it is as funny as that it will be a knockout!"

"But Macabeeth!" says Genaro. "What of beem?"

"Drop it!" snaps Potts. "Everybody get to work on this and I'll stay here till it's finished!"

I looked round and piped the Kid—over talkin' to Miss Vincent, of course.

"Say," he wants to know, "do we go to Oakland in that rabbit chaser of yours this afternoon, Miss Vincent?"

"Sir," butts in De Vronde, "this lady and I are conversing!"

"Now listen, cutey," smiles the Kid, "you know what happened yesterday, don't you?"

De Vronde turns pale and Miss Vincent giggles.

"Of course we're going to Oakland!" she laughs. "I'm going to be your leading woman next week in How Kid Scanlan Won the Title!"

"Suits me!" says the Kid. "But, say, on the level now—I'm there forty-seven ways on that Shakspere thing, ain't I?"

Sense and Nonsense

The Boss

AS A BOY, I used to know—
Oh, but it was long ago!—
An old-fashioned garden, where,
In the quiet country air,
Bloomed, through formal row on row,
Bleeding heart and modest phlox,
Flanked by crimson hollyhocks;
Bluebells, morning-glories blue;
Sweet William that each evening heard
The vespers of the mocking bird;
Roses and violets—and you!

Now often—when my office door
Shuts out the deep street's distant roar,
The click, the giggle, drawl and purr
Of work and clerk, stenographer,
And errand boy and customer—
I, in the room marked "Private: No
Admittance," let my fancy go,
Though I've a hundred things to do,
Back to that garden—and to you.

To-day, with nerves of tempered steel,
I put across my biggest deal,
The fruit of dreams and toil and tears;
I closed the book, I set the seal,
I won what I have hoped for years,
And then, with air that owns no betters,
The haughty girl who "takes my letters"
Left on my desk tobacco box
A single simple sprig of phlox. . . .

And I would give the battle won
And all the deeds that I have done
To find the garden that I knew
When I was young and you were—you!
Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Oh, for a Feather Bed

IT WAS a dull day on the wharves, and a bunch of negro stevedores had gathered and were discussing a pail of beer. After a while the talk turned on one of their fellow workers, who had been shot at the night before. A strange negro who had drifted in asked:

"Did dat nigger run?"

"Run?" replied a witness. "Run? Why, ef dat nigger had 'a' had jest one feather in his han' he'd 'a' flew!"

Knew His Step

A GENTLEMAN connected with the big Stampede at Sheepshead Bay had been getting home rather late and heavy-footed. On the morning of the explosion of several barges loaded with ammunition, at Jersey City, which shook the country for miles around, his little daughter woke up and exclaimed:

"Mother, father has come home!"

New Food Fish

DR. HUGH M. SMITH, the able and experienced commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, recently made the following observations in regard to the value of fish as food for the average human being:

If the whole people of this country could be made to understand to what an extent fish may be used to take the place of meat, and what this would do to reduce the high cost of living, then there would be a wonderful change in the feeding habits of our folks. We are to-day almost literally throwing away enough nutriment from that source to feed all China. This condition is an economic shame.

It is reported that the fish consumption in this country is about twenty pounds to the person a year; but it is probably not more than half that amount. Our per-capita meat consumption is about one hundred and seventy pounds a year. Go to your market and get the prices on meats and on fish, and compare them. Do this not once but continually and you will get a bright practical light on the reduction of the high cost of living. It will not solve the whole problem by any means. To claim this would be absurd. But it can be used to cut down the family living to an extent of which the average American has little idea. The European understands this and he utilizes the poor man's meat in good earnest.

A particularly conspicuous example of neglect of opportunity to add to our supply of aquatic food is the existence of hundreds of thousands of farms having no fish ponds, whereas every farm should be so provided. In his report to the President last year, the Secretary of Commerce referred to the fact that an acre of water can be made as productive of food values as an acre of land, and he called attention to the encouragement that the Bureau is giving to farmers everywhere to use small ponds that may already exist or to create such ponds. The government stands ready to stock them with fishes suitable for each locality, providing them without expense and instructing the farmers in their care. The future holds a tremendous reserve of fish food through the adoption of private pond culture.

One reason why the native American does not utilize fish food as he should is that he does not appreciate the many different and delicious ways in which the same fish may be prepared. The European housewife has this kind of knowledge taught her from childhood. Recognizing the need of just such elemental knowledge, the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington makes it a rule always to begin a campaign for the popularization of any neglected sea food by having a circular or bulletin, containing a dozen to twenty good practical recipes for its preparation, ready for distribution by the thousands. The recipes are aimed to meet the needs of the people generally. It does not require a French chef to understand and prepare them. Neither do they call for an expenditure beyond the purse of the average workingman. They are for wage-earners who wish to use fish as a partial substitute for meats.

Most persons who declare they do not like fish and who do not use their full quota of sea foods have formed this unfavorable opinion because they are not accustomed to the right sort and variety of fish cooking. If we were to eat all meats cooked in only two or three ways it is likely that would cut down our meat consumption quite perceptibly. Certainly one of the strongest points in our campaign to introduce neglected ocean foods and to secure an increased appreciation of fish is that of teaching the consumer how each kind of fish should be prepared.

The fish dealer, like the grocer, follows the line of least resistance. The retail grocer handles a known brand in preference to an unknown brand; he wants the article that has already been sold to the consumer through general publicity advertising. So with the fish dealer. Regardless of the merits of the particular fish in question, he asks why he should bother with a new kind, unknown to his customers, when instead he could handle those with which they are familiar. It is quite reasonable.

The only solution of the problem, then, is to educate the consumer. This the Federal Bureau of Fisheries does as best it can; but it is by no means in the position of the manufacturer of a food specialty who sets aside a big advertising appropriation and bombards the public with the heavy artillery of national publicity until his arguments are impressed on the thought of the whole nation in a surprisingly short time.

It must go more slowly—not from choice, but from necessity. Much of the extension work must be done through hotels, clubs, restaurants, cooking schools, the domestic-science teachers that are in the field for the Department of Agriculture, and through the Food Research Laboratories of the United States Government, the main office of which is located in Philadelphia.

Working in this hand-to-hand manner, through agencies established and maintained for other purposes, sometimes seems a rather slow way of educating this nation to make a more extended use of fish and to utilize the vast resources of neglected sea foods now practically untouched; but even under these handicaps this extension work is going ahead at a greater rate than might be expected. One reason for its progress is the fact that many magazines and newspapers are apparently becoming awakened to the economic importance of the object at which the Federal Bureau of Fisheries is aiming.

Good for a generation

The first RU-BER-OID roof was laid nearly 25 years ago.

It was a novelty.

But it made good.

RU-BER-OID became the standard prepared roofing.

Time has proved it the best and least expensive of all roofings.

RU-BER-OID roofs, laid more than 20 years ago are still giving good service. Many of them have not cost one penny for repairs.

You can distinguish *genuine* RU-BER-OID from imitations by the "Ru-ber-oid man" on the wrapper.

Your dealer will show you RU-BER-OID in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green.

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS

Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning.

- Roofing a Home
- Building a Poultry House
- Building a Bungalow
- Building a Barn
- Building Your Own Garage
- Covering Your Factory
- Artistic Roofs

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568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON **CHICAGO**

Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board, and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete

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Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

COSTS MORE—WEARS LONGER

MADE BY THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, NEW YORK

See the Duplex-ALCAZAR Before You Buy a Range

Here at last is a kitchen range that is *really* modern. It is made in two types—one burning coal or wood and gas, the other using coal, wood and oil separately or at the same time. The Duplex-ALCAZAR Range is complete—all in one—ready to burn the fuel you choose—at any and all times.

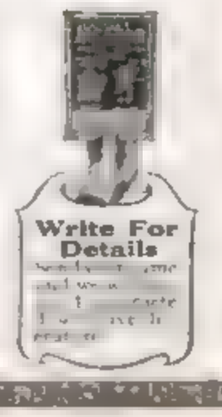
No change necessary for different fuels. Not a single part must be removed or replaced and the Duplex-ALCAZAR conforms with your requirements. It's the "year 'round range"—keeps the kitchen cool in summer—warm in winter—suits the seasons in between and cuts fuel bills as well as insuring better cooking results.

THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

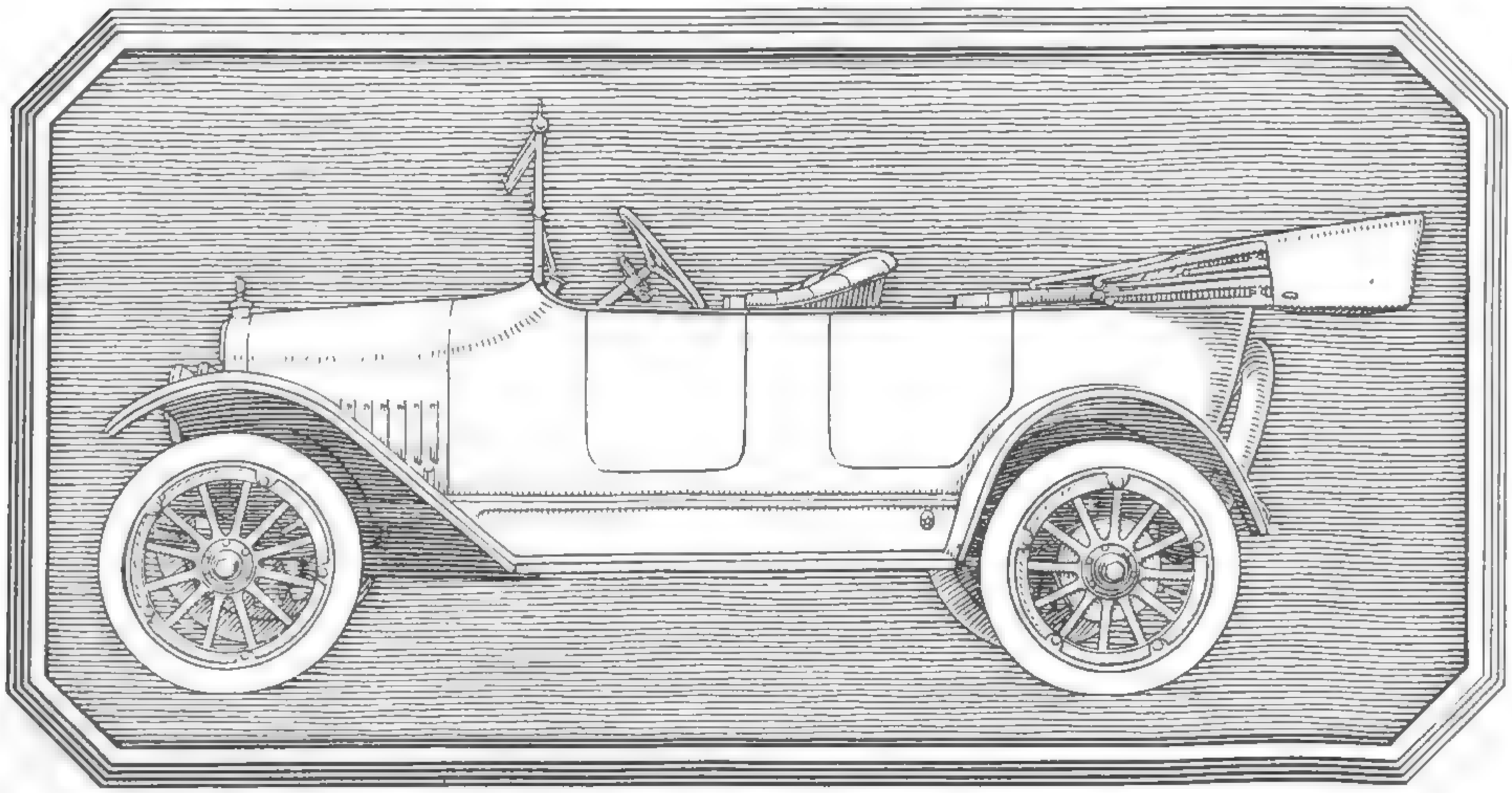
The Duplex-ALCAZAR in every detail and particular reflects the spirit of the most progressive stove factory in America. It is manufactured in styles designed to fit every requirement and need the world over. It is to be had in cast iron—steel and porcelain construction.

The best stove merchant in your town is now displaying a line of Duplex-ALCAZAR Ranges in the type best fitted to the need of your section.

Write us for Descriptive Literature. Gladly sent on request. State whether interested in Gas or Oil type.



Alcazar Range & Heater Co.
361 Cleveland Avenue **Milwaukee, Wis.**



AN IMPROVED CAR

BEGINNING September 13th, Maxwell Motor Cars will be equipped with a new and improved windshield, still longer and more flexible springs, wider seats, deeper and softer cushions, dash light, gasoline gauge, and other equally important refinements.

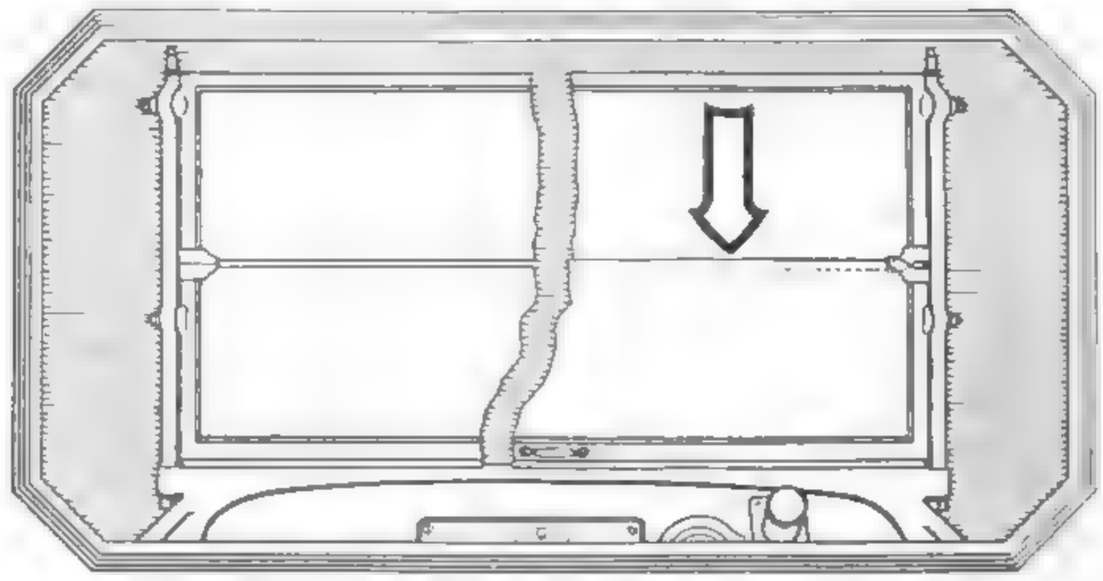
Not content with the generous value heretofore present in our product, we have just added these extra improvements. This is in line with our policy—so widely advertised—not to change the Maxwell in any essential detail, but to improve it from time to time in minor respects so that it will always be a standard, recognized product, constantly abreast of the best practices of the industry.

Notwithstanding the superlative and sometimes confusing claims that are made in behalf of various automobiles, we restate our sincere conviction that *Maxwell Motor Cars offer more real value per dollar than any other car in the world.*

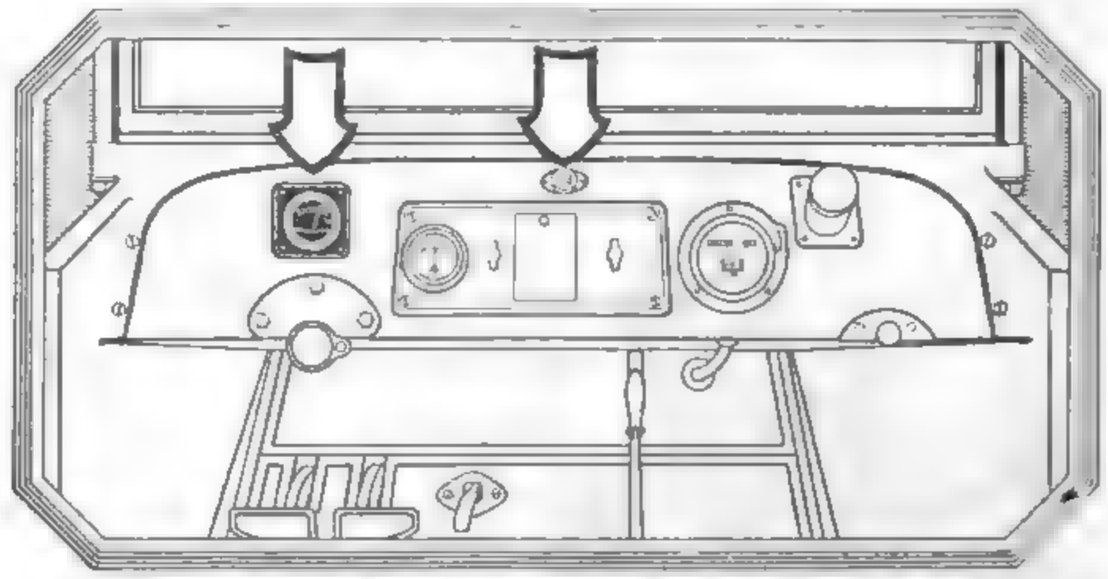
This is the belief of hundreds of distributors and dealers who sell Maxwell Cars. It is the belief of thousands and thousands of Maxwell owners. And these beliefs are supported by actual and tangible facts.

We absolutely *know* that within the entire history of the automobile business no motor car—in any class or at any price—has equalled the Maxwell in honest, dollar-for-dollar value. *We know this.*

$595



Arrow points to new and improved windshield. Upper half overlaps lower half. Absolutely rain-tight.

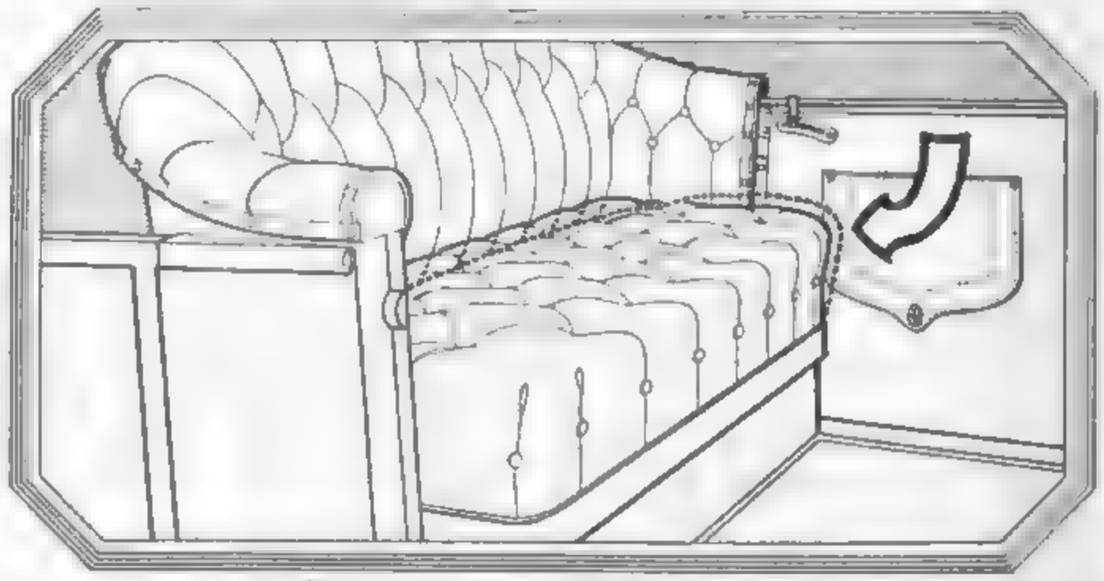


Instrument board, showing gasoline gauge and electric dash light, as well as speedometer, electric starting and lighting plugs and ammeter. See arrows.

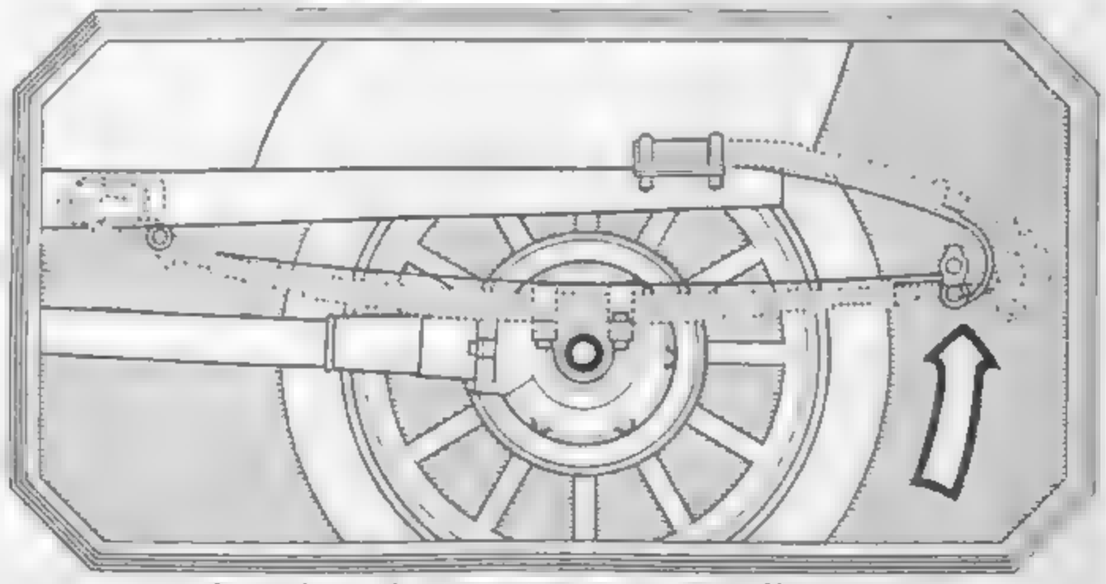
AT A REDUCED PRICE

And if you will examine a Maxwell, ride in it, compare it with other cars, consider its splendid record, reputation and past performances, *you, too, will know it.*

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. Canadian prices: Roadster $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.



Wider and longer seats and deeper cushions, as indicated by arrow.



Arrow shows old and new spring construction. New springs much longer and more flexible.

Maxwell
Motor Company, Inc.
Detroit

BLUE STREAKS

GOODYEAR Blue Streak Bicycle Tires sell everywhere for $2.50 each, non-skid

There is never a difference in price, never a difference in quality—because The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company makes but one single tube bicycle tire—the *Guaranteed* Blue Streak

Get Goodyear Blue Streaks from any reliable bicycle tire dealer—they carry the same guarantee as tires that sell for as high as $10 a pair.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOOD YEAR
Bicycle Tires

$2.50 each

MR. SALESMAN:

If you had your choice which would you sell—

—An article on which the profits are big, but sales infrequent and hard to make, or

—An article that represents small profits, quick profits, and plenty of them?

You'd choose the latter, of course.

Now look over the field. What articles are there that all the people you meet know and buy?

Will you meet a man this week or this year who does not know *The Saturday Evening Post* or a woman who does not know *The Ladies' Home Journal*?

Did it ever occur to you that there is an enormous demand for new and renewal subscriptions for these Curtis periodicals at this season of the year, and that the Curtis Publishing Company pays a liberal commission and salary to its representatives who handle this business?

Some of the Curtis salesmen make $5000.00 a year. Others who give the Company only their spare hours increase their incomes by from $5.00 to $10.00 a week.

They carry a line with which failure is impossible. They are sure of a fair profit on all the time they give us. No investment is required and no experience is necessary. For full particulars address

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AN ADVENTURE IN BACKTOTHELANDIA

(Continued from Page 9)

And I read it—Wilberforce Fogg. The check was signed by Harry Wade, a new fellow who has located about four miles off to the east of us and is said to be running an up-to-date dairy farm. The check was for twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents; and at its lower right-hand corner was written: "In full for wages to date."

"M'h'm!" I mumbled, as I do sometimes when a thing dawns on me. "So you've decided to take the plunge, eh?"

"Yes," said he; "and Mr. Whelpley convinced me that I ought to make it the way you advised. Mr. Wade says that in another month I'll be a pretty fair hand. I've got over being disgusted with it now—and sleep! And eat! Well, I must buy a few things for Mrs. Wade and hurry home. I have about twenty calves to feed."

When I got home that night my wife was swinging in a hammock couch on the porch, though it was the time when she should have been at her very busiest getting supper. Something unusual was up, and I put my car in the garage and went into the house to find out what it was.

"Well," said Mrs. Dunham, "I've hired another girl—and she is getting supper."

"Good!" said I. "Where did you pick up a girl? Who is she?"

"Her name is Millie," said my wife, "and Daisy Wiggins picked her up for me. She's from Chicago, and she never worked out before; and whether or not she's any good is to be told when supper is ready—say in about ten minutes from now. But she's got to be pretty poor if she doesn't stay as long as she wants to stay. I've struck for higher wages and shorter hours."

Now there happened to be no girl named Millie in all my list of acquaintances; but the name seemed strangely familiar. She was a mighty pretty girl, but her general get-up was a little extreme for the kitchen. If her hair had been a little yellower, and had contained a quart or so more of puffs and rats, she'd have passed for the twin of the girl who sells tickets in front of the new moving-picture theater at the county seat—that blond cashier type, you understand.

There was more or less paint on her face, too, as was quite apparent when the heat of cooking brought the blood surging into the thin skin under it. Altogether, she didn't look promising—and her supper was nothing to brag of. From the first, it was plain, too, that she was homesick. The paint and powder were washed off in tears as well as sweat, I feel sure; and when the week wore along until Saturday, and she hadn't demanded that she be taken to town, the thing became a marvel to me. I thought I knew hired girls, you know.

On Sunday morning I was surprised to see Wilberforce Fogg drive into the yard with one of Harry Wade's buckskin bronchos; and still more astonished when Millie, all rigged out in her best, ran out, climbed in and went off with him for a drive. I saw it all now. Millie was the girl of whom Fogg had spoken. She was the other side of the Backtothelandia sketch.

"I think," said I to mother, "that you now have a hired girl who will stay with you for a while."

Millie Begins to Learn

I couldn't help feeling an increased respect for the girl and a growing appreciation of her woman's common sense as well as her woman's devotion. If Wilberforce needed to know country life by actual contact with its roughest and humblest facts, certainly Millie needed to learn the same things. They were engaged in the most important task to which two young people can address themselves—the founding of a home; and, first, they were conquering the treetop in which to build their nest—caged birds as they had always been.

As we grew better acquainted with them, they used to spend their Sundays with us at the farm instead of driving about the countryside. They were always talking over the business of farming. Millie herself grew rapidly in skill as farm cook and housewife; but the interest she took in the crops, the poultry, the garden, the butter and eggs, the milk, the care and nurture of the young pigs and calves, set her apart from all the women we have ever had helping us on the farm. She was determined to learn everything a farm woman ought to know. She wrestled with her dislike of the drudgery; and she finally conquered it.

She never got over looking and acting a little light-minded and frivolous, and Wilberforce never outgrew being an opinionated and contentious little nonentity; and that is the real significance of the experience of these two—they were just ordinary people, with no special ability, no special excellence of character, no money and no experience. They were only two people very much devoted to each other, one of whom was determined to become a farmer, and both of whom were attacking the farming problem in the right way—going at it systematically and playing safe.

"I believe theirs is the only way for the city man to get back to the land," said I to Tom Whelpley one day a year or so later as we discussed the progress made by Millie and Bill, as she had taught us to call Wilberforce. "Harry Wade is going back to Illinois to settle up his father's estate, and Fogg is to take charge while he is gone. Wouldn't that surprise you? He has become a pretty good dairyman in a little more than a year. As for Millie, we shan't know how to get along without her when Bill takes her away from us. She can cook now; and as for chickens—why, that girl made me get her an incubator, just so she could learn to run it on our eggs instead of the Fogg family's investment; and the place is full of chickens. It's the only way, Tom, to Backtothelandia."

The Story of the Favilles

"It's the best way," said Tom, "but not the only one. I've another family of back-to-the-landers, beating along the coast of the promised land by a different method. And they, too, are making a success of it."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"The Favilles," said Tom.

"Not J. J. Faville and his lawyer wife! Not they!"

"No," said Tom; "it's Doctor Faville's folks—J. J.'s brother. You know Doc Faville. Get into the car and we'll run into town and see how they are doing it."

Now the Favilles represent another phase of back-to-the-landing. They were middle-aged people, with a son and a daughter pretty nearly grown. Doctor Faville had never had much of a practice; and in the growth of the town, and the influx of new physicians with their vaccines, serums, microscopes, good clothes, hospital connections and all the new developments, the doctor had been lost sight of. He wasn't of the sort who make a fight for place and position. He always looked sort of seedy. The others were spruce and sanitary-looking. His office was shabby-looking, while they took rooms in the new office building that delivered people by means of elevators. One had to climb to Doctor Faville's old rooms by a stairway.

Mrs. Faville had inherited a farm from her father; but neither she nor her husband had ever lived in the country or knew a thing about farming. Nevertheless, they had come to Tom Whelpley with the question: "Why not move to the farm and make our living off it?" Tom had undertaken the job of educating them for country life.

"And," said Tom, "I'll show you how a family may get halfway back to the land while living in town. I'm taking the Faville family back by easy stages. I think you'll be interested."

I was—and anyone would be who sees the pity of unpreparedness to the back-to-the-lander. Tom told the Favilles that the A B C of farming, and several of the subsequent letters of the alphabet, can be learned on a small scale as well as a large one; so he had advised the Favilles to engage in the cultivation of vacant lots.

They found the lots just across the street from their house in town; and under Tom's tutelage they had entered upon the systematic cultivation of them with their own hands. They laid off a miniature farm in plots of a tenth of an acre each, like the test plots at an experiment station. On these they had all sorts of garden crops, and also little squares of wheat, corn, oats, alfalfa, and all the crops of our part of the country. They harvested their wheat at the proper time, threshed it, measured and weighed it, kept account of the labor expended upon it; studied its smuts, blight, Hessian fly, and the rest of them, as religiously as if their living had depended on the crop. More so, I believe; for they had more time for it.

They had a good-sized corn patch, from which they were picking green corn for the table, and lots of peas, beans, beets, turnips, onions, lettuce and other vegetables, from which they were religiously selling every bit of produce they could spare, and making entries in their books showing the cash taken in. They charged themselves, too, at the market rates for all they ate. They were getting the farm spirit, Tom said. We found Mrs. Faville in the corn, digging for bait apparently.

"Oh, Mr. Dunham," said she as we drove up, "do you know anything about the corn-root worm?"

I stopped and thought a moment. Did I really know anything about the corn-root worm? As a matter of fact, most of us old farmers don't—we know we ought to study these things; but we don't. We drift. Mrs. Faville had me. I, who had grown corn all my life, plowed for it, harrowed its seedbed, planted it, cultivated it, husked it, fed it and eaten it, and who had probably lost thousands of bushels of it by the ravages of the corn-root worm, had to confess that I didn't know anything about the miserable insect—if a worm is an insect.

"Well, I do congratulate you!" gurgled Mrs. Faville. "That comes of your scientific farming. But we poor ignorant beginners—we have a plot of corn here simply infested with corn-root worms."

"Tom," I asked, "what kind of bug did Marion tell me your classes found in my corn this year?"

"Corn-root worm," said Tom dryly. "Your field is badly infested."

And then Mrs. Faville, courteously shifting the discussion, began showing me corn-root worms, of which I had plowed out thousands and never knew what they were, and exhibiting corn plants suffering from their attacks, and explaining the methods by which their ravages can be controlled. The embarrassing thing about it was that these greenhorns knew far more about the blamed pest than I did. I had been too busy growing corn to study my subject.

"Next year," said Tom as we drove home, "I'm going to let them grow twenty acres of corn on their own farm by their own labor, allow them to work one team, a fourteen-inch stirring plow, a corn cultivator, a disk harrow, a forty-tooth drag and a few other tools. I'm going to let them keep one sow and her pigs; a cow whose calf they must raise on skim milk—and, generally, I'm going to let them have a little skeletonized farm to run. If they don't get sick of it, and can show results in the way of payment for their labor—to say nothing of interest on investment—I'm going to let them move out onto the farm the year after."

The Two Systems

This we call the Faville system for getting back to the land; the other is the Fogg plan. The Faville system has its points of superiority over the Fogg plan, since it gives the back-to-the-lander more reading to do and enables him to confound old farmers like me with catch questions about bugs and worms.

It is a system, too, that could be adopted by thousands, if not millions, of city families without breaking up their family arrangements. It gives the back-to-the-lander a reduced facsimile of farm experience. It is about the same sort of preparation for farming that a study of literature is for writing. The corn and wheat and vegetables are agricultural themes, and the things actually eaten or sold are agricultural themes which sell to the editors—such things sometimes take place, I am told. But the Faville system, though it is a good preparation for farming, is not farming.

The Fogg system is—and that makes it in my opinion the true admiralty chart of the route to Backtothelandia. It can't be followed by many men and women who have families; which may prove the truth of the statement that he travels fastest who travels alone. The families with the craze must be contented with the Faville system, or something not so good. But as for me, give me the system we hit upon that day when we were up against the job of advising Wilberforce Fogg.

When Millie had been working for us for nearly two years, Wilberforce came to

(Concluded on Page 56)

THE OTHER SIDE - WHAT IS IT?
of the Hudson Super-Six

Here is a motor, exclusive to Hudson, which has proved itself in every way the greatest motor built

The most powerful for its size
The speediest—the most enduring
An incomparable hill-climber
The quickest in acceleration
The smoothest-running motor known

Nobody who knows can doubt that. The proofs lie in official tests. Any Hudson dealer, in 30 minutes, can remove any lingering doubt. And 15,000 Super-Six owners are proving its supremacy on every road and street.

What then is there on the other side? Why should any fine-car buyer get a lesser car?

Only a Misconception

Nothing but a misconception can make another car seem better than the Hudson Super-Six.

This invention, at one step, increased motor efficiency by 80 per cent. This without adding a cylinder, or a complication, or a cubic inch to size.

Simply by reducing vibration until friction is almost nil. And thus, at the same time, doubling motor endurance. It involves no experiment. Standard practice has been altered only in one respect. The result is a car which out-performs all others. And every owner knows it.

Some Disproved Ideas

In the early days of the Super-Six some said, "Wait and see. There must be some shortcoming." But the car made endurance records such as never were approached. And with 15,000 running that question is dispelled. Then for months men said, "Why want the Super-Six? There are thousands ahead of me—I can't get delivery." Since then we have quadrupled Hudson production so men don't need to wait.

Later men said, "There may soon be some changes. Experience with a new car always suggests them." But we have just announced that the Super-Six will be continued without change. We have parts and materials under way for twice as many as we have built so far.

Men also said that 76 horsepower was more power than they needed. That 80 and 90 miles per hour was more speed than they cared for. But that has always been conceded. One will rarely tax the Super-Six to half the capacity. But that means a long-lived motor. And surely no one would want that reserve power wasted in friction and vibration.

Consider all Sides

You are right in considering all sides of this matter. But one side is based on official tests which cannot be disputed. Be sure that the other side, if it exists, has some real foundation.

The Hudson has a great reputation. Our Engineering staff has for many years held a high place in this industry.

The Hudson Super-Six, outside of the motor, typifies the ideal fine car.

In luxury and beauty no car can excel it.

And the evidence is that the Super-Six almost doubles the motor's endurance.

If there is nothing real on the other side, you owe yourself a Hudson Super-Six.

Some Hudson Records

All made under American Automobile Association supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

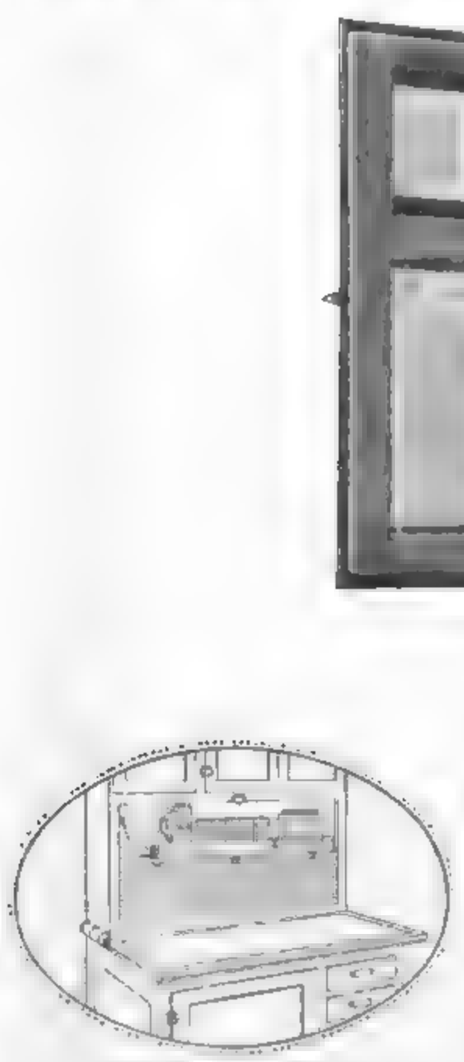
Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour

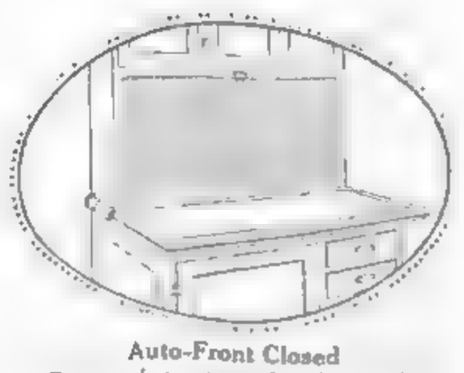
1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Auto-Front Half Open
Front entirely disappears as shown in large picture



Auto-Front Closed
Giving perfect protection from dust and dirt

The New Disappearing Auto-Front
Patented and Trade-Mark Registered

McDougall

If it does not bear this name it is not a McDougall

I AM the spirit of kitchen thrift and economy —the personification of neatness and order —the embodiment of kitchen efficiency.

I am the soul of kitchen service—faithful and patient, no matter how long the hours or how large the family. I never take a day out—not even Sundays. I love my *work;* those I serve love *me.*

I am never tired—never cranky nor cross—never "talk back"—never threaten to leave when company is expected—but am always ready to make kitchen work easier and kitchen hours shorter.

I am the jewel beyond price—yet within the reach of even the modest purse—for I work cheerfully for only $1.00 a week (for a short time) and then *for years without pay.*

I am the *sole possessor* of the magic McDougall Auto-Front, illustrated on opposite page, that vanishes at the touch of the finger to reveal a realm of culinary fascinations.

I am *"Patience McDougall,"* at your service—and my other name is the McDougall Kitchen Cabinet.

I am now at your local furniture store waiting to meet you.

P.S.—Write today for "My Book." It describes the new Auto-Front and other styles, and gives prices.

Your faithful servant,

Patience McDougall

McDougall Company, Frankfort, Ind., U.S.A.

Drive YOUR Car All Winter

Get the fresh air that you need. Don't ride to work on a crowded street car with all its discomforts and *bad* ventilation when you have an automobile *cooped up* in your garage at home. A "WASCO" Garage Heating Outfit costs less than carfare for the winter months—less than a frozen radiator.

An Investigation

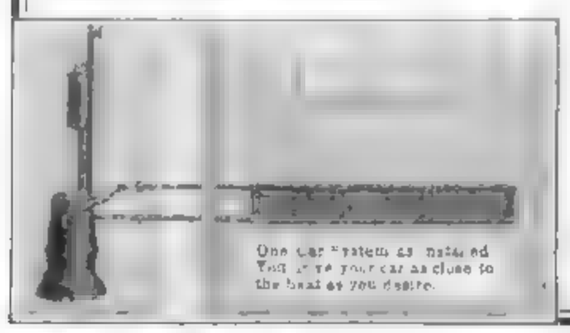
of these heating outfits will convince you that you cannot afford to be without the size that fits your garage.

WASCO GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM READY-TO-SET-UP

Automatic Regulation

This wonderful regulator and this wonderful, simple system, all complete ready to install, could not be furnished for the price but for the fact that it is made in stock sizes and in large quantities. The one-car garage "WASCO" system just fits the average one-car private garage and there are two, three, four and five radiator systems at proportionately low prices because they are stock sizes, ready to install.

Any handy man can install the "WASCO" System, which more than saves its cost by heating your garage safely. Approved by fire underwriters, insurance men and fire chiefs. Protects you against frozen radiators and batteries, cold engine, delay in starting and other inconveniences.



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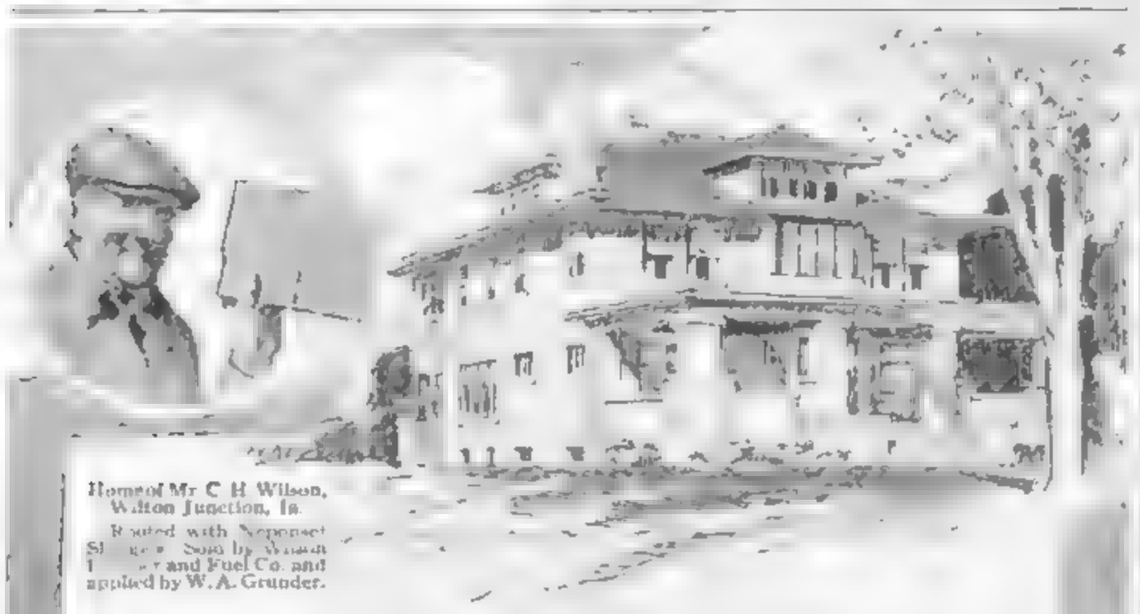

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NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Concluded from Page 52)

me for a talk about his plans. He was still working on the Harry Wade place and getting forty dollars a month. Wade had inherited so many interests in Illinois that he was remaining there, and his dairy was for sale.

"I won't buy it," said Wilberforce, "so long as I can hold the job of running it at forty a month."

"Why not?" I asked, pleased to hear him laying down the law in such a confident way; he certainly had learned.

"Why," said he, "the fellows who rent land are getting more labor income all over these parts than the men who own their farms. The only reason why you have a better income than I is because you have a big investment, on which you have to be allowed interest on the books at the rate of five per cent. Now I calculate that, until a farmer has so much money that he is glad to accept a return of five per cent, he had better rent land than buy. Of course I am not even a renter yet, but I am shaping things up so I may take a lease when I can get a good one. Meantime I am putting away money faster than I ever did in the box factory at a hundred a month. If it weren't for one thing I'd rather stay on at forty than risk starting in for myself on a rented farm with only the equipment I can buy with what I have."

"And that one thing is—Millie?"

Fogg nodded.

"There ain't many girls ——" he started, and then choked up.

"No," said I; "there ain't many girls would do what she has done for you. And, Bill, you will make a great mistake, maybe, if you keep holding off too long. You never will be as well equipped as you'll want to be. I advised you once against starting in as a farmer, and ——"

"Yes," said Bill; "and you saved both of us from shipwreck. We'd have lasted just one season on a farm of our own, green as we were."

"But now," I went on, "you know the game well enough to be careful. You ought to be a pretty good dairyman and farmer by this time, for you've been going to a mighty good school; but Millie is a first-class farmer's wife right now—if she had the chance she's entitled to. She has served her apprenticeship. She'll stick and she'll make good. Where you had one chance in a hundred to make good when I first saw you, you have nine chances out of ten to win now.

"From a money point of view your ideas as to waiting are correct; but you didn't come to the Fairview neighborhood to make money. You wanted to get out into the open and make a living, you said. Don't advance your ambitions from month to month so that they defeat their own ends. Marry Millie—and make the Dunham family sore at you for taking her away, darn you! But marry her, my boy; marry her."

The Rise of the Favilles

"Uncle Abner," said he, gripping my hand, "I'd have been willing to pay a lawyer a hundred dollars for that piece of advice. But I'd have been afraid it wasn't on the square. You and Tom Whelpley have worked me up to the point of worshiping success in farming instead of my God, and loving it so much that I was afraid to give up to my love for my girl!"

"Well," said I, "if that's the case we have been overplaying our hands. How long can we keep Millie?"

"I swear to goodness," said Wilberforce, turning pale, "if I ain't afraid she'll make me wait now as long as she's had to! I'm scared to death!"

Which system has proved most efficient—the Faville system or the Fogg plan? We can't tell yet. The Favilles have had a year of full management of their farm and have done pretty well. I think they made about as good returns as the rest of us, though they made several expensive mistakes. But they were cheerful and they have perfect confidence. Their son and daughter actually engage in farm work, and that is the hardest test there is of acclimatization to Backtothelandia conditions.

The Favilles are a mighty good influence among us, because the doctor, though he says he has retired from practice, really has become the health adviser of the neighborhood, and has done more to clean up unsanitary conditions than anyone else in the county. Mrs. Faville is coming to realize that the farmers' wives are not very different from the women with whom she associated in town—and, altogether, the Favilles are merging with the Fairview landscape very nicely. They will not fail.

As for the Foggs, there couldn't be any doubt of their success with Millie on the job. I believe, after all I have done to give him right ideas, that Wilberforce Fogg would run off after fads and into ruin if it weren't for Millie. I went over there the other day for something—they finally rented the Wade place on some system that gives them half the increase in the herd and the chance to buy as they can—and observed, through the row of willows back of the house, a structure that looked like one of the lath traps we used in the early days for trapping prairie chickens. I peeped through the hedge and saw maybe a quarter of an acre all roofed over with lath about two inches apart and seven feet or so from the ground.

"What in tunket," said I to Millie, "is that lath contraption back here?"

Millie laughed and shook her finger at me warningly.

"You're not supposed to see that," said she. "And I promised Billy I wouldn't tell you. He promised me that if I would consent to this one indulgence he would stop talking about mushrooms, rhubarb in the cellar, Belgian hares and fat-rumped sheep. You've got to give a child his own way once in a while, Uncle Abner."

"Yes," said I; "that's all right—but what in time is it?"

Millie put her cupped hand to my ear and whispered into it:

"Ginseng!"

Now, then, here is the conclusion of the whole matter of people migrating from the cities to the farms, as we see it here in the Fairview District—and we've investigated it and discussed it, and tried some experiments. We say to the back-to-the-lander:

Spend as much time in preparation for the farm as you would for the practice of any other skilled trade or profession.

Study But Don't Buy

Make this preparation both mental and physical. The mental preparation consists in learning the rudiments of farming through actual, daily, serious contact with them.

Don't invest a cent of money in the business until after this preparation has been completed.

If you have any notion of asking others to share in your life on the farm, see to it that they, too, are put through a course of getting used to it—for to many city-bred people life on a farm is only another name for hell.

The cheapest and best way to learn farming and become used to its experiences is for a man to do farm work as a hired man until the business takes on system and order and attractiveness in his mind, and seems worth while. For a woman, work as a hired girl in a farm home is the best preparation. Most city people will get disgusted with the life and flee back to the pavements; but better by far have this happen before the inevitable step than after. Sounds like advice against a hasty marriage, doesn't it? And it is a good deal the same thing.

For those who are so situated that this plan is not practicable the preparation should be made by at least two years of actual personal work in cultivating gardens and plots of the staple crops expected to be grown on farms; and of rearing fowls, pigs or other stock as opportunity offers. Every one of these operations should be accompanied by a close study of the matter in books and bulletins, under competent advice.

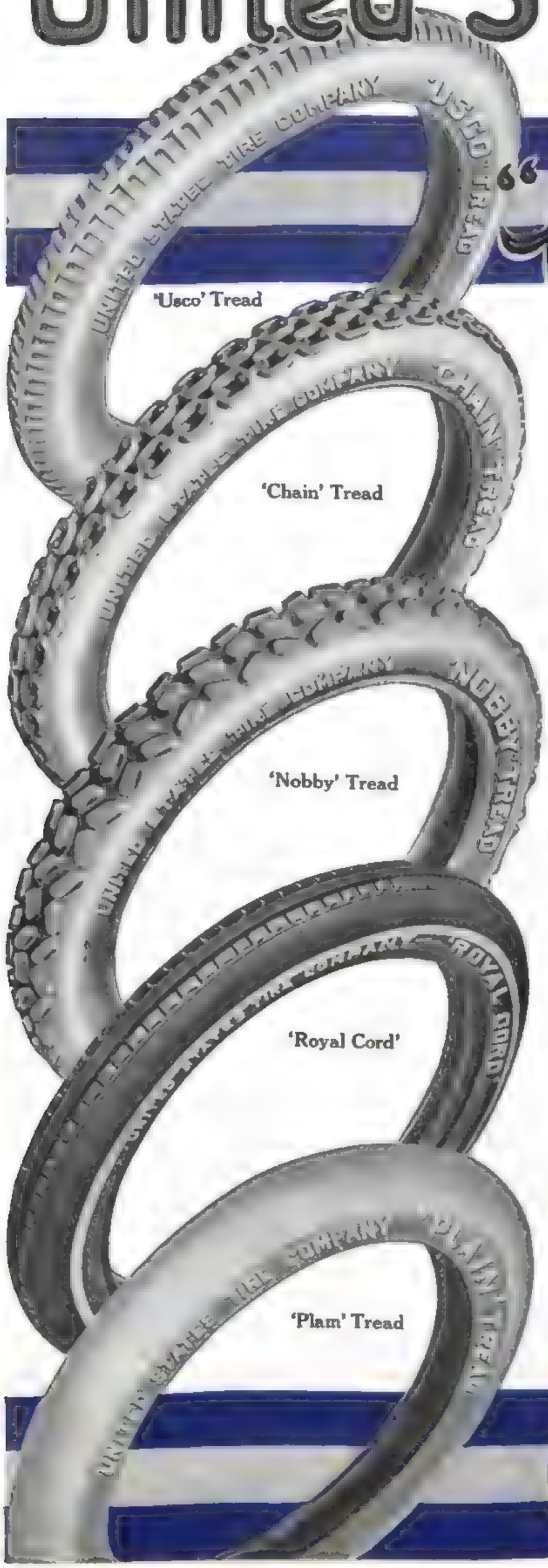
After this two-years course, during which the family's city income will not have ceased, the family should take a lease of a farm for from two to five years, buy the necessary stock and equipment, and put to the test its ability to make good.

Whichever method is adopted—and there are many variants of both—the capital of the family should not be invested in a farm until after the course of preparation is over.

City people take lightly the matter of going back to the land; I want them to take it seriously.

Country-life ideas decay and become noxious under urban conditions. Bring the city people to the country, or they can never, never become acclimated in Backtothelandia. And, in any case, the ginseng virus may persist in their systems from the time when they imbibed misinformation from ignorant public prints.

United States "Balanced" Tires



Four Famous Anti-Skid Tires
And an Equally Famous Plain Tread

An automobile—no matter how good it is—will give satisfactory service only if it has the particular tire adapted to its particular needs.

No one type of tire will suit all types of cars.

That is why we make *five different* types of tires which meet every motoring condition of price and use.

The only complete line made by any tire manufacturer.

Because United States Tires are 'individualized'—each made to meet certain conditions—they give the low mileage cost for which they are famous.

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THE 'NOBBY' TREAD

The grip in the knobs of the 'Nobby' Tread makes it bite the road surface like a file on steel. The 'Nobby' was the first real anti-skid, and it is still the first.

THE 'USCO' TREAD

A rugged, sturdy anti-skid tire, with most rubber where there is most wear. It is an anti-skid costing but little more than the average plain tread.

THE 'CHAIN' TREAD

The dig-in and suction of the 'chain' construction of the 'Chain' Tread make this tire the most effective, efficient anti-skid and high-traction tire in the world at its price.

THE 'ROYAL CORD'

The modern multi-cord tire—the very latest and highest development of resiliency, flexibility, strength and anti-skid qualities in cord tires. It is the monarch of all cord tires.

THE 'PLAIN' TREAD

A front wheel tire so serviceable, so staunch and reliable that its users get double, triple and even quadruple mileage.

A set of United States Tires on your car will keep tire cost down and automobile satisfaction up.

Bear in mind these five United States 'Balanced' Tires which meet every motoring condition of price and use.

Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet, "Judging Tires," which tells in detail how to secure the exact tire to suit your needs.

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

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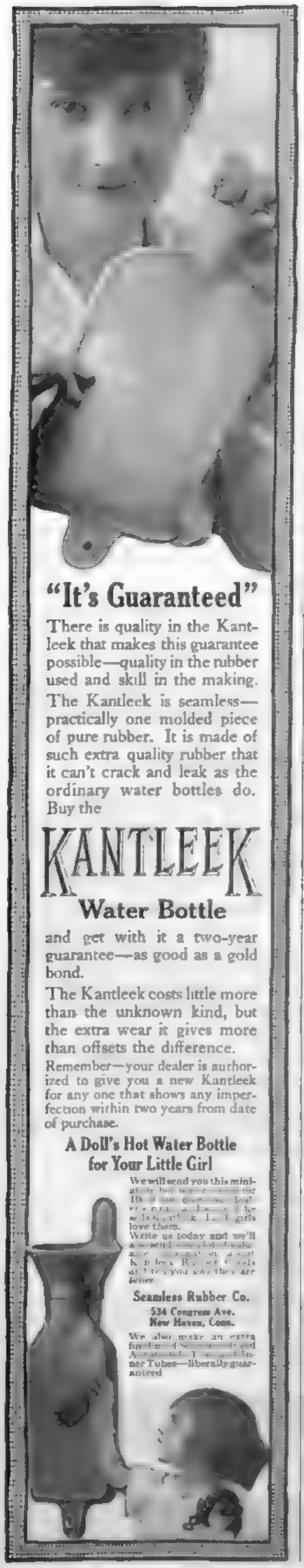

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and get with it a two-year guarantee—as good as a gold bond.

The Kantleek costs little more than the unknown kind, but the extra wear it gives more than offsets the difference.

Remember—your dealer is authorized to give you a new Kantleek for any one that shows any imperfection within two years from date of purchase.

A Doll's Hot Water Bottle for Your Little Girl

We will send you this mini-[illegible] love them.
Write us today and we'll [illegible] at the you like them are *better*

Seamless Rubber Co.
534 Congress Ave.
New Haven, Conn.

We also make an extra [illegible] Inner Tubes—liberally guaranteed

CAPITALIZING VANITY

(Concluded from Page 10)

those who have things to sell. A thing must not only have value, but the value must be visible to the naked eye of the most casual bystander. Showing value is really more important than having value.

Years ago, so the story runs, a piano manufacturer chanced to discover that a great many persons bought pianos not so much for the purpose of producing music as to have a piano in the parlor as proof that they could afford such luxuries. In other words, they had a piano because it was considered the proper thing. Up to the time the manufacturer stumbled on this little human trait he had been putting most of his effort into the tone of his instruments.

He then began to work on a different plan. Though still putting out a fairly good piano as to the inside, he took particular pains with the exterior. He searched for wood having a pretty grain, and used the best varnish and the best workmanship in applying the varnish that he could find. Then he raised the price—even though his manufacturing cost was less than ever before. His sales showed a big increase.

The other day I was talking to a woman who wore a diamond necklace that had cost her husband twelve thousand dollars. At six per cent the interest on the investment would be seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. I asked her whether she thought the fun she got out of her necklace justified all this upkeep charge. She said she loved diamonds because of their beauty.

She also went on to say that she had a passion for all precious stones because of their beauty, and loved rubies and emeralds even more than diamonds; but the colored stones, she added, were more easily imitated and did not show their value. So it appeared that her main reason for wanting a diamond necklace was not the beauty of the diamonds so much as the fact that they showed themselves to be worth a large sum of money and because she was married to a man who could afford to spend the large sum they represented for a needless article. So it goes. Vanity, vanity—everywhere!

A miner, when he strikes it rich, usually goes at once and purchases a number of diamonds—not because he wants them but to show that he is able to have them. An Alaskan gold miner a year or so ago sent to Seattle and bought one of the finest big automobiles available. He had it shipped to him up the river into the interior of Alaska. There were not two miles of road in his locality suitable for a big automobile. Before he had owned the machine a week he drove it into a big snowdrift and there abandoned it. He had accomplished the object of its purchase—to show that he had enough money to get himself an automobile.

The Modesty of the Rich

Nearly every town has a conspicuously big home, which belongs to one of the town's richest men. One of the first impulses of a man who finds himself rich is to build a home much larger than his tastes and the size of his family require. First one and then another of the rich men of a community build larger houses than they need, each new one outdoing the others a little in order to have a proper symbol of the owner's position as Prominent Citizen.

Once a person is wealthy and has been known to be wealthy for a long time, so that there is no need for outward demonstration of the fact, the person usually ceases to wear many diamonds. Once display becomes too common, those who can afford display go to the other extreme and leave it off entirely. This is true not only of people but of institutions.

One of the most prosperous department stores in New York has no name on its building. Unless you are familiar with New York you would probably have to ask somebody before you could learn whose store it is. The idea is that, because most stores have elaborate electric signs, this old institution wishes to impress the public with the fact that it does not need such devices. It does not have to wear diamonds. Any store can have a big sign, but only a few can be so well established as to get along without any name—even on the doormat.

One may have observed that most stores, whether dealing in jewelry or groceries, do not aim to make an appeal to all classes of buyers. They seek the rich, the near-rich or medium class, and the so-called common people. Somewhere there will be a line of demarcation. It is rarely that one store will seek both the very rich and the humble. And there is a reason for this. It is not because the various departments could not be so arranged as to suit everybody, but that the very rich object to dealing at a store where they come too much into contact with people not of their own sort.

The jewelry store, for example, which bids for the trade of the very rich, prices its goods high enough to bar the humbler buyers of jewelry. Then the wealthy seek the place all the more readily, because an article from that store carries with it the idea of expensiveness and exclusiveness and high quality.

A hotel man once told me: "We charge high prices, not only in order to be able to buy the best quality of food obtainable but so that we may obtain the trade of the wealthy business men, who like to show that they have the money to eat in a place where things are so costly."

Chicken at Double Price

I know of a little country inn where the charge for a chicken dinner is two dollars. One can get just as good a dinner at other places for one dollar, but the exorbitant charge seems to give people a desire to eat there. The man of wealth who wants to do something clever would rather take a party of friends to a two-dollar meal than to a one-dollar meal, even if the food were the same. It is something to have eaten a two-dollar meal when equally good ones can be had for less money.

A friend of mine has an automobile with a top over the back seat, but not over the front seat. When it rains the front seat gets wet. However, he has another car to use on rainy days. I am certain the reason he bought an expensive car with no top except for the back seat was to show that he can afford a car for rain and another for fair weather.

He feels that it helps his position in the community.

Similarly one sometimes sees automobiles with two men in livery on the front seat. Certainly there can be no reason for a footman on an automobile except that this affords the opportunity to exhibit one's ability to pay for such needless luxuries. In the days of horses and carriages there may have been some semblance of need for an extra man to help while the driver was holding the horses; but it is fairly obvious that a chauffeur, after stopping his car, can get out and open a door or arrange a robe without losing his union card and without undue strain on his faculties.

A few years ago collars of dark material to match one's shirt were in vogue. These collars saved laundry bills. They should have been especially desirable, one would think, in Pittsburgh. A haberdasher from that town told me he couldn't sell them at all. His customers were all afraid he might think and that their friends might think they bought colored collars as a matter of economy.

Most of us, if we were obliged to live in Pittsburgh and were sensible, would not undertake to wear white kid shoes. Yet I am told that white kid shoes are sold there about as readily as anywhere else. I know a man who now buys white shoes lest somebody should think the reason he did not buy them was because of the upkeep—lest somebody should suspect that he is not making any more money than he is making.

The other day I was talking to a hotel proprietor I had known when he was head waiter in another hotel. After complimenting him on his thrift and enterprise in getting a place of his own, I asked him how he got the money.

"It's vanity money," he replied.

And then he went on to tell me some things about tips, from the head-waiter's viewpoint. There are two main reasons why a man tips a waiter: First, because he fears the waiter may think ill of him if he doesn't; and second, because he wants to impress those about him. It is all a matter of vanity. When a man tips a head waiter persistently enough the head waiter scurries after a suitable table when this man enters the dining room. Other diners notice this and the man knows they notice it. He is flattered.

Then, he likes to lay out substantial tips for the waiter and head waiter if he has friends at his table—especially women friends—so that one and all may appreciate that he is no so-called piker. That is why it is practically impossible to stop tipping—because there are always persons anxious to pay for the proud privilege of being noticed.

A real-estate friend of mine flatters his clients by a little scheme that he says has proved to be worth the extra time it requires. A customer drops in and wants to buy, let us say, a piece of investment property. The man's financial status is such that he could not swing a piece of property worth more than ten thousand dollars. So this real-estate dealer tells him he has the very thing—and shows him a place worth thirty-five or forty thousand dollars.

The man is then in the position of the negro who was asked for a loan of ten dollars and said: "I ain't got no ten dollars, but I thanks you for the compliment all the same." He has a high opinion of the real-estate man's judgment in sizing him up for a person who would think nothing of dashing out forty thousand dollars. And though he does not buy any of this expensive property he ends up, perhaps, by at least buying something.

This real-estate man hit on another way to play on people's vanity. He found that nearly everybody takes pride in the ability to drive a good bargain. This is especially true of a great many women. So, in repapering houses he has for rent, this man always lets one or two rooms go until a tenant is about to move in. The tenant is almost certain to want something done, if for no other reason than for the sport of driving, as he thinks, a close bargain. The real-estate man then agrees to redecorate the two rooms he has reserved for that very purpose, and both parties are pleased.

A Professional Jollier

In my native town lived a man who made a comfortable fortune by conducting a little clothing store. Considering the amount of his investment he made a bigger profit than any other clothing-store man of whom I ever heard. The secret of his success was simply playing on people's vanity whenever he could. He never permitted a young man to buy a suit of clothes without patting him on the back and whispering in his ear something like this:

"I tell you, old fellow, it doesn't do me any harm to have people know where you buy your clothes. You've got a nice athletic build, always look well; and you're a good advertisement for me. I'll appreciate it if you'll drop a remark now and then about where you bought your suit."

He made it his business to know the hobbies and little vanities of nearly everybody in town. If a man had a dog he was proud of the storekeeper would talk to him somewhat in this vein:

"A friend of mine down East wants a dog like yours. I was telling him you had the best dog of its kind in this part of the country, but you wouldn't sell it!"

If the customer's main pride in life was his wife, his weight, his front yard or his golf game, he could not easily get out of the store until the proprietor had patted him on the back and complimented him on the thing he most liked to hear about.

I never bought a shirt or a necktie from the man when he didn't remark:

"You certainly have the knack of picking the pretty patterns. I must lay out one like that and take it home for myself."

He told everybody that.

I have in mind a big store that sells chiefly to people of the humbler classes, but always has at least one window filled with ultra-expensive articles. They will have a gown labeled, say, two hundred and seventy-five dollars, and worth perhaps every cent of it.

Now, if a woman was going to pay that much for a dress this store would be the last place in town she would think of looking for it.

Yet it pays them to carry a limited amount of high-priced goods in stock to exhibit in their windows; for it pleases the humbler customers to know that they buy their clothes at a place which handles two-hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar gowns.

If it were possible to extract the vanity from human nature there would be necessary a business readjustment much greater than is expected to follow the European war. It would be worth while to know just how much modern business—with human vanity eliminated—could endure.

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It announces itself unmistakably—as good breeding discloses itself in a man or a woman.

You scarcely know why a woman of refinement always seems exquisitely gowned, no matter how simple her attire.

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True artistry in the attire of a man or a woman, or in the appointments of a room, or in the design of a motor car, consists in blending many small beauties into one beauty.

Judged by this difficult criterion, we believe the new Cadillacs will exceed your highest and most critical expectations.

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Running boards are clear of encumbrances which mar a clean-cut exterior.

Spare tires are carried at the rear.

You enter the car and alight from it through doors of liberal dimensions.

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Entrance to the driver's seat is facilitated by the hinged steering wheel which swings downward, but is held securely when driving.

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As you enter the car you are impressed with the roominess of the interior arrangement.

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Cadillac upholstery is truly a revelation. It represents the most modern developments in thorough comfort-giving qualities. The covering material is plaited over specially designed deep coil springs.

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In every detail there is striking evidence of the forethought to provide every comfort, convenience and facility which the most exacting could demand.

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Enclosed cars, 125 inch wheelbase: Four Passenger Coupé $2800. Five Passenger Brougham $2950.

Enclosed cars, 132 inch wheelbase: Seven Passenger Limousine $3600. Seven Passenger Landaulet $3750. Seven Passenger Imperial $3750. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

The Vogue of Community Plate

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DINING ROOM *of* MRS. HONORÉ PALMER

Mrs. Palmer, leader of Chicago's younger social set, was Miss Grace C. Brown, and is the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Potter Palmer. The Sheraton design in Community Plate is used on her dining table.

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Baroness de Meyer, New York

Mrs. James B. Haggin, New York

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York

Baroness Huard, Paris

Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer, New York

Mrs. Robert Jordan, Boston

Mrs. Honoré Palmer, Chicago

Princess Troubetzkoy, New York

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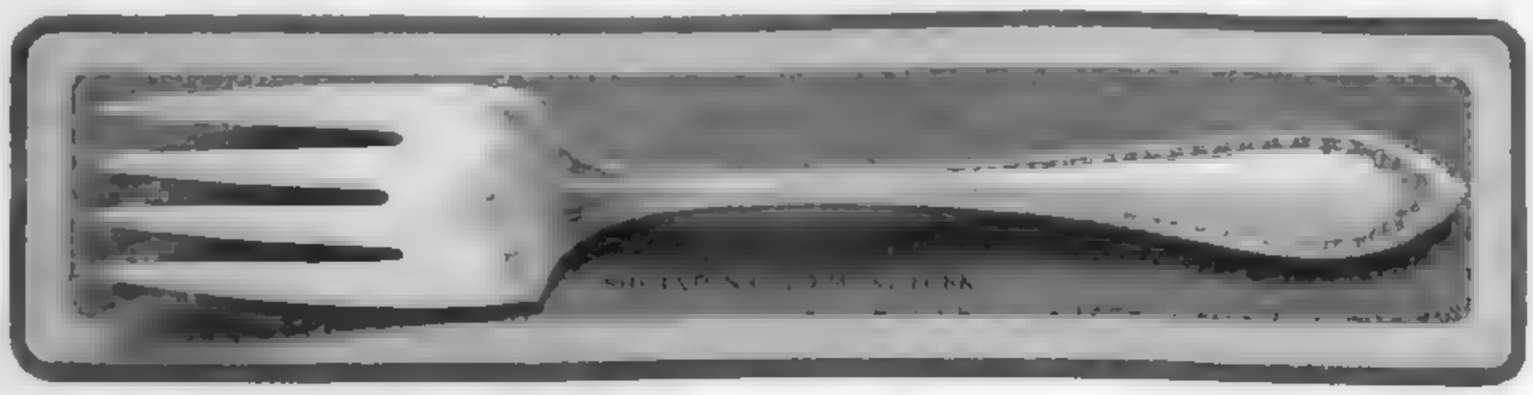


OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 14)

finance the project and keep it to themselves; or an open corporation will be financed, by the sale of shares to the public.

The close-development corporation is not a proper investment for the money of widows or orphans, or for anybody not financially able to take some speculative chances. But to the active man in the prime of his earning power, with surplus cash with which to take a chance, it offers at least a fair run for the money, with big possibilities for profit if the venture is successful.

It has been determined that the prospect warrants development. The engineer's report indicates that twenty-five thousand dollars, spent in driving a shaft, will show whether the prospect is a real mine. This money is to be spent during a period of two years, say. So twenty-five men get together and prepare to pay in a thousand dollars each during the progress of the work. If good ore is struck the property may be worth ten to one hundred times their investment, and further capital for erecting a mill and working the mine can be obtained without difficulty. If no pay ore is found nobody has to go into bankruptcy, and failure is accepted philosophically.

When an open corporation is organized and shares are sold to the general public, there will be a large number of shares at a low price—so low that everybody can participate. This scheme originated in Western metal mining, it is said. The basis of Eastern finance, for railroads, industrial concerns, public-utility corporations, and so forth, is the share of one hundred dollars par value. But in the West it was found that for such shares the investing public was extremely limited, yet almost everybody was willing to take reasonable chances in mine ventures. So shares at a par value of not more than one dollar were issued, and very often the par value was placed as low as twenty-five cents. Moreover, these shares are never sold for their par value at the outset of a development enterprise, but are marketed for from five to ten cents each. One million shares at a par value of twenty-five cents, sold for ten cents apiece at the start, gives a working capital of one hundred thousand dollars, or as much as one thousand shares at a hundred dollars each, sold at par. The hundred-dollar shares can be sold only to business men able to make substantial investments, whereas the million ten-cent shares can be sold broadcast to several thousand small investors who have a few dollars with which to speculate, and whose money can be scattered over a number of different mine ventures.

If all the working capital is spent in development without reaching ore in paying quantity the shareholders will be assessed for more money, provided the prospects are good. Perhaps the diamond drill has located rich ore veins that must be reached by tunneling, which work is being carried on by men in whom investors have confidence. So more money is readily paid in. The assessments are very moderate, seldom exceeding one cent a share, and very often a half or quarter of a cent. Thus, on a one-cent assessment, the investor who bought a hundred shares at ten cents is called upon to pay in only a dollar.

The Ways of a Heathen Chinee

All sorts of people in the West put spare money into mine shares. The porter and the scrubwoman, the clerk and the bookkeeper, the office boy and the private secretary, living constantly in an atmosphere of mines and mining talk, are led to take chances in the industry. Miners in the different mineral districts are usually good investors, because they know the real nature of the mines whose shares are being traded in and, what is even more important, they know the nature of mine manngement. Some of the most productive Western mining states are now on a prohibition basis, and the result has been that miners invest in mine stocks what was formerly spent in saloons.

A recent incident in one camp illustrates how a working miner can profit by his knowledge. A rich vein was struck in a well-known mine, and when the miners came to the mess for dinner they were much excited. The Chinese cook got excited, too, but he made no sign. When dinner was over he disappeared, and shortly after it was found that the telephone from the camp to the railroad, the only means of communication, would not work. While the management of the mine was trying to get in touch with the superintendent next day, all the available stock on the market was bought in by Chinamen, who had been given information by the cook. The latter had very thoughtfully cut the telephone wire on his way to the railroad, because he intended never to come back. He didn't need to, for when his shares were sold a few days later, in the bull market following official news of the strike, he had enough money to retire.

Again and again the small investor in the West, buying mine shares on his knowledge of conditions in his own locality, has made excellent profits. For five years before the outbreak of the European war, mining was at low tide. Properties with abundant ore could not be worked at the prices paid for copper, lead and zinc. These mines were shut down, and their shares sold for five and ten cents, and even for as little as one cent. During that period there was a bargain-hunting public that steadily bought in shares on faith, putting them away against the day when the tide would rise again. When the war came, and metal prices soared, many of these stocks, bought for a dime, went up to ten and twenty dollars, and the people who had bought them realized comfortable fortunes.

How the West Judges Mines

The West has one method of judging a mine's value that is thoroughly sound and commendable. It buys, not shares or mines, but men and management. Because real mining is now on a manufacturing basis, with low-grade ores worked to close margins of profit, good management is all-important. It is even more vital where money is being spent to develop a prospect. For that sort of expenditure produces no revenue until ore is uncovered, and both honesty and skill are necessary in management.

The Easterner understands, of course, that there is actually a mining industry in the West, yielding its hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of metal yearly. But he assumes that all the real mines, paying dividends, are owned by big capitalists and operated as close corporations, and that the ordinary investor seldom has an opportunity to get an interest in a paying mine. As for the shares bought and sold on Western mining exchanges, those appear to him just wildcat securities, counters in a gambling game that has hardly any connection with real mining.

It is true that many of the big mine properties of the West are controlled by great corporations—for example, the copper mines of Montana, Utah and Arizona. But it is far from true that big money monopolizes all the opportunities.

A group of Eastern capitalists organized a syndicate to engage in Western mining, provided any desirable properties could be found. With several million dollars in the treasury waiting to go to work, they sent their engineers out to investigate prospects and mines. More than fifteen hundred different properties were examined, and then the syndicate retired from the West and went into liquidation, with the explanation that no desirable properties could be found.

This aroused derision in the West, where the Eastern capitalists were advised to hurry back to the safety of Wall Street with their millions. Moreover, they were assured that nobody not willing to take a chance ever made anything in Western mining.

The good mines are far from being monopolized by big corporations. One district in the West may be cited as an illustration. It is a section with about seventy-five developed mines the shares of which are sold on the local stock exchange—and with about fifteen dividend-paying mines that yielded last year nearly ten million dollars to stockholders. Not one of these paying mines can be considered a big-corporation project, for the district has been developed by local men and local money. Some of the paying mines are close corporations, the shares of which are held by business men who undertook development on the syndicate plan. The rest are public corporations, and their shares can be bought by anybody who has the price.

Mines that have been worked at a profit at a period of good metal prices will be closed down when prices drop. Their stockholders are scattered far and wide, and the mines cannot be opened again when prices rise, until somebody brings the scattered interests together and organizes a new management, or perhaps buys in the rights for a new group of owners. An interesting case of this sort was the recent opening of an old mine, in California, a real forty-niner that had lain idle for forty years, the property of the late Hetty Green, whose interest was bought by a new syndicate when the mining boom struck the West.

This is the sort of thing that makes mining so human and attractive to the man on the ground with mining knowledge and experience in development, and to the investor on the ground, whether he be large or small, who knows something about men and management. And because these are the real conditions, no trust could ever monopolize all the mining possibilities; and honest, promising development projects are constantly being carried out with moderate means. There are plenty of one-man developments, as the recent mining boom has shown, where men who understood the possibilities have reopened old mines or made paying properties out of prospects that they understood through close study. One case that came to light recently was that where two men developed a three-hundred-thousand-dollar copper mine on an outlay of less than four hundred dollars, their success lying in the fact that they knew the property and had found a rich vein of high-grade ore near the surface, which paid for sinking a shaft one hundred and seventy-five feet.

The average life of a mine is said to be considerably less than ten years. But some great mines are found that last two and three times as long. The short-lived mine is apt to be very rich, so that those who develop and work it to exhaustion make a remarkable profit. The long-lived mine, on the other hand, is usually a low-grade proposition which furnishes big tonnage of lean ore, year after year, to be worked on a factory basis.

Picking the Winners

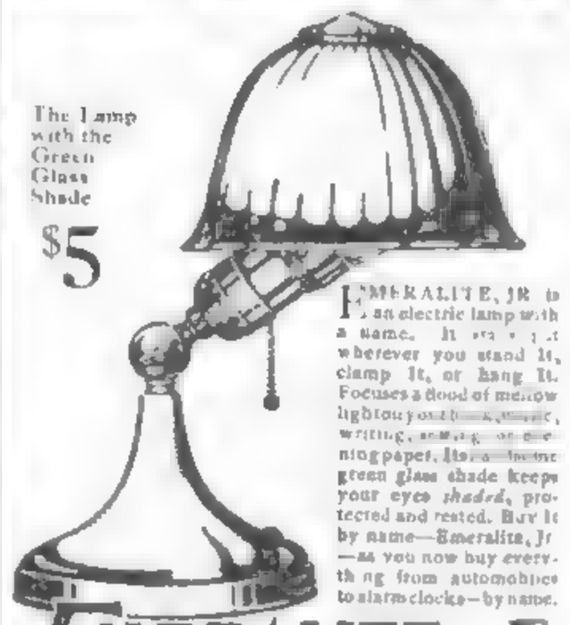
Big mining companies, as a rule, are interested chiefly in the long-lived mines and want to take them over only when they are proved. This leaves a wide field for the one-man development, the independent mining promoter, the small local-development syndicate and the small local-development company. They can keep track of the prospector's discoveries, sift the Pauper's Dream claim from the Hidden Treasure, get their nickels and dimes together, develop the property, form an operating company if it is a real mine, and later sell it to a big corporation if it is an exceptional one. When it reaches the latter stage, then the East steps in with its money, buying the securities for investment—and that is about the only way in which the East participates in the chances and profits of real mining.

Into the office of every Western mining man, whether he be a broker, a promoter, an engineer or an editor, there will come, every month, a certain number of inquiries from Eastern people who have bought stock in the Pauper's Dream and want to know something about the property. In very few cases will the mining man have heard about the Pauper's Dream. It has no place in Western mining, but is an Eastern get-rich-quick project, pure and simple, a creation of printer's ink and steel engraving. The East has been sinking its money in this sort of mine for many years, under the impression that it was participating in the real industry. If Western metal mining is our most human industry, then the sale of such worthless securities in the East is almost our most inhuman one.

Meanwhile, the West needs capital for real mining development. It is said that the local syndicates are not nearly so many as was the case a few years ago, and that in consequence there are not so many new mines being proved and brought to a stable basis. There seem to be just as many opportunities, however. If the Eastern investor who buys stock so freely and confidently in the Pauper's Dream could be introduced to the Western investor who is developing the Hidden Treasure, it would be a great thing for both of them.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES



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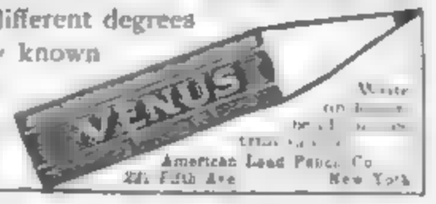

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 22)

word of comment. But I was not at the end of my troubles. By this time the rumor of my heathen views had reached the pastor's ears. This was Brother Hale, an old man who preached against something all the time. If it was not theaters and dancing, it was the Baptist doctrine of election or the Presbyterians' Shorter Catechism.

On this Sunday morning he read a good deal from Ezekiel about familiar spirits and divination, which showed how strongly Ezekiel felt about the competition between jugglers and prophets in his day. Then Brother Hale preached on this: "Beware of sorcerers." He was furious with sorcerers, as if there was one present who was crowding him and all Christian people out of their spiritual rights. He quoted from the Acts of the Apostles, to prove how the practice of sorcery leads to strangely evil incantations of the soul and destroys the moral sense.

"Bretheren, bretheren!" he shouted, "this is no capsule doctrine I'm giving you! It's the naked quinine! If there be any among us given over to this iniquity, we must purge this church of them or bring down the condemnation upon us of a righteous God."

He might have been warning us against The Society for Psychic Research, but my own mouth tasted bitter and my feelings were outraged. If I had stood up in an experience meeting and confessed to half a dozen sins, nothing would have been said about that. Nobody would have thought less of me. We all told things on ourselves at such times that should have debarred us from society, but that only knit us closer together in the bonds of sympathy. But I was being held up to condemnation before the church because I'd made use of a poetic figure of speech.

I was conscious of covert, accusing glances from various sources in the congregation as Brother Hale went on. Once Lily Triggs flirted round and looked me squarely in the face, as much as to say, "Thou art the woman!" Then she flirted back and gave her attention with a pious air to the preacher. If she had spoken aloud she could not have made clearer what was in her mind—namely, that she might have her faults, she did not pretend as some people whom she knew did, but no one could accuse her of having a vagabond soul mixed up in heathen scandals!

If anyone thinks this account of my experience is exaggerated, let him recall the things for which men and women have been burned at the stake, not because they were bad but because of a difference of opinion about a doctrine or a creed. I have known a preacher, a good man who believed firmly in the cardinal doctrines of the Methodist Church, to be tried for heresy because he made frank use of the term "evolution" in his sermons. I do not like that word myself. It looks low down in front and high up behind, as if it had its nose in the dirt and its heels in the air. Still, only bigotry could have driven out of the church a Christian minister who used it. A few years ago a presiding elder in our Annual Conference brought charges against a preacher and had him "located," because the unfortunate man stubbed his spiritual toe against the doctrine of infant baptism, and balked at performing this rite for the babies born in his circuit. I'm a firm believer in infant baptism. It never hurts the child, and it sometimes helps the parents, who really take the vows, to do better by their baby. But I said then, and I still believe, it was a mean, unchristian act to turn that preacher out of the itinerancy because he didn't feel called to baptize babies. There are as many martyrs now in the churches as there ever were. The only difference is, we do not put them out of their pain so quickly by burning them up.

However, I lack the elements of martyrdom. Such meekness as I have is of a militant character. I was sitting before the fire that afternoon, too angry to read my Bible, which is a thing I do every Sunday afternoon, when there was a knock at the door and Brother Hale walked in.

We were both on our guard. He said he thought it was going to snow. I said I didn't care if it did. What he meant was: "This is a very sad day for us all, Sister Thompson." What I meant was: "You can't put off the bad weather of your spirit on me, Brother Hale. I've enough weather of my own!"

He sighed. He warmed first one foot, then the other. He worked his mouth in his beard and groaned. I just waited with my hands folded and my eyes fixed coldly upon him.

"Sister Thompson," he began at last in a sepulchral voice, "I have always regarded you as a Christian woman ——"

"I am, up to a certain point, Brother Hale," I answered quickly; "after that I'm just a natural woman."

"Ah, yes. It's hard to overcome the Old Adam ——"

"I can manage any Old Adam I know. It's the evil of the Eves in this situation that troubles me," I returned darkly.

"Then you know there's been a good deal of talk?"

"Yes, and I know how it started, which you should have found out before you preached that sermon on sorcerers this morning," I returned without beating about the bush.

"Well, how did such a report start if there was no truth in it?" he demanded.

"I didn't say there was no truth in it," I began.

"Then you admit it!"

"No, I don't admit anything," casting about for some way to explain what I meant.

I tried to tell him about my visit to Sally, and the train of thought which had led me to speculate so heavily in immortality. But it is not easy to interpret a winged mood to a man who has literal-minded damnation ideas. As I repeated what I said to Sally about my ancient immortality and the fancy I had of seeing myself like the shades of all women coming and going through time, he looked even more horrified than Sally did. Tears of rage and mortification blinded me. I could not go on.

"You didn't claim to have been one of the Cleopatra girls?" he asked coolly.

"Don't you mention that to me again, Brother Hale," I evaded, seeing I could not make him understand.

"But this is a serious matter, Sister Thompson; it involves the difference between an evil spirituality and a pure spiritual life. I understood that in your conversation with Sister Parks you claimed to have been one of the Cleopatra girls, and ——"

"There was only one of them, so far as I know," I interrupted. "Does anybody who knows me think I ever lived or looked like her? It's a shame upon you all that a woman who has been a consistent member of this church through all her inconsistencies can't exercise her spiritual imagination without being suspected of dark practices and relations to a misguided heathen female who's been dead several thousand years!"

"It was a most unfortunate occurrence, Sister Thompson, and has led to a scandal in the church," he said, as if he still blamed me.

But I was in no mood to be blamed.

"Yes, and do you know why? It's because of the evil mind in some good people—the desire they have for excitement. Instead of making moonshine whisky they distill scandals at the expense of helpless people. And you, who would scorn to drink the one, will feed upon the other! On the other hand," I said, talking very fast because I saw that he wished to interrupt me, "I've known you to listen to something said about women for which the speaker should have been punished, without resenting that at all!"

"I never did!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Brother Hale, you were present at the last Annual Conference, were you not?"

"Certainly, but ——"

"Four hundred of your preachers and about half as many women were sitting upon the floor of the Conference when the bishop, enumerating the things to be thankful for, wound up with this: 'And I suppose there is not a man in this house who does not thank God that he was not born a woman!' And he the son of a woman! And the house filled with women who'd spent their lives working for him and the church, in spite of their efforts to serve just the Almighty!"

"But, Sister Thompson ——"

"Why, I ask you, should anybody, man or woman, thank God for his or her sex? Is there any advantage before Him in being born a male? If you ask me, Brother Hale, I believe there's a plus mark put after every

(Continued on Page 65)

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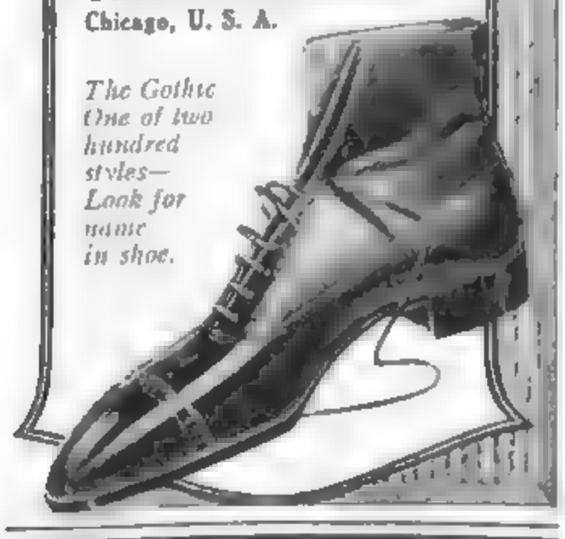

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(Continued from Page 62)

woman's name in the Book of Life! We have not fought the wars, or built the cities, or carried on the Dives business of amassing wealth in this present world; but we do keep the faith. What would happen if all the women in all the churches dropped out and went into business with the brethren? The pastors might still get their salaries, but your missionary collections would drop two-thirds; your Sunday schools would dissolve into dancing classes; the young people would leave the church. As for revivals, you wouldn't have any, and not a single conversion."

"Sister Thompson," he put in while I paused for breath, "what the bishop said is not the point at issue——"

"No," I interrupted; "you could sit there and hear something which humiliated every woman in the house, without protesting against the loutish pride he showed in just his sex, but you can come over here to chasten an old woman who has upheld the hands of preachers and served the church faithfully for forty years, because I had a fancy for gadding in the spirit through the land of Uz with Job and the prophets." I sobbed, whisking the tears angrily from my eyes.

"You went out of the land of Uz, Sister Thompson, and claimed to have been one of the Cleo——"

"Don't mention that woman's name to me again!" I exclaimed fiercely.

But he went on to explain that though he was sure I was guiltless of practicing divination, it behooved a Christian woman to be careful what she said which might cause another to stumble, especially since we had that iniquitous organization, The Society for Psychic Research, preying upon the spiritual life of the community.

"Very well, Brother Hale, I'll bridle my tongue in the future," I answered grimly as he took leave of me.

Since I have been so conscientious in recording the transgressions of others it is my duty to set down here the truth about myself in the days that followed. I backslid and, like many another backslider, I started upon the downward grade with a deep sense of injury in my heart. But the Lord makes no allowance for our mortal sense of injustice. He holds us rigidly to the standard of returning good for evil, over and above all the other things we do to one another.

I had wished many times for the chance to take a rest from being the handmaiden of all works in our church. Now the opportunity had come, through no fault of mine, and I resolved to take a vacation from my Christian duties. Let some other woman be the church busybody! I reckon behind the door of my mind my other mind was thinking about what would happen when I dropped out and left the other workers with the bag to hold, the seeds to sow and the harvest to reap. But, I say, the Lord numbers such thoughts as these along with the hairs of your head, and He collects repentance for them along with your other transgressions.

I went to church the next Sunday. But instead of going up and taking my accustomed place behind the choir, I dropped into the first seat I came to. This was in the extreme rear of the house. Doctor Edd was the only other person in it. He looked at me as much as to say: "What's the trouble? Have the heavens fallen?"

I paid no attention to him. I set my chin forward, dropped the corners of my mouth, lifted my eyes, and stared straight at the ceiling above the pulpit. Jonah sitting under his gourd at noonday, with everybody staring at him, could not have felt more self-righteous.

Charlotte is president of the missionary society—let her remind Brother Hale of the meeting on Thursday! I said to myself vindictively. Naturally she did not do it, since I had always attended to that. I saw her look round and catch sight of me after Brother Hale made the announcements, omitting this one.

During the service which followed I was conscious that half the people in the house turned and stared at me from time to time. But I never once dropped my gaze from that knothole in the wall about six feet above the preacher's head. I remained seated bolt upright during prayers, which was the hardest thing of all to do. In spite of my efforts to remain calmly offended I felt the tears on my cheeks.

My custom is to go up after service and thank the preacher for his sermon. I've done this many a time when he had made

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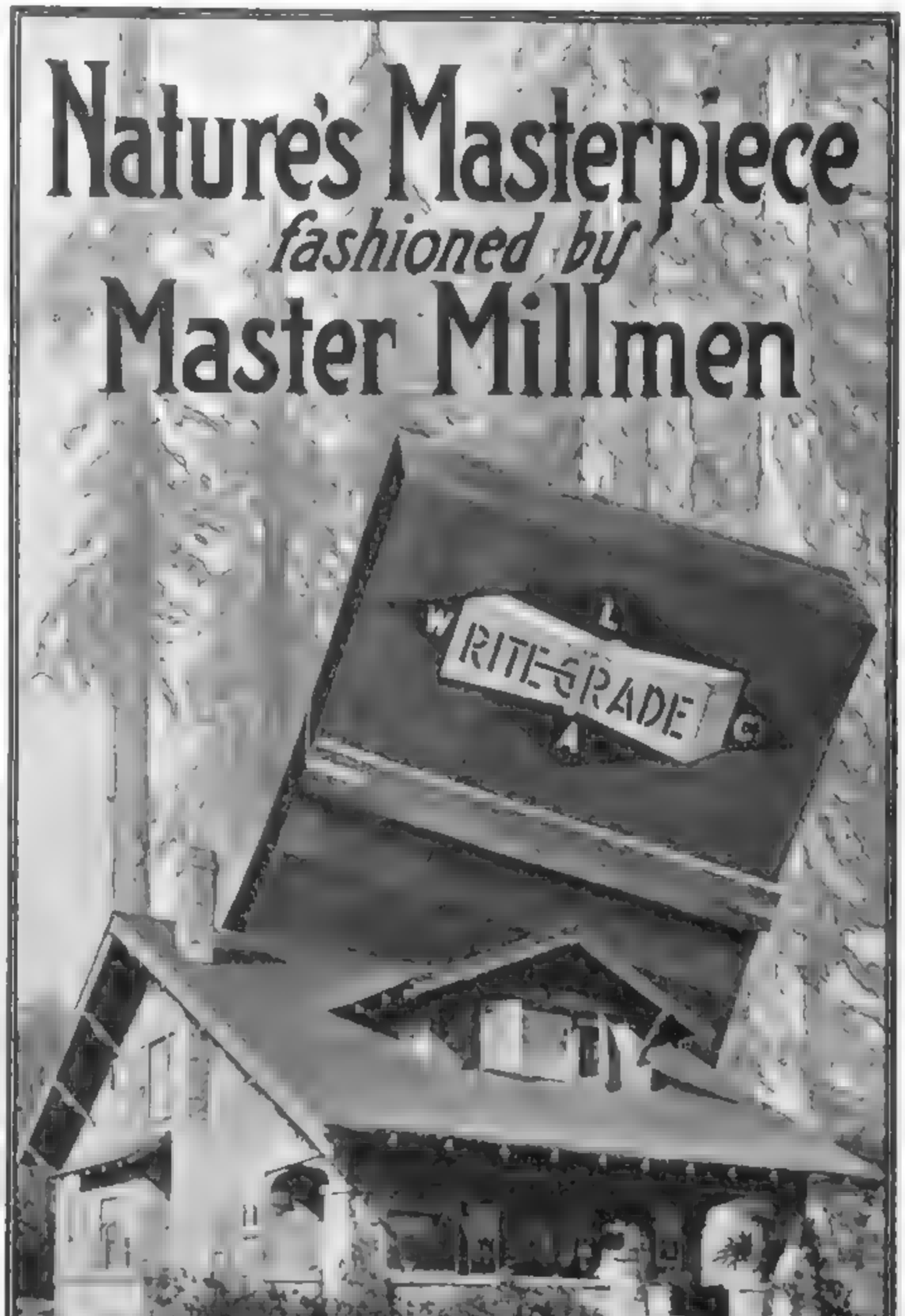

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a flash in the pan or bored me so I could not keep awake, just to encourage him to do better if he could next time. But upon this day I flounced out of the door and across the street to my own house the minute the benediction was pronounced.

I did not go to the meeting of the missionary society. I sent the treasurer's books and my resignation by Molly Brown. Late the same afternoon she brought them back and said the society refused to accept my resignation. But I told her to keep them, that I was tired of walking the streets of Berton like a mendicant trying to collect dues. Let Sally Parks have the office. She was a good woman!

"You shouldn't do this way, Mary," Molly said, tenderly reproachful.

"I'm not doing any way, Molly, I've quit doing. I'm taking a rest," I answered serenely.

But the Lord alone knows how I suffered! I have never lived so blamelessly as a Christian as I now lived as a backslider. I remained at home, attended strictly to my own business, and talked about nobody, though talking was a privilege I had always enjoyed. Nothing went right. The church across the street accused me. I was very low in my spirit, and took rheumatism in my knees. But when I got painfully down to say my prayers, the yeast had gone out of my petitions and they did not rise above my head. I could not pray with the same indignant fervor that sinners should return from the error of their ways and that backsliders should be reclaimed. The very heathens seemed to stare at me reproachfully from the ends of the earth, as if I'd forsaken them and left them to perish in their idolatries.

Some people, with no holding-back straps to their minds, may prove that faith in God is an illusion, but no one can prove that about the religious life. It comes nearer fitting than any other kind of existence. It is the very glove of immortality. If you cease suddenly to do the things you've always done in His name, it is like giving up your citizenship in one country and becoming an alien in another without crossing your own threshold.

I was far from understanding this at first. I was like a poor old-lady Samson who went out and shook herself, and wist not that her strength had departed from her.

I was reduced to trying peptonoid Scriptures, like Emily Peters when she reads her devotional exercises. Someone had given me a little book that contained one hundred quotations from the Old and New Testaments, designed like quick remedies to meet any emergency of the soul without having to look for it. But none of those verses were written for me. They were for the woman I had been.

Still, something in me held out like the seven devils of perversity. A backslider will hold fast to his integrity and make less fuss about it than Job did.

After two or three weeks had gone by Sally Parks came in one day, looking very meek and awkward, as if she'd never been in this house before, and didn't feel free to come back to the kitchen where I was making pies. I showed her into the parlor and took off my apron.

She told me all the news of the town, but I made no comment. She said she noticed I'd been keeping close at home lately, and she hoped it was not la grippe. I told her no, I was very well, "Thank you." She supposed I'd heard that Brother Hale was having trouble with the choir. I saw "Lily Triggs!" in capital letters on her lips, but I would not encourage her to say what the trouble was. The choir was as far from my thought as the East is from the West.

"I reckon you know Charlotte resigned as president of our missionary society," she ventured.

I did not know that either.

"Have you planted your garden?" I asked, changing the subject so abruptly it was like casting Charlotte out of the window.

"No, I don't get time to do anything at home since we've had so much trouble keeping the society together. I'm president now, you know," she said with a sigh.

"My lettuce is coming up like little green curls, and the radishes are ready for use," I put in cheerfully.

We went on talking at cross-purposes, she endeavoring to draw me back to church affairs while I circled and evaded the subject, never implying by word or look that I'd ever been a Christian woman. When she arose to go she paused at the door, regarding me with the forlorn expression of a little old girl who wishes to be forgiven something.

"Mary," she began, "I make mistakes sometimes—we all do. I meant no harm when I told Charlotte about what you said to me that day, but ——"

"If you see the Peters children as you go home, tell them their old cat has kittens in my woodshed," I said, interrupting as if I had not heard what she was trying to tell me.

"Very well, I will," she answered sadly, and went out.

The next Sunday I went to the Presbyterian Church. I felt very queer, with everybody staring at me during the singing of the first hymn. Doctor McAndrews read his sermon. I reckoned he always did, for the congregation sat as comfortably under it as if he were pasting it to them, one leaf at a time. But for me it was like having cold bread and ice water for breakfast when I'd been accustomed to hot biscuits and coffee. I went home chilled to the marrow of my spirit.

The following Sunday I went to the Baptist Church, which I should not have done if I had remembered this was Communion Day. Doctor Fulton was already under way with his discourse when I came in. Whatever his text may have been, he preached long and earnestly upon the word "Baptidso." The sense of what he said was that no one need hope for the remission of his sins who slurred the meaning of that word. "You must be baptized!" he shouted with emphasis.

He was a good man. But how a good man could preach just a doctrine which excluded so many other people from the Lord's mercies was a mystery to me.

When I was a child we had a Sunday-school song which ran something like this:

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar.
Safe in the lifeboat, sailor, cling to self no more,
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

But I was too young to read the words. What I thought they sang was:

Leave that poor old strangled wretch behind
and pull for the shore.

This seemed to me a most barbarous and unchristian thing to do. I reckon it is the same way with me now about the Baptist doctrines—I miss the proper meaning.

The worst was yet to come. Doctor Fulton closed his sermon by emphasizing the rite of "close communion."

I would not confess myself a sinner or an outsider by leaving. The deacons passed the bread and wine. When they came to the pew where I was sitting they skipped me as if I were a dropped stitch. I turned deathly homesick in a moment for my own church.

I hope I should have done right in any case and gone back to my own church after this experience, but that night I came down with influenza which developed into pneumonia. The first person I saw when the red pain in my breast let go enough for me to get a good breath was Sally Parks bending over my bed.

"Sally," I whispered, "how many blooms are there on your Cape jasmine bush?"

"Hush, Mary dear. You are better, thank heaven! But Charlotte and I were frightened about you last night," she said tenderly.

"Did you say Charlotte was here too?" I asked feebly.

"Every night while you were so bad off she was here. So many have called—Baptists and Presbyterians too. And our pastor offered a special prayer for your recovery last Sunday."

I closed my eyes deeply comforted, as if suddenly my transgressions melted away. This may be the reason why penitents weep. I felt the tears start.

"Sally," I began, whimpering weakly, "I feel like the prodigal son. And your kindness feels like the fine robe his folks ran out and put on him when he came home!"

"Don't talk any more, dear!" she continued, smiling too.

I was able to get out by Easter; but for a long time I felt as the wicked do after they turn from the error of their ways. I had a past to live down. But nobody in this church can say I didn't do it with proper energy and assurance. I just took hold where I left off, and went on holding my own in the spirit and out of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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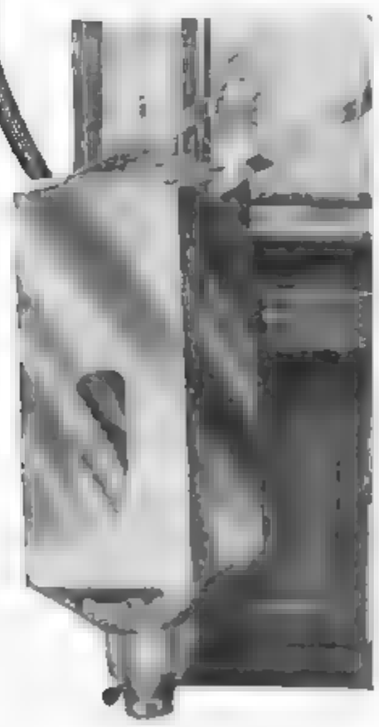

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SNOW-BLIND

(Continued from Page 13)

"If you say anything like that again, Calk," Rime began to threaten, "I'll——"

Indignation mastered him. He began to grope for wood.

All this while seven dogs of the pack had followed Rime and Calk. At first they had hid themselves. The lurking pursuit was significant of a ravenous interest in Rime and Calk. Two of the nine had disappeared. They might have been seized and eaten by the seven in the midst of the gale. They might have escaped to the timber or to Fool Harbor to save themselves from destruction. At any rate, the seven survivors had secretly stalked Rime and Calk all the way from the shelter of the big bowlder. They had not ventured near. It was the behavior of wolves rather than of dogs.

As a matter of fact, Rime and Calk had released and rebuffed the dogs to their natural state. The dogs were no longer in servitude. They had been given no work; they had been denied food; they had no longer anything in common with the men—nothing to give or receive. They had been cast off. They were free. In this new relation they had acted in concert, like a pack of wolves in patient chase of a dangerous quarry. One man had a whip—the other an ax. The dogs were cowards. They had stepped warily—curious, cautious, patient, keenly alert. Their feet had been silent on the carpet of snow. And they had not been fed for four days.

Rime and Calk had been off guard all day long. They had caught no indication of the whereabouts of the pack. There had been no sound to alarm them. Had they been aware that the dogs were following—creeping closer all the while, bolder, more eager as the nearer approach was ignored—they would have been concerned and constantly watchful. Having accepted the suggestion that the whole pack had sagaciously scampered off to Fool Harbor for food, however, they had dismissed the menace for good and all. When they came to the patch of spruce, stumbling and fumbling like disabled men, the dogs crept close and sat on their haunches, intent and amazed.

By that time the pack was beginning to be surely aware that there was something the matter with the men. It was intensely interesting. Curiosity overcame them. They squirmed a little nearer. Joker even crept within a fathom of Calk and looked him over at leisure. He was not driven away. It was astounding. He crouched. At that moment Calk's voice was raised in anger against Rime. Courage failed the dog. He sat up. The other dogs crept closer. Nothing happened. They crept closer still. And they waited—ready for attack or flight.

Calk stumbled against a bowlder. It protruded from the snow and had been swept bare by the wind. He sat down. The caribou meat was still in his hand. He was wroth with Rime. It seemed to him vaguely that Rime had sought to wrong him; and he was famished and weary to such a degree that he could not recognize his ill temper as nothing more than a symptom of his misery. His eyes were in agony. They were full of needles—a million red-hot needles. He wanted to rub them—to press them with his fingers.

As the sun had warmed the air to a tolerable temperature, he could safely take off his mitts. To do this, however, and to seek to ease his eyes with both hands, he must meantime dispose of the little remnant of caribou meat. Instead of thrusting it into his pocket, he placed it on the bare rock at his side; and, having made sure that it would not fall off, he drew off his mitts, put his hands to his aching eyes, and bent forward in an attitude of despondency, his weary, gloomy thoughts elsewhere.

At the same time Rime began to break dry branches from the spruce near by. And presently Calk nodded—and dropped into a momentary doze.

Joker, squatting twelve feet behind Calk, had observed the situation of the mouthful of caribou meat. So, too, had the pack. Joker, however, was nearest. Moreover, he was the bully of the pack, a mighty dog. The privilege of theft was therefore his. When Calk fell asleep, when he was still—when, for some reason or other, he was obviously inattentive—Joker advanced a step, his head low, his king-hairs rising. The pack watched the enterprise with intense interest, their eyes wide, their mouths dripping; but they made no move or sound to interrupt it. Joker advanced delicately. Calk stirred. Joker fawned, anticipating discovery—dropped his fore quarters and wagged his tail. When Calk was still again he stepped swiftly, boldly close. Within reach, with his eyes shifting occasionally to the meat from an alarmed observation of Calk, he thrust his head forward, seized the meat, and withdrew.

There was no sound from the pack. It may be that the dogs yielded to an obligation of silence. Doubtless had the quantity of food been of consequence there would have been a snarling rush for a share of it. But the meat was a mere mouthful. Joker bolted it, undisturbed. No more than a minute had sped. Meantime Calk had continued deep in his doze.

Rime gathered wood with his eyes closed. He was as blind as Calk. He suffered the same pain. It was preferable to fumble and stumble. When he opened his eyes, a little painful light entered through the quivering slits; but the objects reflected were confused and misty. It was hardly worth while to endure the pain for the meager advantage of the reward. As Calk, in his weakness and pain, mistrusted Rime, so, too, Rime was indignant and surly in his regard of Calk, both men being feverishly incapable of clear convictions or generosity.

Having gathered his wood and touched a match to it, Rime stood away, brooding. Calk had suspected him—Calk had insinuated an ugly theft and betrayal. Well, Calk had the meat now. What would Calk do? The man who would suspect Rime might himself rob Rime. Where had the suspicion come from if not from the well of Calk's own thieving inclination? A man was all well enough until misfortune precipitated a life-and-death crisis. No man was to be trusted in a crisis. It was then every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. And if Calk had broken the meat—if Calk tried any of his tricks ——

"Calk!" Rime called.

Calk did not stir. He had not slept for two days. His doze was profound.

"Calk!" Rime barked. He was alarmed. "Calk!"

Calk started awake.

"Where is you?" said he, bewildered after this depth of sleep. "I can't see you. I'm black blind."

"Ha! You're there, is you?"

"I been sittin' here asleep."

"Well, I can't see that far. I'm as blind as you. I called you twice. I thought you'd stole away with the meat."

"You'd no call t' think ill o' me."

"The fire's roarin' hot. 'Twould thaw a stone. Fetch the meat over here."

"Jus' a minute."

Calk put his hand where he had placed the remnant of caribou meat. There was no meat! He felt delicately over the surface of the rock. The meat was gone. It could not have fallen off. The rock was broad and flat.

"You're dawdlin'," Rime complained. "Make haste."

"Jus' a minute."

Again Calk passed his hand over the surface of the rock. He searched it completely. There was nothing there.

"Hurry up!" Rime scolded.

Calk thought:

"Rime took it!"

The delay annoyed Rime and stirred his suspicion. What was the matter with Calk? What was he up to? Obviously Calk was playing for time. He was taking advantage of Rime's blindness. He was doing something in secret. Rime's ill-tempered suspicion flared.

"I don't reckon," said he, sneering, "that you could have lost that meat."

Calk replied:

"How long is I been asleep here? I must have slep' wonderful deep. I didn't hear the slightest sound."

"No sound t' hear."

"Is I been asleep long?"

"A matter o' ten minutes."

"Is you had the fire goin' most o' that time?"

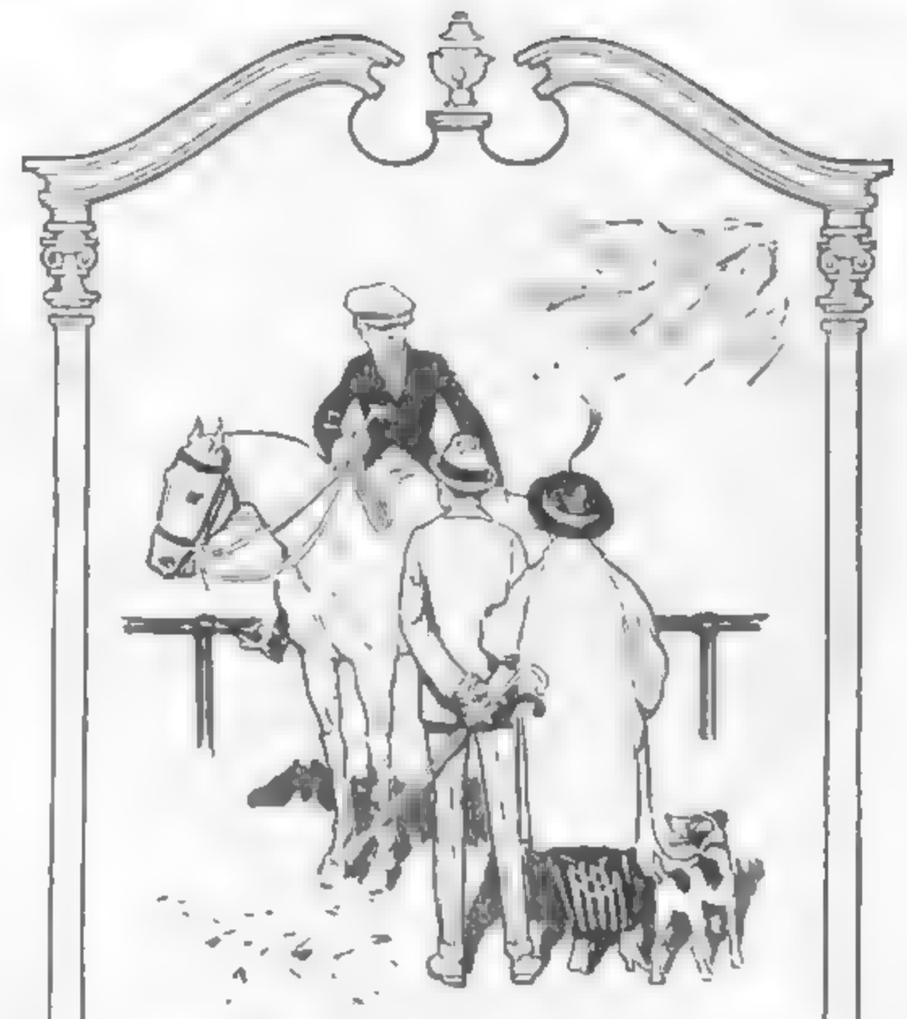
"I 'low so. I been standin' here warmin' my hands an' waitin' for the coals. Fetch the meat."

Calk said:

"I isn't got no meat."

"What!" Rime ejaculated.

"Meat's gone."



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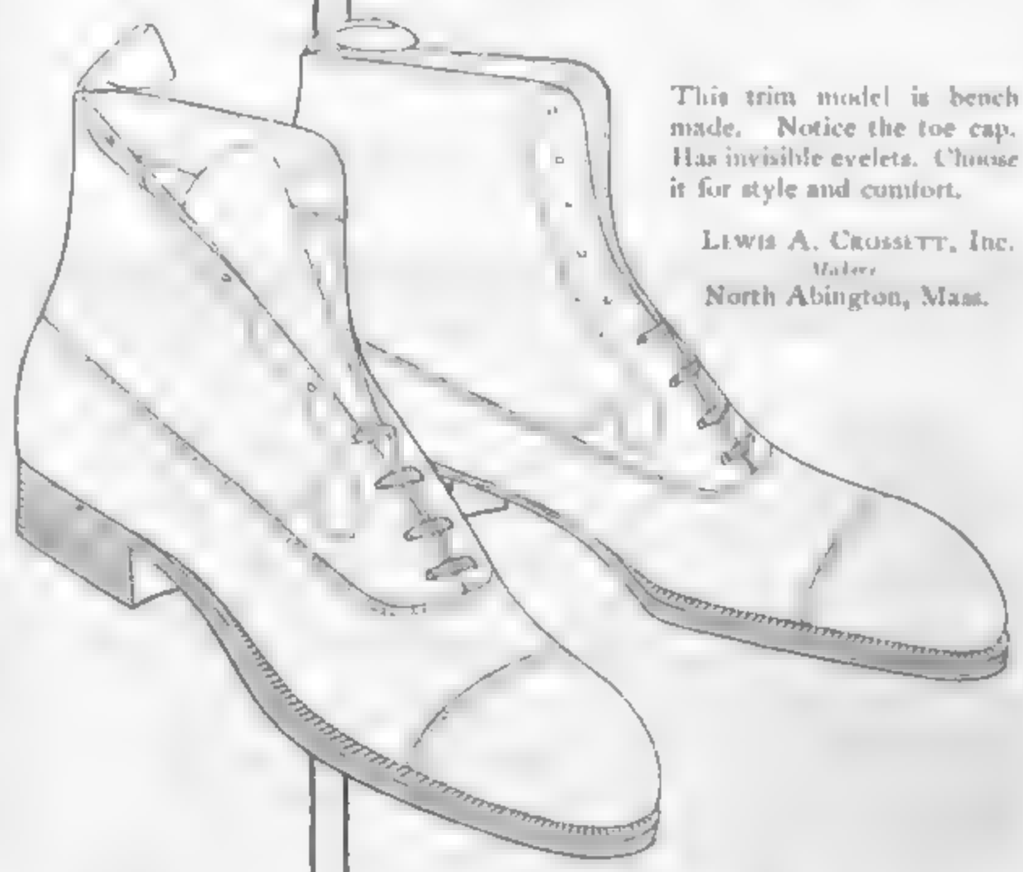

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The quiet, frank disclosure, like the admission of a child whose own fault in the premises is obvious, astounded and silenced Rime. For a time there was no sound except the roar and crackle of the fire. The watchful pack of dogs stirred uneasily; but they made no noise. And presently Rime spoke. He was not violent. He pitied Calk. Calk was, of course, concealing the meat. He might already have eaten it; taking advantage of Rime's blindness, he might already have crept to the other side of the fire, thawed the meat and consumed it, pretending now to have been asleep. The probability, however, was that he was concealing the meat—that he would attempt secretly to thaw and eat it.

Well, it was a natural theft. Calk had been misled and overcome by hunger. No invention of lies could divert the accusation from him. He would lie, of course; but the implication was direct and sure—the meat had been in Calk's possession and must still be in his possession, for the reason that he could not have been relieved of it. Calk's state was pitiable. He was as witless as an erring, lying child. Rime's wrath was not stirred.

"Speak me fair, Calk, an' I'll not mind," said he. "Did you eat the meat?"

Had Calk been guilty he would have been enraged and loud. Rather, now, he pitied Rime. He answered, gravely, patiently:

"No, Rime."

"I'd forgive you, Calk."

"I've no need o' forgiveness, Rime. I didn't eat the meat. You knows that, doesn't you?"

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it beside me on the rock. Then I fell asleep. Now 'tis gone."

"What's become of it?"

"I don't know."

"You must know."

"Not if you don't."

"Isn't you got no notion?"

"Well—yes."

"What's your notion?"

"Somebody must have took it whilst I slept."

"Oh, pshaw, Calk!" Rime laughed. "That's a pretty tough yarn. Can't you see that? Why, there hasn't been nobody round here t' take it!"

"I don't know about that."

"Who?"

"Well somebody."

"Name un."

"You, Rime!" Calk said deliberately.

Still Rime was not angered. The charge was too preposterously an expedient of Calk's to save himself from blame. It could not be taken seriously.

"Oh, pshaw!" Rime laughed again.

"You can see well enough," Calk accused. "You've been able t' see all day. You've said so."

"I'm as blind as you."

"No, you isn't, Rime."

"I'm tellin' the truth."

"'Tis not the truth."

"Oh, pshaw!"

Calk rose.

"If I can find you, Rime," said he, "I'm comin' over t' where you is. Don't move."

"I won't budge. What you want o' me?"

"I wants my share o' that meat."

"Ye thievin' dog!" Rime roared. "Come within reach an' I'll strangle ye!"

Calk's stumbling advance toward Rime was watched with intense, inquiring interest by the seven ravenous dogs. They stood tense, with heads low, staring. When Calk fell they quivered. Whatever their suspicion, however, they were not yet sure of Calk's incapacity. Calk recovered and stumbled on. The dogs advanced a few paces. There was something the matter with the man. What was it? He was not himself. He seemed to be sick. His power had diminished. Could he defend himself? Probably not. He had nothing in his hand. The pack crept noiselessly nearer. Obviously the man was not aware of their presence; otherwise he would not have tolerated an inimical approach. He would have turned to berate and drive the dogs off.

They were safe, then—they could creep closer still. And they did—in a tense, bristling pack. And when Calk halted, not sure of his direction through the brief remaining interval, the dogs halted too, and crouched, all taut for the leap and the onset. It was Calk's voice that delayed the attack. The dogs waited. The voice might portend an unperceived danger. It was better to wait a moment.

"Where is you?" said Calk to Rime.

"I'm here. I'm waitin'."

Calk changed his direction to the location of Rime's defiant voice. He groped forward.

"I'll find you, Rime," said he.

"I'm waitin'."

A moment later Calk's outstretched hands touched Rime. The men locked arms.

"I wants my share!" Calk demanded.

"I isn't got the meat, ye fool!"

"Ye lie!"

"For that," Rime vowed, "I'll throttle ye!"

Calk's grip subsided abruptly.

"Hist!" he exclaimed.

They listened.

"What's that, Rime? You hear anything?"

"I don't know. I ——"

"Hist!"

They listened again. They released each other. Turning, then, in the direction of their suspicion, they confronted the pack. They saw nothing. They were blind.

"There! Hear that?"

"'Twas a growl!"

"I tells you, Rime," Calk whispered, breathless, "there's dogs round here! They're in front of us."

"We've been stalked all day."

"They're crouched."

"Grope round for the ax. Quick! 'Tis somewheres near my feet. If you can't find it seize an ember from the fire. I've my whip in my belt. Quick now!"

Calk found the ax.

"You got it?"

"Ay."

"Now!" said Rime.

Both roared at the pack they could not see. Calk brandished the ax. Rime shot the lash of the whip forward. It found its dog. There was a yelp.

"Ha!" Rime gasped. "That was Joker!"

"Mercy o' God!" Calk exclaimed. "'Twas a narrow squeak, Rime. They was ready."

"They're still ready."

"We're lost!"

"Not yet! We can stand un off for a while. Face un, Calk! An' keep the ax ready."

By and by Calk said:

"I reckon it must have been a dog that stole that meat, Rime."

"I'm glad of it, Calk."

"Me too."

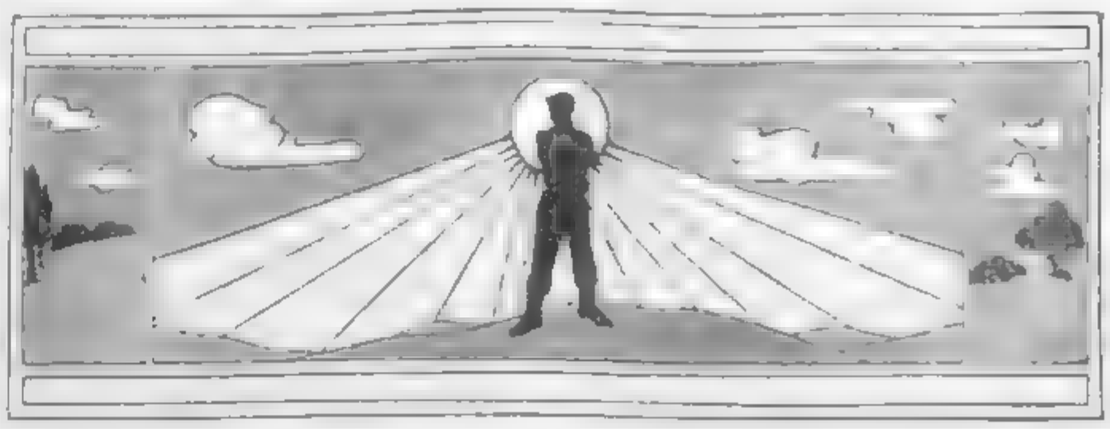
"We better stand back t' back," then said Rime. "We got a long time t' wait. God knows how long!"

They waited.

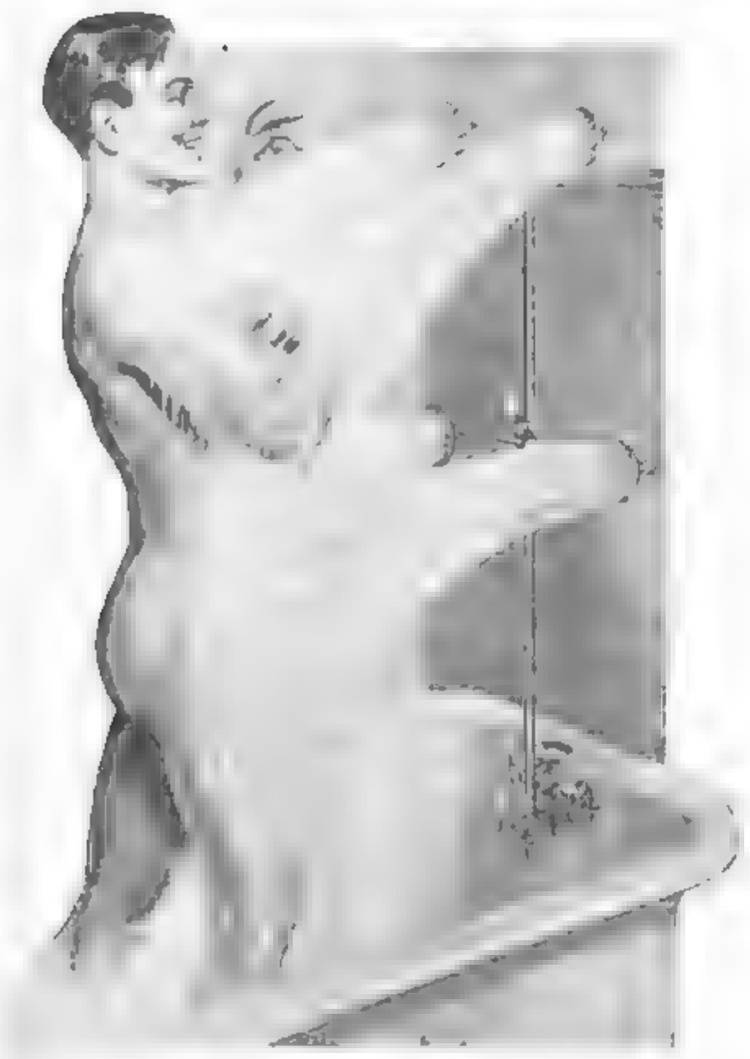
When the two missing dogs of the pack arrived, alone and famished, at Fool Harbor there was instant consternation among the folk of the place. Where were the other dogs? Where were Rime and Calk?

Within half an hour two men, with a team and a *komatik*, were striving up Rattle Gully to Northeast Barrens. Before dusk they had searched the nearer reaches and pushed out to the midst of the barrens. The smoke of Rime's expiring fire drew them to Ragged Wood, where Calk and Rime were standing siege, back to back, both temporarily as blind as bats.

"Whistle up the dogs," said Rime. "We got t' get Ezra Ball's pack back t' Fool Harbor somehow."



Why I've Sworn Off On Taking a "Bath"



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When you fill a tub, you finish in the same water you start with—finish in *dirty* water—water filled with impurities washed out of the pores. At least that's the case unless you take the trouble to empty the first water and do the job over again.

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Any particular person would throw up his hands in holy horror at water that's dirty before getting in. And yet water that's dirty before you get out is just about as bad.

That's why so many people nowadays no longer believe in taking an ordinary *bath*.

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A shower is a constant *rinsing* process. All impurities are washed off the body, out of the tub and down into the waste pipe—you finish with body, water and tub all clean as a whistle.

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Another big advantage of the modern shower is its quickness and convenience—no waiting for a tub to fill.

In addition, it's downright fun—makes either hot or cold water twice as refreshing and invigorating—turns getting clean into the finest kind of frolic and sport.

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As any doctor will tell you, the stimulation of a daily shower goes far more than skin deep.

It's great medicine for the whole system—stirs up the blood, promotes heart action, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the whole internal mechanism.

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It will give you an entirely new viewpoint on bathing—it's chock-full of sound common sense about how to keep at your best, both summer and winter, simply by getting more invigoration out of soap and water.

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THE REFORMATION OF MAJOR MILES

(Continued from Page 17)

in positions where they would shed the most light on the scene, the elder of the two drew from his pocket a well-filled wallet.

"There's just an even thousand in it, Ben!" he exclaimed as he laid it carefully on the sill. "Have yo' brought yores with yo'? If yo' have, just place it beside mine an' the winner can gather fo' himself."

"Suits me, Judge!" responded his companion as he proceeded to place his money at the spot indicated. "Yo' an' I know th' rules an' I don't expect we need a third party. Let's get busy an' put th' gaffs on our birds. Aftah that we'll pit them whenevah yo' say th' word."

A couple of little negro boys came forward with the game cocks and held them while, with waxed ends and chamois, their masters dexterously performed the sacred rite of what is known to the talent as heeling.

As they were immersed in these warlike preparations, two dark forms stole from the shelter of the shrubbery beyond the barn and took up positions where they could view with ease the proceedings on the inside. The larger of the two was a stout white man, of full habit. His companion was a diminutive personality, black as the night. The stout man glued his eye to the widest crack he could find and reconnoitered.

"Watch th' old Judge heelin' Miltiades, Jodey!" he whispered. "By th' gods of wah, he's usin' a two-inch gaff! Th' old heathen! I wish he had it undah his own hide!"

"Mistah DuBois is a-gwine to fight dat shawl-neck, an' he's shuah some chicken!" whispered Jodey as he placed his mouth against the Major's ear. "His niggah done told me dat he brung him all de way from Jackson fo' dis fight, an' he's a hell-terror. He calculates to put one ovah on de Judge; but, Lawd, Lawd, how dat man will git earthquaked! Still, I calculate its a-gwine to be some battle."

The Major's sporting blood surged through his personality in veritable ecstasy as he watched the rival gladiators face each other.

"There's nothin' to prevent yore pressin' th' bet a little, Judge," vouchsafed the lawyer as he brought his champion forward. "This is merely a suggestion on my part, because I imagine yo' figgah yo' have risked enough already on that mawnin'-glory of yores."

Outside the barn a fat man's face became contorted with speechless rage.

"Th' infernal scoundrel!" exploded the Major, while Jodey vainly attempted to restrain him. "Why, the mental misfit—th' poor, cheap crook! If circumstances would permit of it I'd go in theah an' cut his hea't out! Talkin' about my bird like that! Huh!"

"Take it easy, Majah; take it easy," whispered Jodey. "He's a-gwine ter git his. He'll be steppin' far an' fast befo' long."

But the Judge was talking again and the Major bent his ear to the crack to listen.

"I don't mind makin' it five hundred mo', Ben," he drawled. "Does that fit yore fancy?"

"Fits like a suit of clothes," rejoined the other.

Like two irresistible forces coming from opposite directions, the birds rose in the air and clashed together. The force of the impact rocked them back as they landed on the canvas.

As the battle progressed it took all Jodey's ingenuity to control the Major. With every fresh assault that worthy rose on his tiptoes, and would have given audible vent to his feelings had not his Man Friday exercised what amounted to almost brute force to prevent him from revealing his presence.

Jodey's prognostication that it would be a long battle was fully borne out. With steel and wing and beak the combatants fought each other all over the pit, each seeking to score an advantage that would count; but after a while the magnificent fighting qualities of Miltiades began to assert themselves. With each successive flight he drove his adversary backward and time and again ripped his feathers with his armed heels.

Throughout it was a desperate encounter, fought to a finish with the heroism that has stamped the game bird, since time began, with the great glory of superb achievement. But Miltiades, older in the game and more crafty, followed up every advantage until finally, catching his opponent in an unguarded moment, he drove the steels through his brain.

The district attorney gazed ruefully at his fallen champion, while the Judge slipped quietly over to the sill on which the money lay and pocketed it without comment. It was no time for an exchange of courtesies.

A few moments afterward the victor and the vanquished stole from the barn, brief good nights were spoken, and the Judge, carrying his lantern in one hand and a sack containing Miltiades in the other, headed for home.

Stealthily Judge Merriman scurried along, chuckling as he went. He was just congratulating himself on the success of his mission, with its attendant monetary advantages, and was rounding the corner leading up to the main avenue when a dark figure emerged from the shadows and accosted him:

"Good evenin', Yore Honah! Been out fo' a little frolic?"

The Judge halted dead in his tracks; and even by the dim, uncertain light of the flickering lantern it could be seen that his face paled, and consternation was written on his countenance as he recognized the man who had addressed him.

"What are yo' doin' heah?" he quavered. "What is it? What do yo' want?"

"I don't blame yo', suh," volunteered Major Miles somewhat irrelevantly and overlooking the question direct—"I don't blame yo'. Th' cares an' responsibilities of yore office, an' the trials an' tribulations attendant on an election contest, warrant yo' in takin' some relaxation. All work an' no play is liable even to put th' Injun sign on th' judicature. Did yo'-all have a pleasant entertainment, Judge? I hope an' trust yo' did."

Major Miles' air and intonation were those of a philanthropist. Judge Merriman regarded him closely for a second or two.

"Why didn't yo' trail th' district attorney?" he snorted viciously, brushing aside the Major's amenities. "Why should yo' single me out?"

"A man that's gunnin' fo' whales ain't got no time to go diggin' round fo' a canful of worms," responded the Major in even tones. "Th' learned district attorney wasn't totin' anythin' that interested me. Besides, I wanted to have a little hea't-to-hea't talk with Yore Honah."

The Judge grunted.

"Go on," he snarled; "I'm listenin'."

"I reckon yo' remembah, Judge," resumed the Major, "how I declared myself, in yore cou't th' othah day, to be on th' side of law and ordah. Well, I still have both shoulders against th' band wagon of refo'm, an' I'm pushin' hard."

Major Miles paused to let his words sink in; then assuming the air of an orator he lifted his right hand in declamation and proceeded:

"Th' sanctity an' well-bein' of any community depends on th' mannah in which its rules an' regulations are carried out; an' th' example of those in high places should be th' beacon light from which laymen may gathah inspiration fo' betterment an' uplift.

"Refo'm movements, Yore Honah, often take their initiative in ways that are incomprehensible to ordinary citizens."

Judge Merriman started backward as the Major proceeded to deal out his own plastic platitudes.

He stepped clear from the sidewalk and set the bag containing the game chicken down against the fence. He recognized the grim vein of humor permeating the Major's rhetoric. The bread he had cast on the waters was returning seventy-and-sevenfold, and he bowed his head in thought, while his right hand sought his inside breast pocket.

"Come, come!" he suddenly broke in. "Yo're not here for yore health. How much shall it be? And what will yo' take to play dead? Supposin' I give yo' two hundred dollahs? That should repay yo' for this night's work an' leave a balance fo' charity."

Major Miles broke into a rippling laugh.

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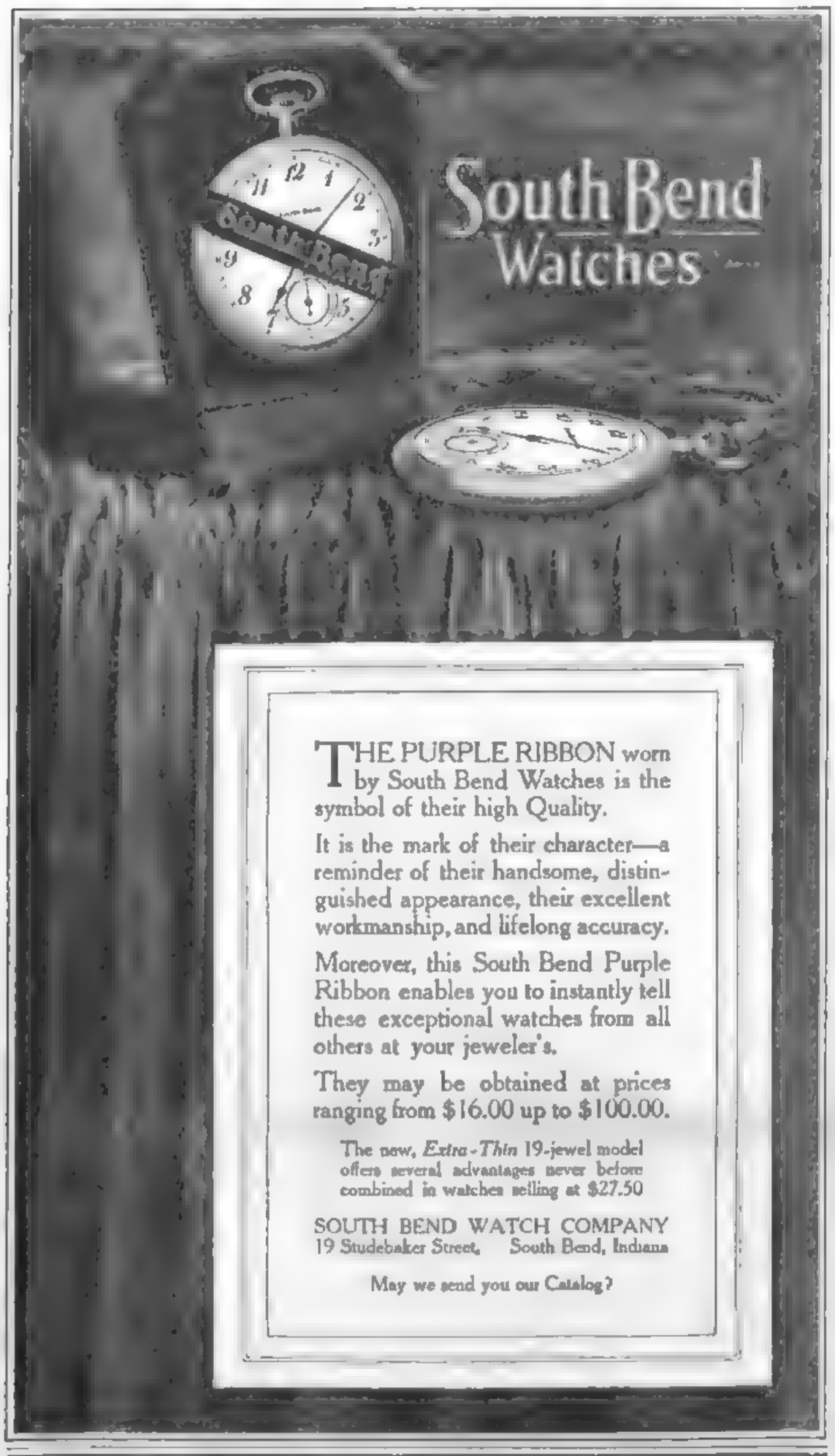

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"You grieve me, Judge, by makin' such a suggestion," he purred—"grieve me an' hurt my feelin's beyond measure. It's not an occasion for talkin' about th' financial aspect of this lamentable circumstance. An' I ain't goin' to remind yo' what would happen if some brother or sister were to spread th' tidin's. It's a time, Yore Honah, fo' Christian fo'bearance; a moment fo' men an' brethren to talk with open hea'ts—an'—an' "—here the Major coughed—"if I might say so, Judge—open pocketbooks."

The eminent jurist stifled a groan.

"Nevah mind about brotherly love," he broke in rudely; "yo've got th' goods on me. How much will it cost? I'm willin' to pay th' price."

"Now, now, Judge! Don't get excited!" exhorted the Major as he reached out and gave the lapel of that gentleman's coat an admonitory tug. "Control yore emotions. A man of yore weight can nevah be shuah of his hea't. Now, Judge—confidentially, man to man—how much do yo' suppose I have contributed or subscribed to th' fund for th' protection of what we will politely call home industry durin' th' past year?"

"It's a holdup," moaned the man he had addressed—"a rank holdup! Why should yo' come to me about it? An' why connect me with yore contributions?"

"There's a monument out in th' cemetery, Judge, erected over th' blessed martyrs of th' Lost Cause who were shot in retaliation. To some of us who remembah it, th' happenin' looked like cold-blooded murder; but th' othah fellahs said it was just wah, an' that they were playin' th' game accordin' to th' rules and with all th' advantages.

"Individuals, in settlin' their differences, don't differ much from nations. When they get down to cases th' law of retaliation always prevails. By reason of th' underground methods of a corrupt political system I find that I am loser. Yo' can't blame me, Judge, if I am usin' my own methods to get it back."

"I won't stand fo' it! I won't be victimized!" howled the other. "I wasn't th' only member of th' ring." His face was livid with suppressed fury. "I was cautioned to beware of yo'. A friend of mine told me th' othah day that yo' had mo' tricks than a pet monkey. Didn't yo' hand me a yearlin' that can't get out of her own way? I'll give yo' five hundred—that'll be th' very last cent!"

Major Miles shook his head mournfully.

"Take yore time, Judge—take yore time!" he exhorted. "Aftah prayerful consideration yore bettah nature will assert itself. An' a year from to-day yo' will realize that I have been yore onliest brothah in this mattah. That was a hefty bet yo' won from th' district attorney, Judge. Really, as a mattah of fact, gamblin' on a chicken like Miltiades was just th' same as stealin' it. If I might make a suggestion, Judge—an' just to save yo' unnecessary trouble—I think I would hand it ovah without countin' it. What's a mattah of a few hundred dollahs between two gentlemen who know how to preserve their own counsel?"

"Why, yo' infernal old ——"

"Stop right there, suh!" enjoined the Major in tones that could not be misunderstood. "There's no use in boostin' th' undertakah's game. Forget th' personal side of it an' tell me what yo're agoin' to do."

In the half light Judge Merriman carefully studied the Major's countenance. He read nothing therein but grim determination. He hesitated a moment and then pushed a fat roll of bills forward.

"Yo' win!" he hissed as he turned to go. "Yo've got a full hand this time; but some day I'll even up th' score. There's yore blamed chicken. I hope he smothers in th' sack befo' yo' get him home!"

The discomfited one wheeled abruptly and with long strides passed rapidly from view. He had just reached the corner when the voice of Major Miles, echoing from the gloom behind, arrested his steps:

"Oh, Judge! Oh—oh—Judge!"

"What's th' mattah now?" croaked back that individual. "Do yo' want my ovahcoat?"

"No, indeedy, Yore Honah!" hummed the Major. "Yo' certainly were generous. But, if yo' wouldn't mind, could I trouble yo' to do me a favah and present my compliments to th' gentleman who cautioned yo' to look out fo' me?

"Just tell him, suh," concluded the Major—"just tell yore friend that he's a real prophet an' that I ran to form."

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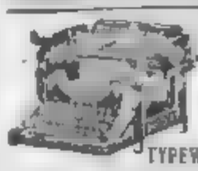

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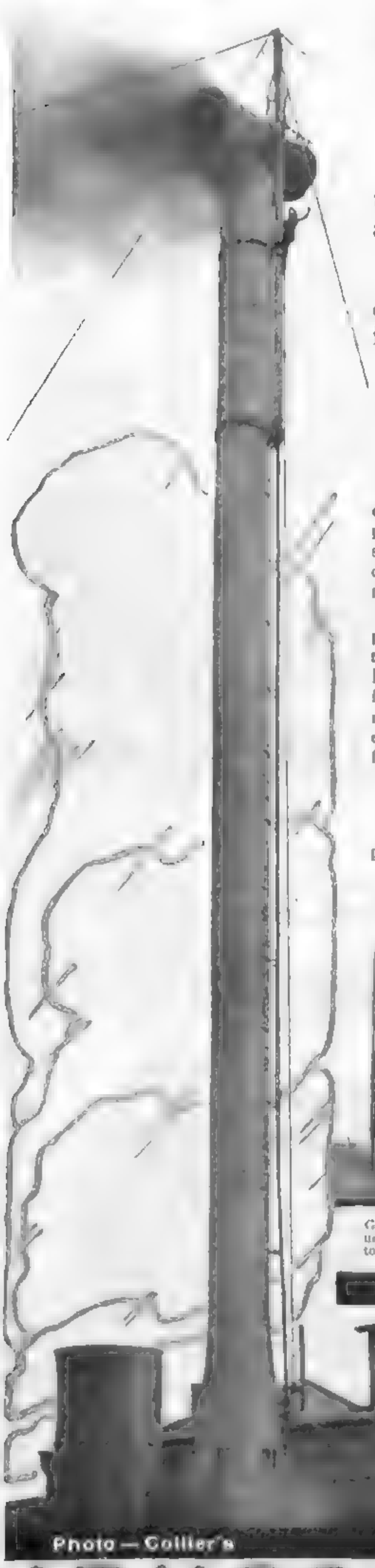

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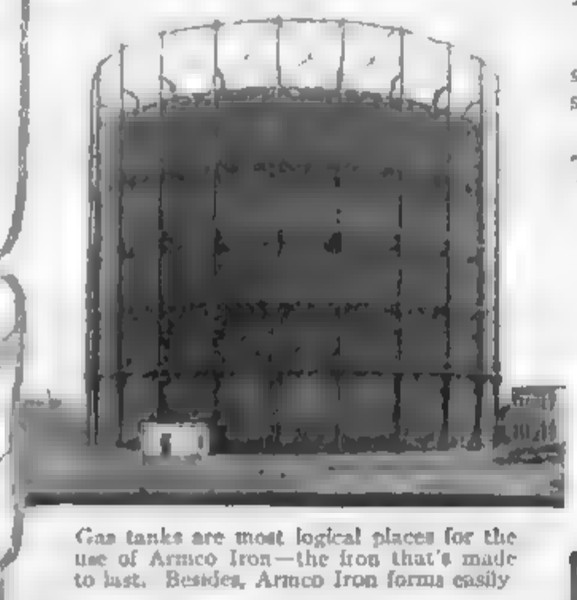

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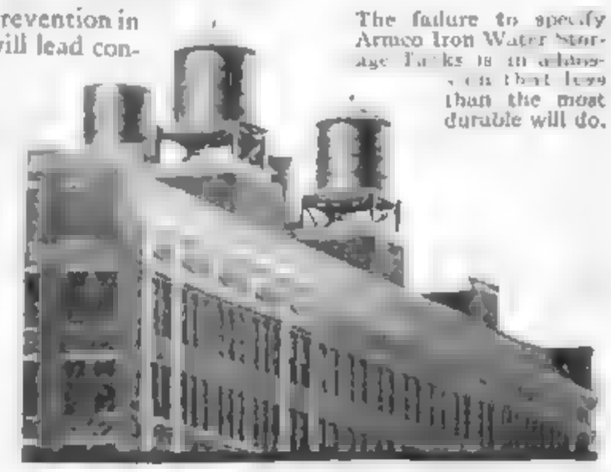

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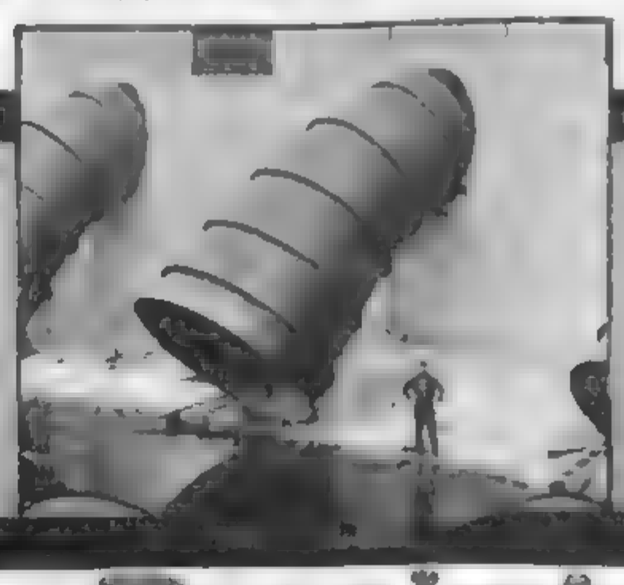

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ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

ON THE CURB

By Albert W. Atwood

IT IS strange how soon any financial market forgets the sensation made by a big plunger after he has dropped out of sight. Stock-market profits which are actually cashed in become stable wealth, and losses are so rarely mentioned that one must dig long among musty, ponderous bound volumes of the daily press to recall incidents that were the talk of Wall Street less than a decade ago. The particular adventurer I have had in mind often signed his name to newspaper and magazine articles during the height of his vogue. In one such article he wrote these bitterly prophetic words:

"From the very nature of the case, the securities on the curb are speculative—they cannot be classed with seasoned investments; nor is it their aim to be so classed."

If I remember rightly, it was this same promoter who once declared that the basic fact which operated to the advantage of the small investor in mining stocks of the variety he sold was that "one man can look as far into the bowels of the earth as another." Which suggests that all his customers must have been nearsighted.

But there has always been a better element on the curb, and about ten years ago it began to show real activity. The first sign of civic spirit, so to speak, came after some big swindles had been pulled off in its midst. Up to that time the curb had been an open market in a far more free-and-easy sense than it is to-day. There was no organization, no such thing as membership; and any unscrupulous promoter could freely market his nefarious wares. During the boom period that ran from 1901 to the bursting of the United Copper Bubble in 1907 mining shares were foisted on the curb at prices five times the value of the mines if they could produce a quarter of a century longer than they actually can!

It was about this time that E. S. Mendels, who had been associated with the curb for more than forty years and had long been regarded as the dean of the fraternity, organized a vigilance committee of five brokers. Mendels was an enthusiastic little man, full of energy and facts. At first his volunteer work accomplished little, like other pioneers; but in all rough, tough communities vigilance committees are vastly better than no government at all. Gradually Mendels and his backers assumed more power. His office came to be called the Curb Agency. Many a broker or promoter was called up to the little office and told to remove himself and all his works from the curb, which he usually did.

The Stock Exchange authorities supported Mendels to a large extent, and the police often backed him up. Formerly it had been a common practice for curb brokers to welsh, or "lay down," on their contracts. Mendels and his little band of courageous workers began to post the names of all defaulters on a bulletin board, and conditions rapidly improved.

Permanent Organization

Just before Mr. Mendels died, about five years ago, he formed the New York Curb Market Association, which has become a powerful organization. What was once just a meeting place for perhaps a hundred traders, who drifted to a common spot and were held together only by habit and a sort of mutual understanding, has become a veritable exchange, rivaling the Stock Exchange itself. The association even requires that stocks must be listed. It cannot prevent dealings in unlisted shares, but it can discourage them. Pressure is brought upon the quotation companies not to report unlisted dealings, and a few years ago an incipient boomlet in certain worthless oil shares was squelched because the association would not permit their listing.

To list its stock on the curb, a company does not have to provide any such exhaustive information as it does on the Stock Exchange. The curb admits what might be called "floaters," or "cats and dogs," with a par value as low as ten cents a share; but any company that seems especially uncertain the association officially dubs a "prospect," which is fair warning to all of its doubtful value. With so many shares of small market as well as face values, the actual turnover in money is rarely so large on the curb as might be expected. A transaction that on the Stock Exchange would have the effect of a pebble on the ocean might prove in its cash equivalent a perfect tidal wave on the curb. A few hundred shares of a stock like Bethlehem Steel would involve enough cash to swing a deal in millions of penny mining shares.

"Washing" stocks on the curb is not quite so easy as in former days. A promoter would widely advertise the fact that on a certain day his much-touted stock would appear on the curb; would, in fact, be listed, though the phrase then had no meaning whatever. Persons living at a distance from the curb would be much impressed by such a statement, and the promoter would then give orders to various brokers to buy and sell a large quantity of stock from and to each other. Thus the stock was given a fictitious activity. The brokers, by previous agreement, bought and sold the same few shares back and forth to each other. It was like splashing in a washbowl, but to the outsider it looked like the real ocean. A group of promoters was discovered one day, after market hours, making merry over a bottle of wine in a restaurant not far from the curb.

"Why this hilarity?" asked a friend who took a vacant seat.

"We sold five hundred shares of real stock to-day!" was the joyful retort of the promoters' curb man.

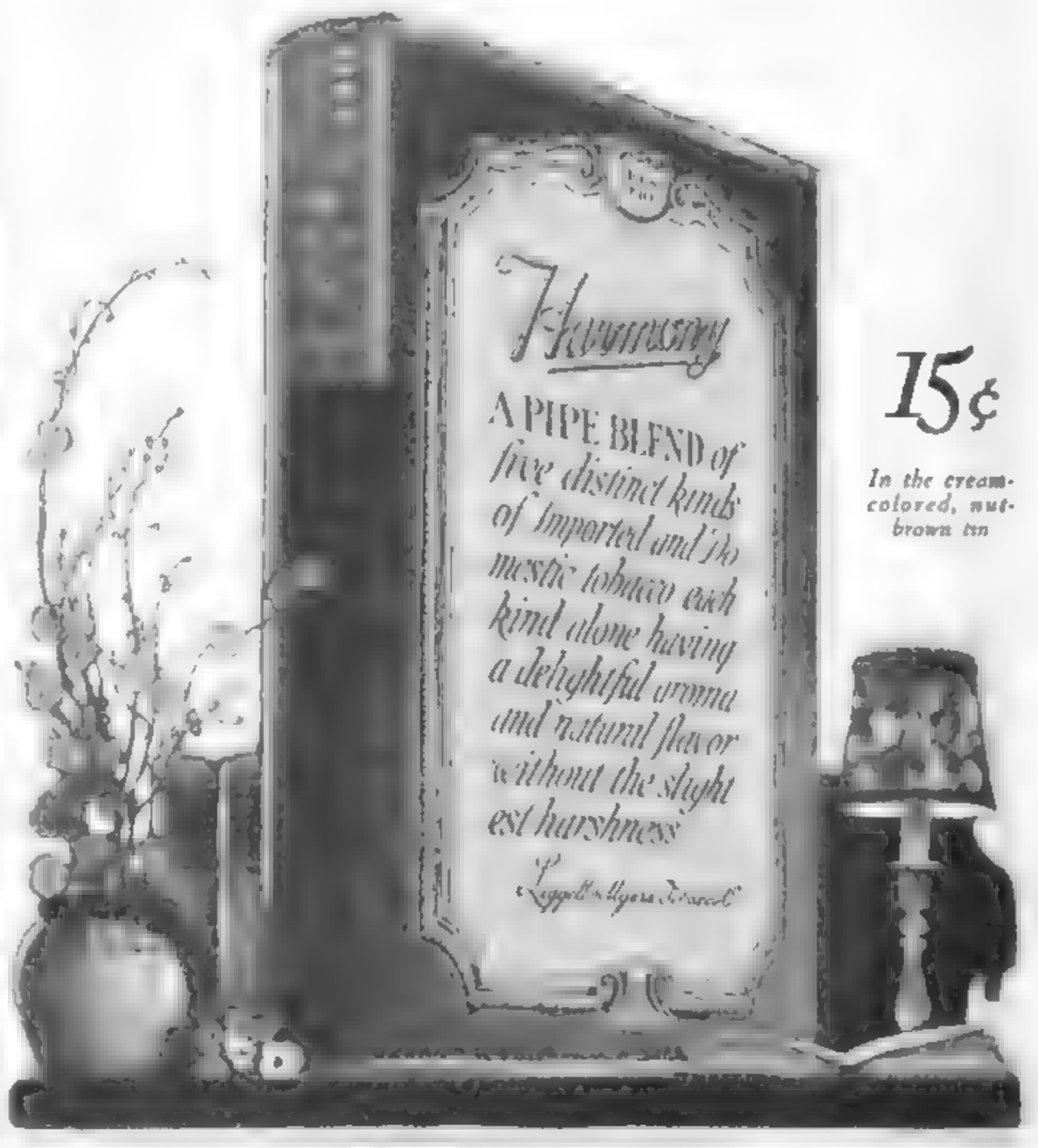
Dealings in Standard Oil

And the sheet that day showed transactions of twelve thousand shares in that stock. The washing of new curb stocks often ran into tens of thousands, with only a few hundred shares actually sold. Before buying any new stock on the curb, the small investor will do well to discover whether it really has been listed; and, if so, whether as a "prospect" or not. He should also ask his broker to supply him with at least the essential features of the information on file at the Curb Association. Finally he should inquire whether the broker offering the stock is really one of the three hundred-odd members of the association, for often the loudest and most irresponsible claims in behalf of curb stocks are made by persons who cannot get into the association.

The curb has literally sprung into greatness since the European war began. Never before has it been blessed with a simultaneous surplus of business in both pups and the better grade of stocks. For a brief period in 1900–01 it afforded a preliminary market for United States Steel, Amalgamated Copper, and similar big promotions, before the Stock Exchange took them over. For a long period the only market for Standard Oil was on the curb, the Rockefellers, for reasons of their own, not caring to have it placed on the Stock Exchange.

This was no great plum, however, for few brokers or curb speculators could afford such a high-priced stock, even if the insiders had not held on to nearly all of it so tightly as they did. But when the United States Supreme Court split the Standard Oil into thirty-four parts in 1913 an enormous speculation sprang up in the segments and the curb prospered as never before. This business was in full swing when the sudden outbreak of the war shut down every stock market in the world. The curb was perhaps the first to open. It had nothing to fear from foreign selling, because curb stocks were not owned abroad.

In the spring of 1915 the curb became the scene of more dizzy pyrotechnics in stock prices than any market in the world had ever witnessed before. Stocks that had been offered in bundles at almost the price of old paper suddenly became tokens of great wealth. Complete records cannot be had, because in some cases the stocks had knocked about at prices too low to be noticed. Dealings in them had been like a fleeting shadow, not worth the attention of the quotation sheets. The shares of one company, which had been kicked about the curb shortly before at five cents apiece, rose to eighty-one dollars. In two months Lake Torpedo rose from fifty cents to fifty dollars. Electric Boat common, comparatively unknown, was rushed up from under



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The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
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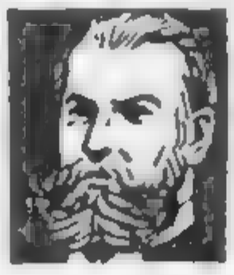

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twenty dollars to five hundred and eighty; the preferred stock, from fifty dollars to five hundred and eight. Later, one share of the common stock was exchanged for ten shares of Submarine Boat, and more than two million shares of the new stock were traded in during the month of August alone round fifty dollars a share.

Sales of stocks during 1915 were nearly a thousand per cent greater than the year before, and more than six hundred million dollars of new securities found their way on the curb. Eighteen stocks alone rose nearly two hundred and sixty million dollars. Two curb brokers made enough to enable them to buy seats on the Stock Exchange at seventy thousand dollars each. One of these young men had been a runner, or errand boy, only fifteen years before. In 1915 he acted as a specialist in one of the big new copper mergers, the stock of which was tried out on the curb before it went on the Stock Exchange, and his profits during four months at the height of the speculative madness were reputed to be nearly half a million dollars.

Scarcely less extraordinary has been the growth of the curb market this year. It is said that on one day, when the Stock Exchange reported three hundred and fifty thousand shares of total overturn, the curb boasted four hundred and twenty-one thousand. Merger after merger was launched; and the outside market was kept in constant turmoil, trying to digest these new motor, motor accessory, tire, rubber, copper, zinc, chemical, phonograph, steamship, sugar, chain store, oil, tea and munitions mergers. Already it was said that the stocks traded in on the curb represented all the personal necessities of man, including restaurants, milk, groceries, shoes, shirts, collars, gloves, ties, clothing, cigars, tobacco and cigarettes.

Relations With the Exchange

It is no wonder that the curb brokers have had one of their periodical waves or fits of desiring to go indoors; of becoming a real stock exchange, with a roof over their heads. No doubt, one reason for this desire on the part of the more responsible members is to get rid of questionable promoters, who have always infested the outside market.

"Your special committee," said the chairman of the association in a report that recommended going indoors, "was appointed to draw up a plan of reorganization which would eliminate certain fundamental ills that cannot be stopped in a free-for-all market."

So the curb brokers voted with great enthusiasm to go indoors. But fifty-one powerful Stock Exchange houses, from which the bulk of the curb business comes, promptly suggested to the curb that it should stay where it is. And, though the Stock Exchange has no recognized authority over the curb, such a hint is always enough, for among the members of the Curb Association are great numbers of employees of Stock Exchange firms, and even members of the Stock Exchange itself, whose custom it has been to refuse to do business on the outside with anyone who could not get another Stock Exchange firm to stand back of him and "clear" the deal.

"The New York Curb Market is open to all who choose to trade there," says a conspicuous special notice in its constitution; "but no one is obliged to accept any contract which is not acceptable."

If the curb went under a roof—so reason the Stock Exchange brokers—it would be necessary to accept any contract offered, as they do on the floor of the Stock Exchange itself; and this would make it necessary to deal with irresponsible persons. Then, too, the curb might not let go of good stocks when the Big Exchange got ready to take them in.

So the Stock Exchange brokers want the curb kept out in the open, and that is where it will stay.

But who can blame the curb boys for their ambition to go indoors? Such a measure, so good authorities reason, would drive up the value of curb memberships, or seats, from two hundred and fifty dollars, the present figure, to possibly twenty thousand dollars. The total commissions on the curb have been figured this last year at fifty million dollars; and if once access to this market could be restricted and limited the value of seats would soar like the dizziest war brides.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Atwood's two papers on the New York Curb Market.

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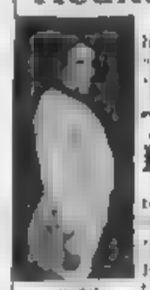

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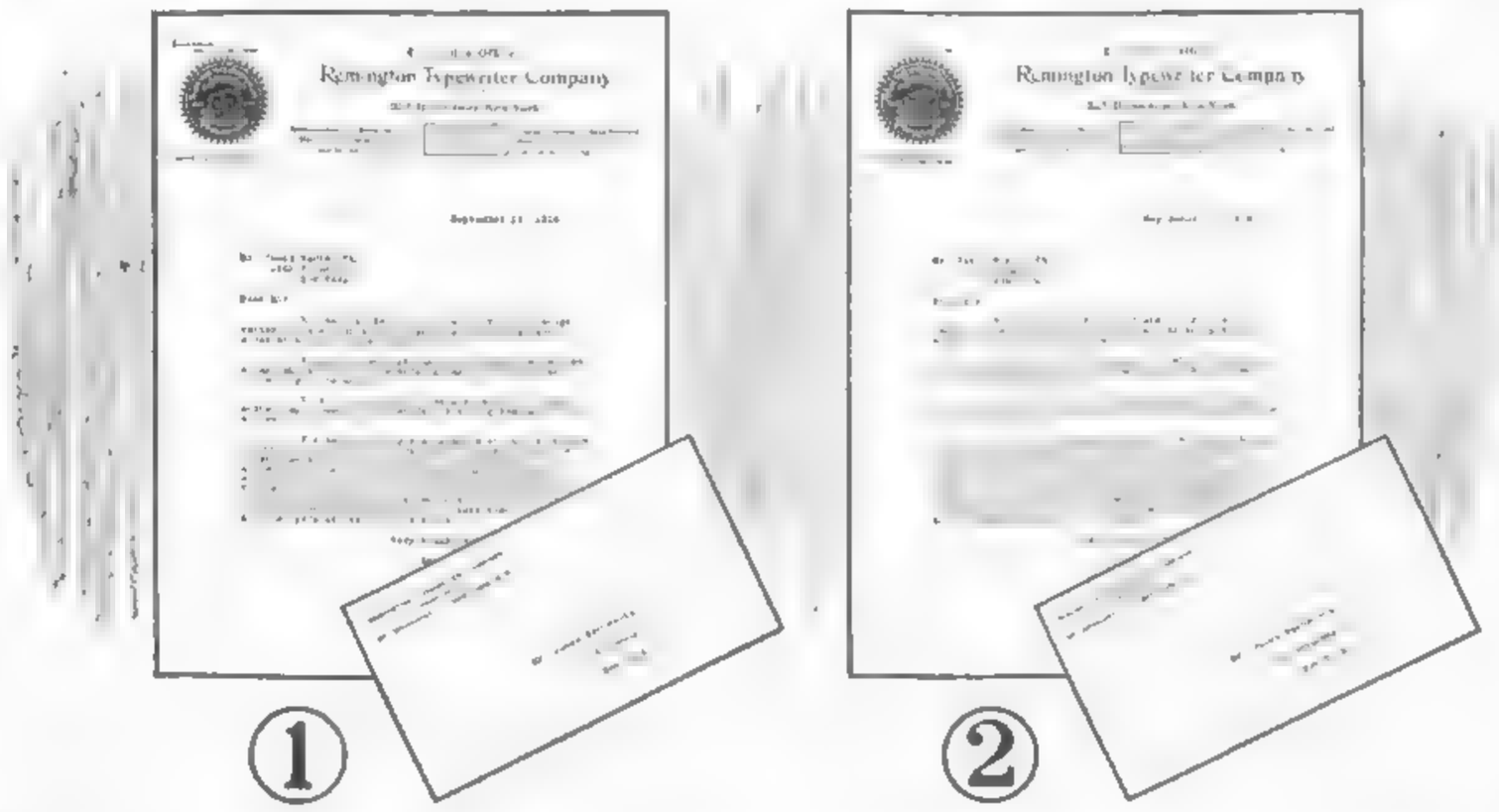

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YOU use typewriters to save business TIME. You employ stenographers to save business TIME.

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New York
1·30 a. m.
Monday.

Cleveland
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647 miles.
Average 34 miles
per hour.

Merrillville
INDIANA
(Near Chicago)
6.45 a. m. Tuesday.
977 miles
Average 33.3 miles
per hour.

Cedar Rapids
3:45 p. m. Tuesday.
1235 miles.
Average 33 miles
per hour.

Omaha
1.05 a. m. Wed.
1536 miles.
Average 33 miles
per hour.

Cheyenne
4.50 p. m. Wed.
2113 miles.
Average 32.3 miles
per hour.

Evanston
WYOMING
11 30 a. m. Thurs.
2529 miles.
Average 30 1 miles
per hour.

Ely
NEVADA
7:55 a. m. Friday.
2890 miles.
Average 27.6 miles
per hour.

Reno
5 31 a. m. Saturday.
3240 miles.
Average 25.7 miles
per hour.

San Francisco
5:00 p. m. Saturday.
3476 miles.
Average 25.1 miles
per hour.

MARMON 34 MAKES CROSS-CONTINENT RECORD

New York to San Francisco
5 Days, 18½ Hours—3476 Miles

S. B. Stevens, Chairman of the Motor Reserve Division of the American Defense Society, planned this record-breaking run. He drove personally over 1500 miles of the distance. The run was made under the auspices of the Society to demonstrate the possible speed and practicability of motor car transportation across the Continent. The car was sealed at the start and checked up at the finish by the Automobile Club of America.

This is the most remarkable and fastest journey ever made across the United States in a motor car. The average rate of speed was almost equal to that of fast trans-continental trains. The car was a Marmon 34 touring car, of regular production.

This is final proof of the soundness of the advanced principles which make up this remarkable car, a few of which are:

A scientifically constructed car of 136-inch wheelbase, 1100 pounds lighter than cars of equal size and power. A perfectly balanced car—easily handled—with low center of gravity and a minimum of unsprung weight eliminating body sway at high speeds.

The new Marmon frame construction with side members 10 inches deep and steel running boards an integral part.

TWO VITAL FACTORS

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The cross cantilever rear spring construction which protects the car from road shocks and insures exceptional riding comfort.

The Marmon system of chassis self-lubrication which eliminates all but four grease cups on the entire car.

The powerful, rapid accelerating, six cylinder, overhead valve motor, and many other distinctive advanced features.

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There will be no change in the Marmon 34 for 1917 save perhaps minor refinements such as are likely to be made at any time during a season's production.

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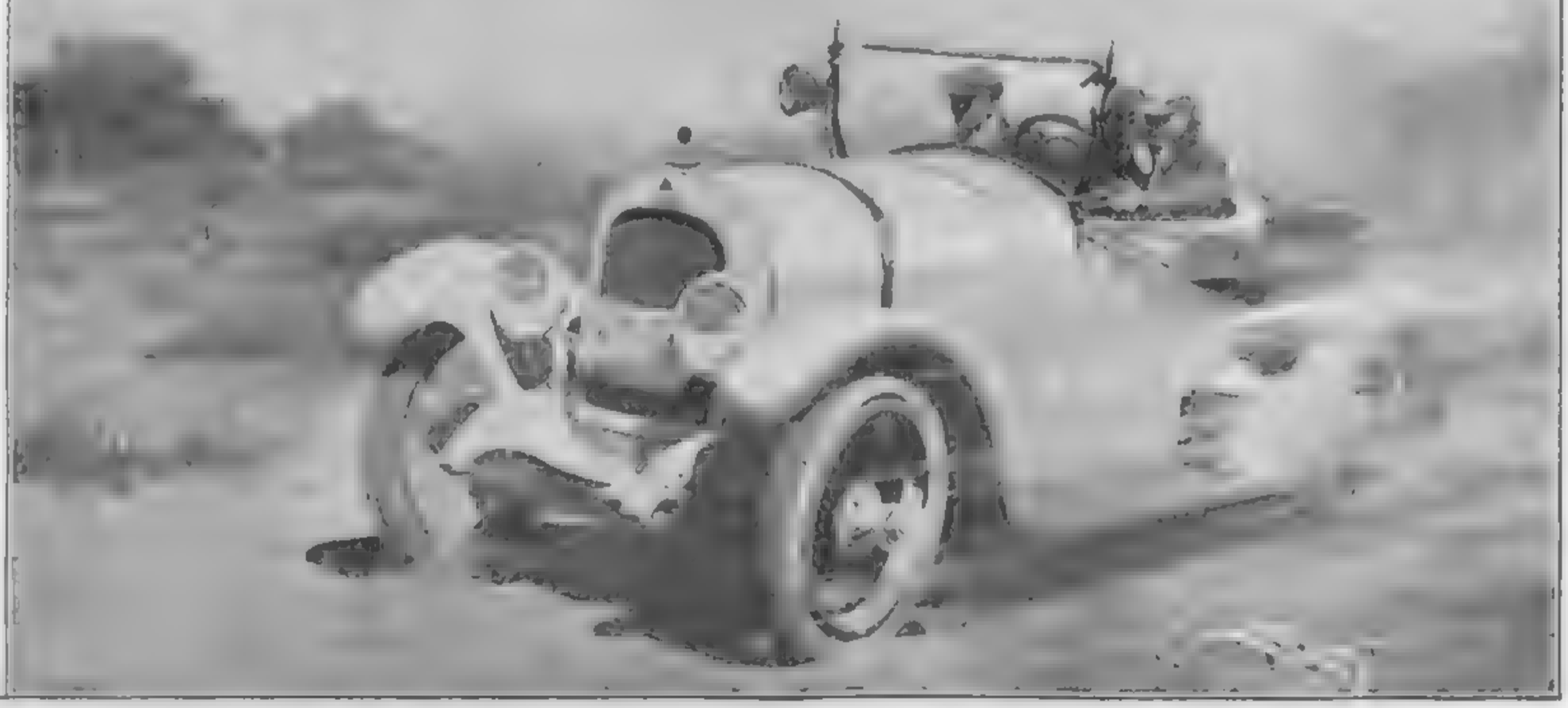

PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 5)

drinking himself to death. I think Eugenia's insane. She seems to have no influence over him at all."

Mr. Pett moaned sympathetically.

"And now the papers have found out that I am his aunt, and I suppose they will print my photograph whenever they publish an article about him."

She ceased and sat rigid with just wrath. Mr. Pett, who always felt his responsibilities as chorus keenly during these wifely monologues, surmised that a remark from him was indicated.

"It's tough!" he said.

Mrs. Pett turned on him like a wounded tigress.

"What is the use of saying that? It's no use saying anything."

"No, no," said Mr. Pett, prudently refraining from pointing out that she had already said a good deal.

"You must do something."

Ann entered the conversation for the first time. She was not very fond of her aunt, and liked her least when she was bullying Mr. Pett. There was something in Mrs. Pett's character with which the imperiousness which lay beneath Ann's cheerful attitude toward the world was ever at war.

"What can Uncle Peter possibly do?" she inquired.

"Why, get the boy back to America and make him work. It's the only possible thing."

"But is it possible?"

"Of course it is."

"Assuming that Jimmy Crocker would accept an invitation to come over to America, what sort of work could he do here? He couldn't get his place on the Chronicle back again, after dropping out for all these years and making a public pest of himself all that while. And outside of newspaper work what is he fit for?"

"My dear child, don't make difficulties."

"I'm not. These are ready-made."

Mr. Pett interposed. He was always nervously apprehensive of a clash between these two. Ann had red hair and the nature which generally goes with red hair. She was impulsive and quick of tongue, and—as he remembered her father had always been—a little too ready for combat. She was usually as quickly remorseful as she was quickly pugnacious, like most persons of her color. Her offer to type the story which now lay on her desk had been the *amende honorable* following on just such a scene as this promised to be. Mr. Pett had no wish to see the truce thus consummated broken almost before it had had time to operate.

"I could give the boy a job in my office," he suggested.

Giving young men jobs in his office was what Mr. Pett liked best to do. There were six brilliant youths living in his house and bursting with his food at that very moment whom he would have been delighted to start addressing envelopes downtown. Notably his wife's nephew, Willie Partridge, whom he looked on as a specious loafer. He had a stubborn disbelief in the explosive that was to revolutionize war. He knew, as all the world did, that Willie's late father had been a great inventor, but he did not accept the fact that Willie had inherited the dead man's genius. He regarded the experiments on Partridgite, as it was to be called, with the profoundest skepticism, and considered that the only thing Willie had ever invented or was likely to invent was a series of ingenious schemes for living in fatted idleness on other people's money.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Pett, delighted at the suggestion. "The very thing."

"Will you write and suggest it?" said Mr. Pett, basking in the sunshine of unwonted commendation.

"What would be the use of writing? Eugenia would pay no attention. Besides, I could not say all I wished to in a letter. No, the only thing is to go over to England and see her. I shall speak very plainly to her. I shall point out what an advantage it will be to the boy to be in your office and to live here ——"

Ann started.

"You don't mean live here—in this house?"

"Of course. There would be no sense in bringing the boy all the way over from England if he was to be allowed to run loose when he got here."

Mr. Pett coughed deprecatingly.

"I don't think that would be very pleasant for Ann, dear."

"Why in the name of goodness should Ann object?"

Ann moved toward the door.

"Thank you for thinking of it, Uncle Peter. You're always a dear. But don't worry about me. Do just as you want to. In any case I'm quite certain that you won't be able to get him to come over here. You can see by the paper he's having far too good a time in London. You can call Jimmy Crockers from the vasty deep, but will they come when you call for them?"

Mrs. Pett looked at the door as it closed behind her, then at her husband.

"What do you mean, Peter, about Ann? Why wouldn't it be pleasant for her if this Crocker boy came to live with us?"

Mr. Pett hesitated.

"Well, it's like this, Nesta: I hope you won't tell her I told you. She's sensitive about it, poor girl. It all happened before you and I were married. Ann was much younger then. You know what school-girls are, kind of foolish and sentimental. It was my fault really. I ought to have ——"

"Good Heavens, Peter! What are you trying to tell me?"

"She was only a child ——"

Mrs. Pett rose in slow horror.

"Peter! Tell me! Don't try to break it gently."

"Ann wrote a book of poetry and I had it published for her."

Mrs. Pett sank back in her chair.

"Oh!" she said, it would have been hard to say whether with relief or disappointment. "Whatever did you make such a fuss for? Why did you want to be so mysterious?"

"It was all my fault really," proceeded Mr. Pett. "I ought to have known better. All I thought of at the time was that it would please the child to see the poems in print and to be able to give the book to her friends. She did give it to her friends," he went on ruefully, "and ever since she's been trying to live it down. I've seen her bite a young fellow's head off when he tried to make a grandstand play with her by quoting her poems which he'd found on his sister's bookshelf."

"But, in the name of goodness, what has all this to do with young Crocker?"

"Why, it was this way: Most of the papers just gave Ann's book a mention among Volumes Received, or a couple of lines that didn't amount to anything; but the Chronicle saw a Sunday feature in it, as Ann was going about a lot then and was a well-known society girl. They sent this Crocker boy to get an interview from her, all about her methods of work and inspirations and what not. We never suspected it wasn't the straight goods. Why, that very evening I mailed an order for a hundred copies to be sent to me when the thing appeared. And"—pinkness came upon Mr. Pett at the recollection—"it was just a josh from start to finish. The young hound made a joke of the poems and what Ann had told him about her inspirations, and quoted bits of the poems just to kid the life out of them. I thought Ann would never get over it. Well, it doesn't worry her any more—she's grown out of the schoolgirl stage—but you can bet she isn't going to get up and give three cheers and a tiger if you bring young Crocker to live in the same house."

"Utterly ridiculous!" said Mrs. Pett. "I certainly do not intend to alter my plans because of a trivial incident that happened years ago. We will sail on Wednesday."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Pett resignedly. "Just as you say. Er—just you and I?"

"And Ogden, of course."

Mr. Pett controlled a facial spasm with a powerful effort of the will. He had feared this.

"I wouldn't dream of leaving him here while I went away, after what happened when poor dear Elmer sent him to school in England that time." The late Mr. Ford had spent most of his married life either quarreling with or separated from his wife, but since death he had been canonized as "poor dear Elmer." "Besides, the sea voyage will do the poor darling good. He has not been looking at all well lately."

"If Ogden's coming, I'd like to take Ann."

"Why?"

"She can ——" He sought for a euphemism. "Keep in order" was the expression he wished to avoid. To his mind Ann was

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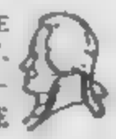

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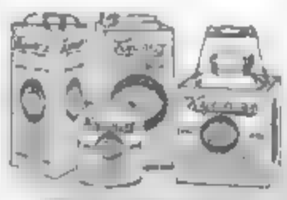

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

the only known antidote for Ogden, but he felt it would be impolitic to say so. "—— look after him on the boat," he concluded. "You know you are a bad sailor."

"Very well. Bring Ann. Oh, Peter, that reminds me of what I wanted to say to you, which this dreadful thing in the paper drove completely out of my mind. Lord Wisbeach has asked Ann to marry him."

Mr. Pett looked a little hurt.

"She didn't tell me." Ann usually confided in him.

"She didn't tell me either. Lord Wisbeach told me. He said Ann had promised to think it over and give him his answer later. Meanwhile, he had come to me to assure himself that I approved. I thought that so charming of him."

Mr. Pett was frowning.

"She hasn't accepted him?"

"Not definitely."

"I hope she doesn't."

"Don't be foolish, Peter. It would be an excellent match."

Mr. Pett shuffled his feet.

"I don't like him. There's something too darned smooth about that fellow."

"If you mean that his manners are perfect, I agree with you. I shall do all in my power to induce Ann to accept him."

"I shouldn't," said Mr. Pett with more decision than was his wont. "You know what Ann is if you try to force her to do anything. She gets her ears back and won't budge. Her father is just the same. When we were boys together, sometimes ——"

"Don't be absurd, Peter—as if I should dream of trying to force Ann to do anything."

"We don't know anything of this fellow. Two weeks ago we didn't know he was on the earth."

"What do we need to know beyond his name?"

Mr. Pett said nothing, but he was not convinced. The Lord Wisbeach under discussion was a pleasant-spoken and presentable young man who had called at Mr. Pett's office a short while before to consult him about investing some money. He had brought a letter of introduction from Hammond Chester, Ann's father, whom he had met in Canada, where the latter was at present engaged in the comparatively mild occupation of bass fishing. With their business talk the acquaintance would have begun and finished, if Mr. Pett had been able to please himself, for he had not taken a fancy to Lord Wisbeach. But he was an American with an American's sense of hospitality, and the young man being a friend of Hammond Chester he had felt bound to invite him to Riverside Drive, with misgivings which were now, he felt, completely justified.

"Ann ought to marry," said Mrs. Pett. "She gets her own way too much now. However, it is entirely her own affair, and there is nothing that we can do." She rose. "I only hope she will be sensible."

She went out, leaving Mr. Pett gloomier than she had found him. He hated the idea of Ann's marrying Lord Wisbeach, who, even if he had had no faults at all, would be objectionable in that he would probably take her to live three thousand miles away in his own country. The thought of losing Ann oppressed Mr. Pett sorely.

Ann, meanwhile, had made her way down the passage to the gymnasium, which Mr. Pett, in the interests of his health, had caused to be constructed in a large room at the end of the house, a room designed by the original owner, who had had artistic leanings, for a studio. The tap-tap-tap of the leather bag had ceased, but voices from within told her that Jerry Mitchell, Mr. Pett's private physical instructor, was still there. She wondered who was his companion, and found on opening the door that it was Ogden. The boy was leaning against the wall and regarding Jerry with a dull and supercilious gaze which the latter was plainly finding it hard to bear.

"Yes, sir!" Ogden was saying as Ann entered. "I heard Biggs asking her to come for a joyride."

"I bet she turned him down," said Jerry Mitchell sullenly.

"I bet she didn't. Why should she? Biggs is an awful good-looking fellow."

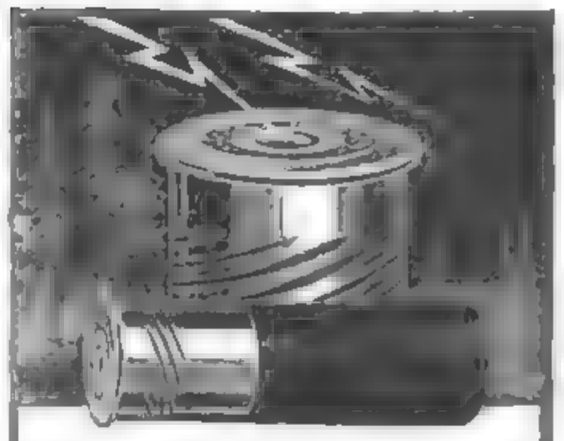
"What are you talking about, Ogden?" said Ann.

"I was telling him that Biggs asked Celestine to go for a ride in the car with him."

"I'll knock his block off!" muttered the incensed Jerry.

Ogden laughed derisively.

(Continued on Page 85)



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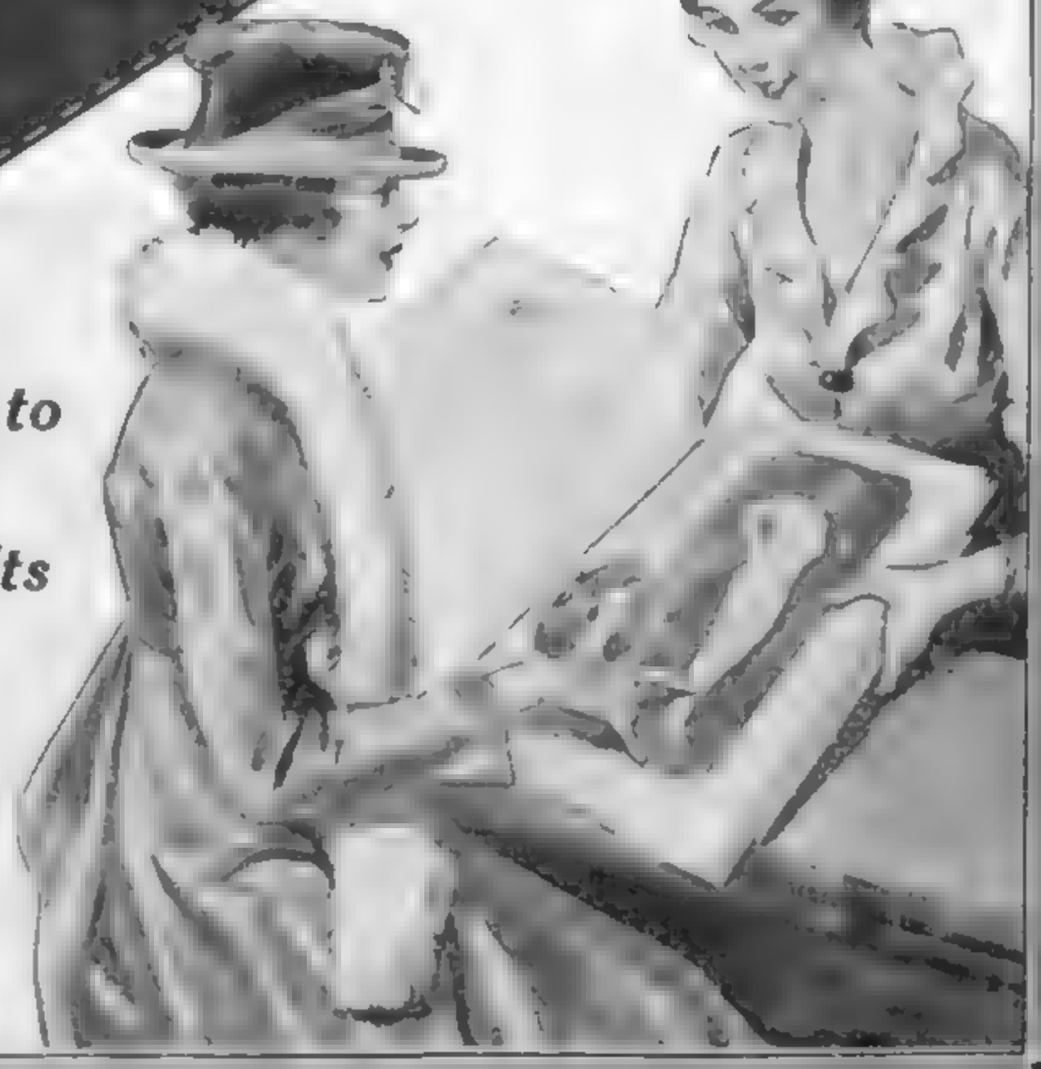

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"After a red hot finish in a ball game a pipe full of Tuxedo makes victory sweeter, or defeat more endurable. Ee-yah for Tuxedo."

Hughie Jennings

WILBERT ROBINSON
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Tuxedo is made only of the top and center leaves of the choicest Burley tobacco plants—the mildest and tenderest leaves. Some tobaccos include the strong, oily bottom leaves.

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After the long thorough ageing of the Tuxedo leaf a process is applied which is *not* and *cannot* be used by any other tobacco—the famous original "Tuxedo Process." It removes every particle of bite and irritation and makes Tuxedo the mildest, sweetest, most wholesome smoke that can possibly be produced.

Try Tuxedo for a week. Our unconditional guarantee in the top of every tin fully protects you. Tuxedo must suit *you*—or your money back.

CHRISTY MATHEWSON
Manager Cincinnati Reds, says:
"Tuxedo gets to me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, companionable tobacco—the kind to stick to."

Christy Mathewson

TYRUS R. COBB
Famous Baseball Player, says:
"Tuxedo has been of great help to me as a means of conserving nervous energy. A pipe full of this tobacco and life is worth while."

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JOE TINKER
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Gentlemen:—Tell me how to earn money and prizes like Charles Hollingsworth.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 82)

"Yes, you will! Mother would fire you if you touched him. She wouldn't stand for having her chauffeur beaten up."

Jerry Mitchell turned an appealing face to Ann. Ogden's revelations, and especially his eulogy of Biggs' personal appearance, had tormented him. He knew that, in his wooing of Mrs. Pett's maid, Celestine, he was handicapped by his looks, concerning which he had no illusions. No Adonis to begin with, he had been so edited and re-edited during a long and prosperous ring career by the gloved fists of a hundred foes that in affairs of the heart he was obliged to rely exclusively on moral worth and charm of manner. He belonged to the old school of fighters who looked the part, and in these days of pugilists who resemble matinée idols he had the appearance of an anachronism. He was a stocky man with a round, solid head, small eyes, an undershot jaw, and a nose which ill-treatment had reduced to a mere scenario. A narrow strip of forehead acted as a kind of buffer state, separating his front hair from his eyebrows, and he bore beyond hope of concealment the badge of his late employment, the cauliflower ear. Yet was he a man of worth and a good citizen, and Ann had liked him from their first meeting. As for Jerry, he worshiped Ann and would have done anything she asked him. Ever since he had discovered that Ann was willing to listen to and sympathize with his outpourings on the subject of his troubled wooing he had been her slave.

Ann came to the rescue.

"Get out, Ogden!" she said.

Ogden tried to meet her eye mutinously, but failed. Why he should be afraid of Ann he had never been able to understand, but it was a fact that she was the only person of his acquaintance whom he respected. She had a bright eye and a calm, imperious stare that never failed to tame him.

"Why?" he muttered. "You're not my boss."

"Be quick, Ogden."

"What's the big idea, ordering a fellow ——"

"And close the door gently behind you," said Ann. She turned to Jerry as the order was obeyed. "Has he been bothering you, Jerry?"

Jerry Mitchell wiped his forehead.

"Say, if that kid don't quit butting in when I'm working in the gym ——. You heard what he was saying about Maggie, Miss Ann?"

Celestine had been born Maggie O'Toole, a name which Mrs. Pett stoutly refused to countenance in any maid of hers.

"Why on earth do you pay any attention to him, Jerry? You must have seen that he was making it all up. He spends his whole time wandering about till he finds someone he can torment, and then he enjoys himself. Maggie would never dream of going out in the car with Biggs."

Jerry Mitchell sighed a sigh of relief.

"It's great for a fellow to have you in his corner, Miss Ann."

Ann went to the door and opened it. She looked down the passage, then, satisfied as to its emptiness, returned to her seat.

"Jerry, I want to talk to you. I have an idea. Something I want you to do for me."

"Yes, Miss Ann."

"We've got to do something about that child Ogden. He's been worrying Uncle Peter again, and I'm not going to have it. I warned him once that if he did it again awful things would happen to him; but he didn't believe me, I suppose. Jerry, what sort of a man is your friend, Mr. Smethurst?"

"Do you mean Smithers, Miss Ann?"

"The dog man, I mean. Is he a man you can trust?"

"With my last buck. I've known him since we were kids."

"I don't mean as regards money. I am going to send Ogden to him for treatment, and I want to know if I can rely on him to help me."

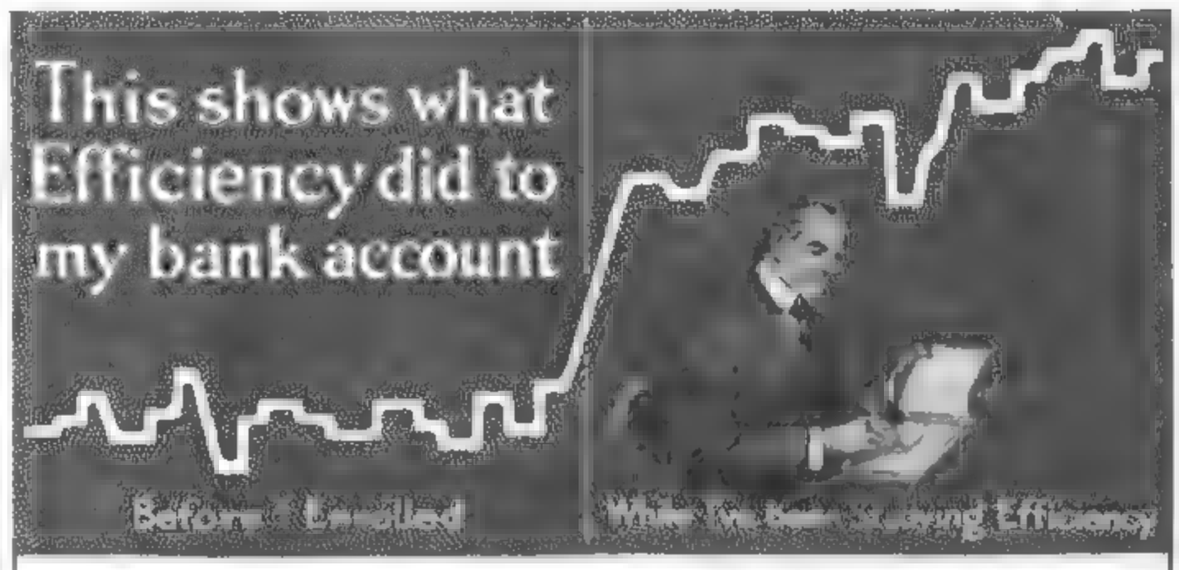
"For the love of Mike!"

Jerry Mitchell, after an instant of stunned bewilderment, was looking at her with worshiping admiration. He had always known that Miss Ann possessed a mind of no common order, but this, he felt, was genius. For a moment the magnificence of the idea took his breath away.

"Do you mean that you're going to kidnap him, Miss Ann?"

"Yes. That is to say, you are—if I can persuade you to do it for me."

"Sneak him away and send him to Bud Smithers' dog hospital?"



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2 cups sugar, 2 squares chocolate (unsweetened), butter size of an egg, about ⅔ cup Carnation Milk, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Put all in a sauce pan, and allow to boil until a little of it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. When cooked add the vanilla and stir until thick or until it "fudges." Pour in buttered pans and allow to cool. Cut in squares. Any kind of chopped nut meats may be added just as the candy begins to thicken.

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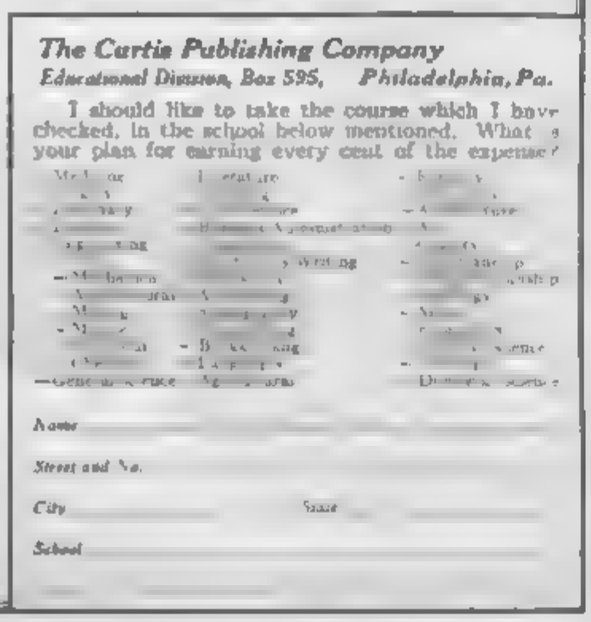
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Street and No.

City State

School

"For treatment. I like Mr. Smithers' methods. I think they would do Ogden all the good in the world."

Jerry was enthusiastic.

"Why, Bud would make him part human. But, say, isn't it taking big chances? Kidnaping's a penitentiary offense."

"This isn't that sort of kidnaping."

"Well, it's mighty like it."

"I don't think you need be afraid of the penitentiary. I can't see Aunt Nesta prosecuting, when it would mean that she would have to charge us with having sent Ogden to a dogs' hospital. She likes publicity, but it has to be the right kind of publicity. No, we do run a risk, but it isn't that one. You run the risk of losing your job here, and I should certainly be sent to my grandmother for an indefinite sentence. You've never seen my grandmother, have you, Jerry? She's the only person in the world I'm afraid of! Well, I'm ready to risk her, if you're ready to risk your job in such a good cause. You know you're just as fond of Uncle Peter as I am, and Ogden is worrying him into a breakdown. Surely you won't refuse to help me, Jerry?"

Jerry rose and extended a calloused hand.

"When do we start?"

Ann shook the hand warmly.

"Thank you, Jerry. You're a jewel! I envy Maggie. Well, I don't think we can do anything till they come back from England, as Aunt Nesta is sure to take Ogden with her."

"Who's going to England?"

"Uncle Peter and Aunt Nesta were talking just now of sailing to try to persuade a young man named Crocker to come back here."

"Crocker? Jimmy Crocker? Piccadilly Jim?"

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"I used to meet him sometimes when he was working on the Chronicle here. Looks as if he was cutting a wide swath in dear old London. Did you see the paper to-day?"

"Yes, that's what made Aunt Nesta want to bring him over. Of course there isn't the remotest chance that she will be able to make him come. Why should he come?"

"Last time I saw Jimmy Crocker," said Jerry, "was a couple of years ago, when I went over to train Eddie Flynn for his go with Porky Jones at the National. I bumped into him at the N. S. C. He was a good deal tanked."

"He's always drinking, I believe."

"It's always the way with those boys when you take them off a steady job and let them run around loose with their jeans full of mazuma."

"That's exactly why I want to do something about Ogden. If he's allowed to go on as he is at present he will grow up exactly like Jimmy Crocker."

"Aw, Jimmy Crocker ain't in Ogden's class," protested Jerry.

"Yes, he is. There's absolutely no difference between them."

"Say, you've got it in for Jim, haven't you, Miss Ann?" Jerry looked at her wonderingly. "What's your kick against him?"

Ann bit her lip. "I object to him on principle," she said. "I don't like his type. Well, I'm glad we've settled this about Ogden, Jerry. I knew I could rely on you. But I won't let you do it for nothing. Uncle Peter shall give you something for it—enough to start that health-farm you talk about so much. Then you can marry Maggie and live happily ever afterward."

"Gee! Is the boss in on this too?"

"Not yet. I'm going to tell him now. Hush, there's someone coming."

Mr. Pett wandered in. He was still looking troubled.

"Oh, Ann—good morning, Mitchell—your aunt has decided to go to England. I want you to come too."

"You want me? To help interview Jimmy Crocker?"

"No, no; just to come along and be company on the voyage. You'll be such a help with Ogden, Ann. You can keep him in order. How you do it I don't know. You seem to make another boy of him."

Ann stole a glance at Jerry, who answered with an encouraging grin. Ann was constrained to make her meaning plainer than by the language of the eye.

"Would you mind just running away for half a moment, Jerry?" she said winningly. "I want to say something to Uncle Peter."

"Sure! Sure!"

Ann turned to Mr. Pett as the door closed.

"You'd like somebody to make Ogden a different boy, wouldn't you, Uncle Peter?"

"I wish it were possible."

"He's been worrying you a lot lately, hasn't he?" asked Ann sympathetically.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Pett.

"Then that's all right," said Ann briskly. "I was afraid that you might not approve. But if you do I'll go right ahead."

Mr. Pett started violently. There was something in Ann's voice and, as he looked at her, something in her face that made him fear the worst. Her eyes were flashing with an inspired light of a highly belligerent nature, and the sun turned the red hair to which she owed her deplorable want of balance to a mass of flame. There was something in the air. Mr. Pett sensed it with every nerve of his apprehensive person. He gazed at Ann, and as he did so the years seemed to slip from him and he was a boy again, about to be urged to lawless courses by the superior will of his boyhood's hero, Hammond Chester. In the boyhood of nearly every man there is a single outstanding figure, some one youthful hypnotic Napoleon whose will was law and at whose bidding his better judgment curled up and died.

In Mr. Pett's life Ann's father had filled this rôle. He had dominated Mr. Pett at an age when the mind is most malleable. And now—so true is it that though Time may blunt our boyish memories the traditions of boyhood live on in us and an emotional crisis will bring them to the surface as an explosion brings up the fish that lurk in the nethermost mud—it was as if he were facing the youthful Hammond Chester again and being irresistibly impelled to some course of which he entirely disapproved but which he knew that he was destined to undertake.

"I've arranged it all with Jerry," said Ann. "He's going to help me smuggle Ogden away to that friend of his I told you about who keeps the dog hospital. And the friend is going to keep him until he reforms. Isn't it a perfectly splendid idea?"

Mr. Pett blanched. The frightfulness of reality had exceeded anticipation.

"But, Ann!"

The words came from him in a strangled bleat. His whole being was paralyzed by a clammy horror. This was beyond the uttermost limit of his fears.

"Of course Jerry would do it for nothing," said Ann, "but I promised him that you would give him something for his trouble. You can arrange all that yourselves later."

"But, Ann! But, Ann! Suppose your aunt finds out who did it!"

"Well, there will be a tremendous row!" said Ann composedly. "And you will have to assert yourself. It will be a splendid thing for you. You know you are much too kind to everyone, Uncle Peter. I don't think there's anyone who would put up with what you do. Father told me in one of his letters that he used to call you Patient Pete as a boy."

Mr. Pett started. Not for many a day had a nickname which he considered the most distasteful of all possible nicknames risen up from its grave to haunt him.

"Patient Pete!"

"Patient Pete!" said Ann inexorably.

"But, Ann"—there was pathos in Mr. Pett's voice—"I like a peaceful life."

"You'll never have one if you don't stand up for yourself. You know quite well that father is right. You do let everyone trample on you. Do you think father would let Ogden worry him and have his house filled with affected imitation geniuses so that he couldn't find a room to be alone in?"

"But, Ann, your father is different. He likes fusses. I've known your father to contradict a man weighing two hundred pounds out of sheer exuberance. There's a lot of your father in you, Ann. I've often noticed it."

"There is! That's why I'm going to make you put your foot down sooner or later. You're going to turn all these loafers out of the house. And first of all you're going to help us send Ogden away to Mr. Smithers."

There was a long silence.

"It's your red hair!" said Mr. Pett at length with the air of a man who has been solving a problem. "It's your red hair that makes you like this, Ann. Your father has red hair too."

Ann laughed.

"It's not my fault that I have red hair, Uncle Peter. It's my misfortune."

Mr. Pett shook his head.

"Other people's misfortune too!" he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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They are simply different forms of the same tobacco. The Plug Slice comes in flat cakes of tobacco each one being made up of a number of thin, uniform, oblong slices.

One of these slices ground up in the palm of your hand makes just a pipeful.

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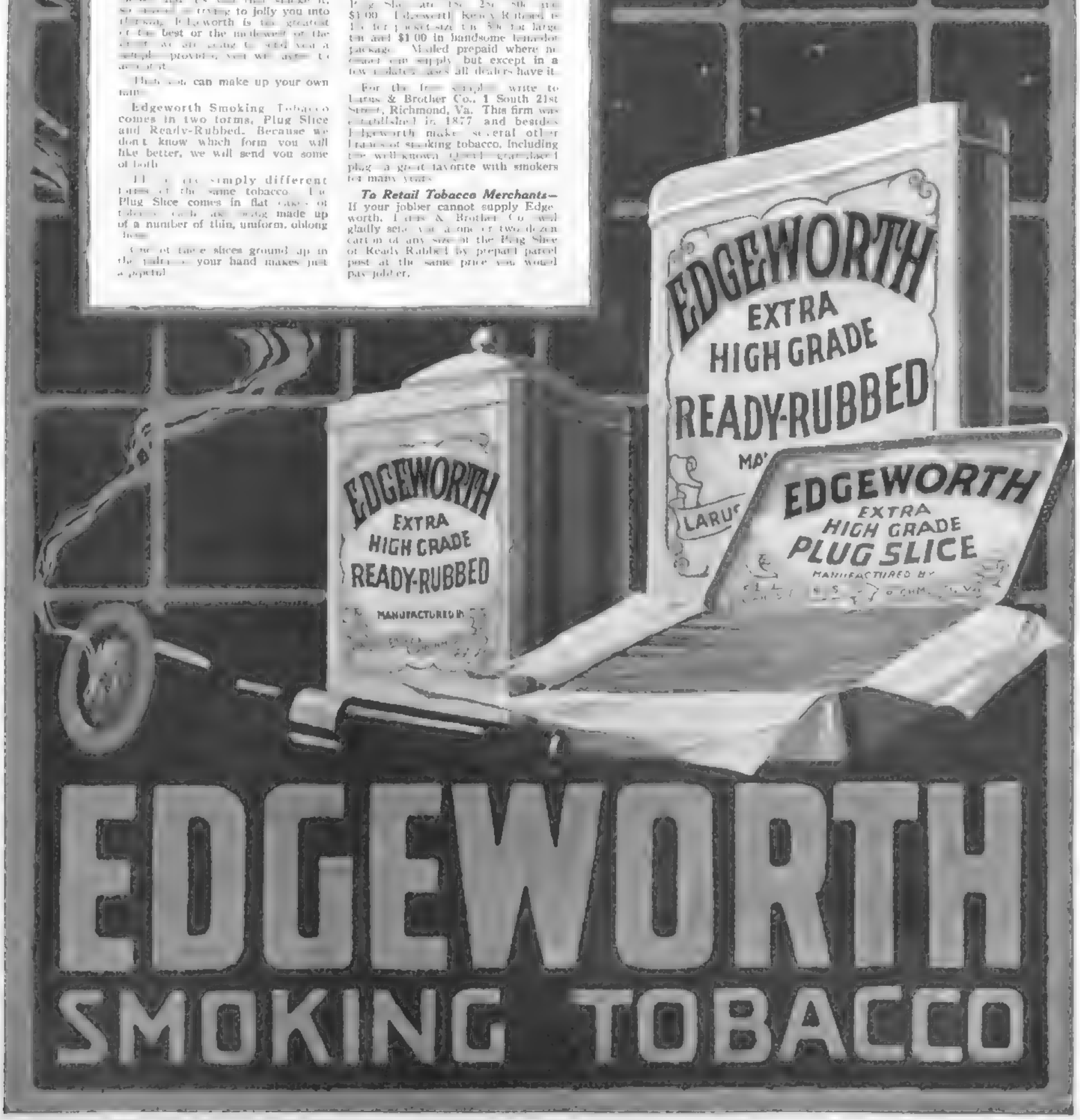
Just write your request on a post card and mail it to us. It will be a favor if you mention also the name of your tobacco dealer.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Plug Slice are 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 15c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 in handsome humidor package. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

For the free sample write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877 and besides Edgeworth make several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Quality granulated plug, a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay jobber.



OLD KING COAL

By Roger W. Babson

IN A TALK some time ago with John Hays Hammond, the well-known mining engineer, who is much interested in conservation work, I asked Mr. Hammond the following question: "Of all the conservation work being considered at the present time, what in your opinion presents the greatest possibilities?" Mr. Hammond answered me by explaining the tremendous waste now going on in this country in the coal industry. He explained how, owing to the very low prices to big consumers and the exceedingly competitive state of the bituminous industry, only the cream of the mines is being worked at the present time. If, later, the more expensive parts of the mines could be worked, this would not be so bad; but under modern coal-mining methods, after the cream has been skimmed it is practically impossible to gather the remainder of the coal; and therefore the entire mine becomes an economic loss.

Space does not permit me to give a history of the coal industry, but I must say a few words relative to the American coal area. This now aggregates over three hundred thousand square miles—an area larger than the state of Texas—of known coal lands. Besides this, there are over one hundred and sixty thousand square miles—an area larger than the state of California of additional land known to contain workable coal; and about fifty thousand square miles—an area about the size of the state of New York—of other land where coal probably exists, but in such a state as to be unworkable at the present time. Of course most of this coal is bituminous and is found in the following states in the order given: Pennsylvania, Missouri, Indiana, Alabama, Tennessee, Iowa, Arkansas, North Carolina, Maryland, Washington, Michigan, Georgia, California, West Virginia, Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, Utah, Oklahoma—Indian Territory—Oregon, Montana, New Mexico, Texas and North Dakota.

The anthracite area, however, is much more limited; for, with the exception of a few little mines of anthracite coal in Colorado and New Mexico, practically all comes from a small area in the eastern half of Pennsylvania. Offhand we should say that under these circumstances not much anthracite coal has been produced; and yet this small area, up to the present time, has produced about a quarter of the total coal used in the United States. As to the future supply of anthracite coal, I estimate that about a fifth has already been used, leaving enough at least for the readers of this weekly.

Increase of Coal Consumption

Conditions in the bituminous field vary largely in different sections of the country. The eastern Appalachian region is said to have originally contained more than five hundred billion tons of bituminous coal, of which slightly over one per cent has been consumed. The interior part of our country, including the Illinois fields, covers a much larger area, and about the same proportion has been consumed. The Rocky Mountain area contains nearly two trillion tons, and less than a tenth of one per cent thereof has been consumed. The Pacific Coast fields are relatively unimportant; they originally contained only about twenty billion tons, of which less than one per cent has been consumed. There also are other scattered areas in the South, which, however, do not materially affect the entire total of known coal at the present time.

As the above facts suggest, this country was given a prodigious supply of coal, of which about a fifth of the anthracite has been consumed, and less than one per cent of the bituminous. Though only a fraction has been used, yet it must be remembered that very much more than this has been ruined, so far as any possibility of practical mining is concerned, for many, many years to come. On the other hand, what a bright future would the United States face if these tremendous resources were safeguarded by proper mining and distributing methods, since, for every ton of coal mined, half a ton is lost in the operation! And until a few years ago this loss was very much larger. In short, coal experts claim that the United States originally had thirty-two hundred billion tons of soft or bituminous coal, of which we have not yet exhausted half of one per cent. At the present time the annual rate of exhaustion is a fortieth of one per cent of the original supply. In other words, at the present rate of production, the bituminous coal of this country will theoretically last six thousand years if none is wasted, or four thousand years if we continue to waste half a ton for every ton we consume.

On the other hand, if the rate of consumption increases in the future as it has in the past, arithmetical progression reduces the estimate from four thousand years to approximately a century. This tremendous increase in consumption will best be appreciated when I say that in 1850 the people of this country were consuming only a quarter of a ton of coal a head; at the present time we are consuming about five and a half tons of coal a head. Or, to state it another way, while our population has increased approximately two hundred and fifty per cent, our coal consumption has increased nearly five thousand per cent. Moreover, this does not take into consideration the tremendous increase in the use of petroleum in its various allied forms, which were unknown sixty years ago. If the supply of petroleum is in any way giving out, as indicated from the recent increase in the price of gasoline from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents a gallon, it will be only a comparatively short time before the supply of petroleum is exhausted. This will still further increase the amount of coal consumed.

The Export Trade of the Future

It will be seen, therefore, that, though our coal supplies are large and if properly handled can place this country eventually in an impregnable position—for the nation that controls the fuel of the future controls the world—yet, with the present rate of consumption and waste, this supply, which could be made to last for hundreds of years, may become practically exhausted in a few generations. Compared with foreign countries, the coal supply of the United States is eight times that of Europe, the other countries following in about this order: England, Germany, Canada, Russia, Austria, France, Belgium.

Though the output of coal in the United States is about a third of the total mineral production of our country in value, and provides about a third of the total tonnage of American railroads, yet foreign trade in coal is in a very undeveloped state. Our nation devotes, as it well should, a great amount of attention and money to the development of agriculture, the Secretary of Agriculture having a position in the President's Cabinet. This is as it should be and is of vital importance. On the other hand, compared with our agricultural industries, our mining industries are almost as great in importance to many manufacturers, and especially to the railroads, which, as above stated, receive about a third of their tonnage from the coal mines, and not quite a tenth from the products of the farm. Before the war coal ranked seventh among the leading articles of our export trade. In fifteen years this business trebled in value.

The chief destination of the coal exported from the United States is Canada. Of the other markets for our bituminous coal the principal countries are Cuba, Mexico and Panama.

Nevertheless, when we consider the extent of our resources, we feel that we are doing practically nothing to develop an export business. Congress, after the war, can perform a great service to our country by taking an interest in this export business and properly developing it. Every year there is bound to be a greater and greater demand for our coal; and if this export business can be properly controlled and extended, as the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Corporation have developed a foreign demand for their products, this country should make enough profit on the coal sold abroad to reduce materially the cost to small consumers in America.

Of course in normal times the prices of anthracite and bituminous coal differ as grades differ and seasons change; but when comparing the production and price figures

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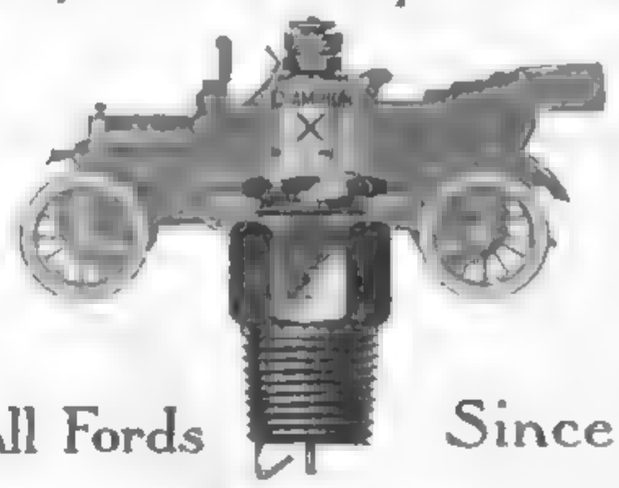

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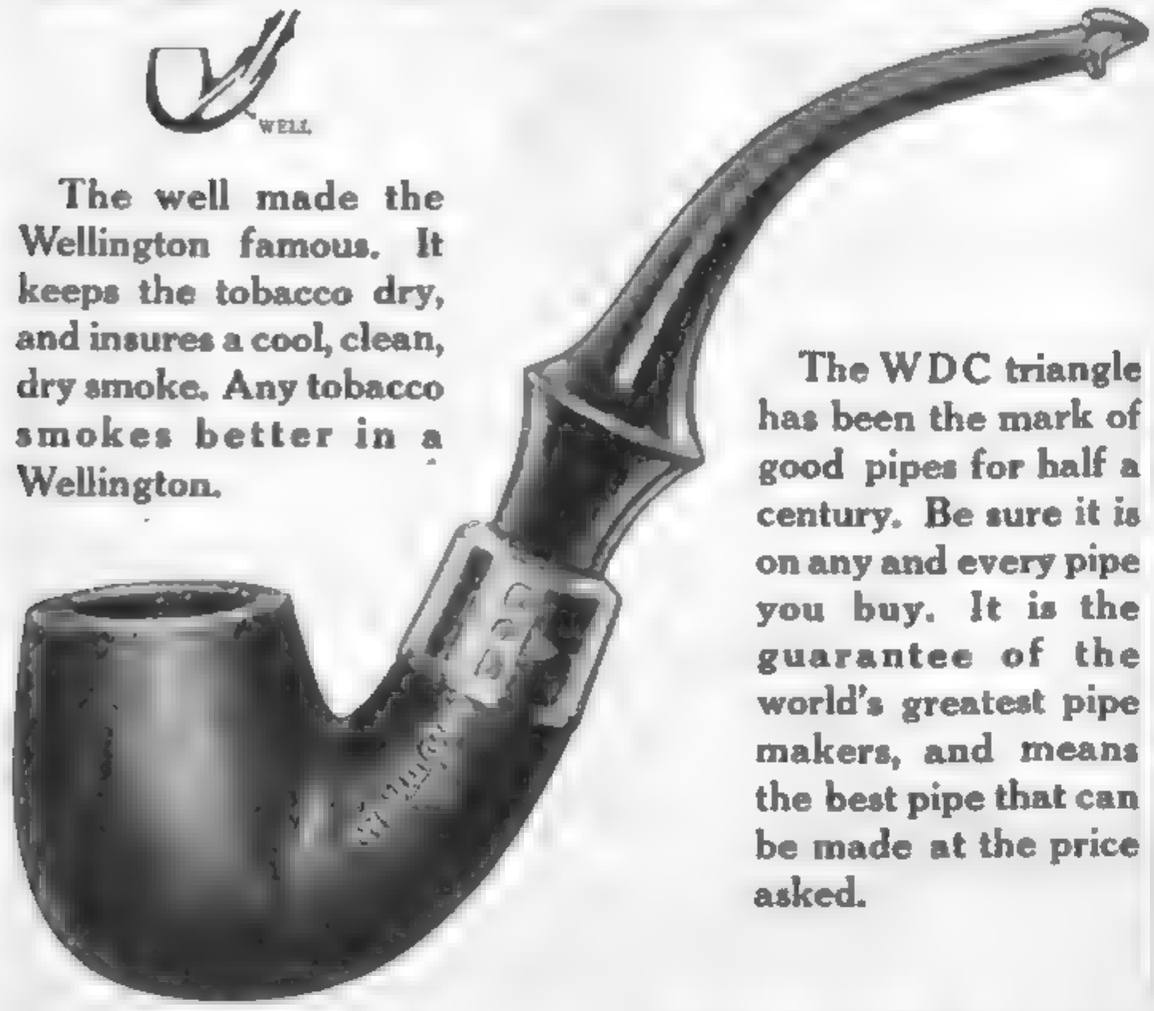

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with general American business conditions, as shown by a composite plot thereof, the following relation is shown to exist: the prices of coal have followed quite closely the trend of commodity prices in general—that is, they tend to rise in times of great prosperity and decline during times of depression. Also, each commodity is influenced by special conditions that affect the demand or supply. Strikes in the anthracite field, for example, force up the price of soft coal in proportion to the duration of the strike and the supply of anthracite available at the start.

The production of coal has been consistently increasing in this country and interruptions have been of short duration. These interruptions, however, are significant, as they occur always in the year following a financial crisis. At such a time production may fall off ten per cent. As soon as improvement once begins the coal supply increases very rapidly; in 1910, for example, it was more than twenty per cent ahead of 1908. The effect of this rapid increase in the output of coal on the original resources of the mines must be considered in any estimate of the probable future of the coal industry and other industries dependent on the consumption of coal.

There is a great difference between the operators and the wholesalers and retailers of coal. The men interested in the producing end of the business are assuming great risks and their success is dependent upon general business conditions. The men in the distributing end of the business, which includes the wholesalers and retailers, are in a fairly safe business; and if readers will note the men who handle coal in their own communities they will be found to compare exceedingly favorably with the men in almost any other line of trade. The main feature in distributing coal is to watch credits and have sufficient capital to take advantage of all buying discounts. Owing to the way in which the coal business has developed the householder very seldom pays cash for his coal when it is delivered, but has it charged. As he buys his coal some time in advance of using it, he dislikes paying for it until he does use it. The result is that coal dealers have many accounts on their books, most of which are good, but many of which are bad. Consequently a local dealer must be a good judge of credits, just as the operator should be a good judge of general business conditions.

A study of the figures on production and prices, together with those on failures, in connection with a composite plot of business conditions, leads one to assume that the consumption of coal will continually increase for each individual, and consequently the demand. As to price tendency, this also will gradually increase—especially the price of anthracite.

MONEY IN TIMBER

OF ALL real-estate investments, I consider that well-selected timberland purchased at the right price excels every other class. It is, however, very necessary that the land should be purchased at the right price—that is, low enough to make it worth while, and not at top prices. The reason I emphasize this statement is because most present holders of woodlands are awake to this fact themselves, and will to-day sell their property not at its present value but at a price which they could hope to get ten or twenty years hence, which means that the present buyer must wait ten or twenty years before the property shows any profit. Therefore it is very necessary that the man buying woodland should be a pessimist and hunt for bargains.

Out of every fifty attractive timberlands that engineers examine, probably not more than two or three are obtainable at a sufficiently low price to make a purchase worth while. Nevertheless, the few that are purchased become sources of great profit to the buyers. Now the young man in some country district who has a few thousand dollars to invest, after reading this article, should follow this system of selection: Don't go out and buy the first lot to which you come, but examine scores of lots; look about the entire country and buy only such lots as the owners are compelled to sacrifice. Keep your eyes open; attend every auction; make a map of the entire neighborhood, with the name of every owner noted thereon; but purchase only bargains, and never bid up the price of property on yourself. The buyer of woodland should follow the advice a great engineer once gave me, which was "Let no one beat you in waiting!"

There are, of course, many city people who cannot watch for these opportunities to pick up woodland cheaply, and are able to take advantage of this great increase constantly taking place in the value of timber only through the purchase of securities of timber companies. Now these securities consist of two main classes: 1—the stocks of timber companies; 2—the bonds of timber companies. The stocks of such companies I consider distinctly speculative for the small investor. If you have an opportunity to buy the control of some small corporation, with which you are fully acquainted, it may be good business to purchase such control and devote your time and energy to this concern. To buy a few shares of stock in such a timber corporation is, to my mind, a very risky thing to do. There are many reasons for this, which I might explain in detail; but among these I will only mention one—namely, that when you are offered a small interest in a small corporation controlled by strangers you may usually rest assured that it is not of very much account; for if it were you would not have the opportunity to purchase the shares.

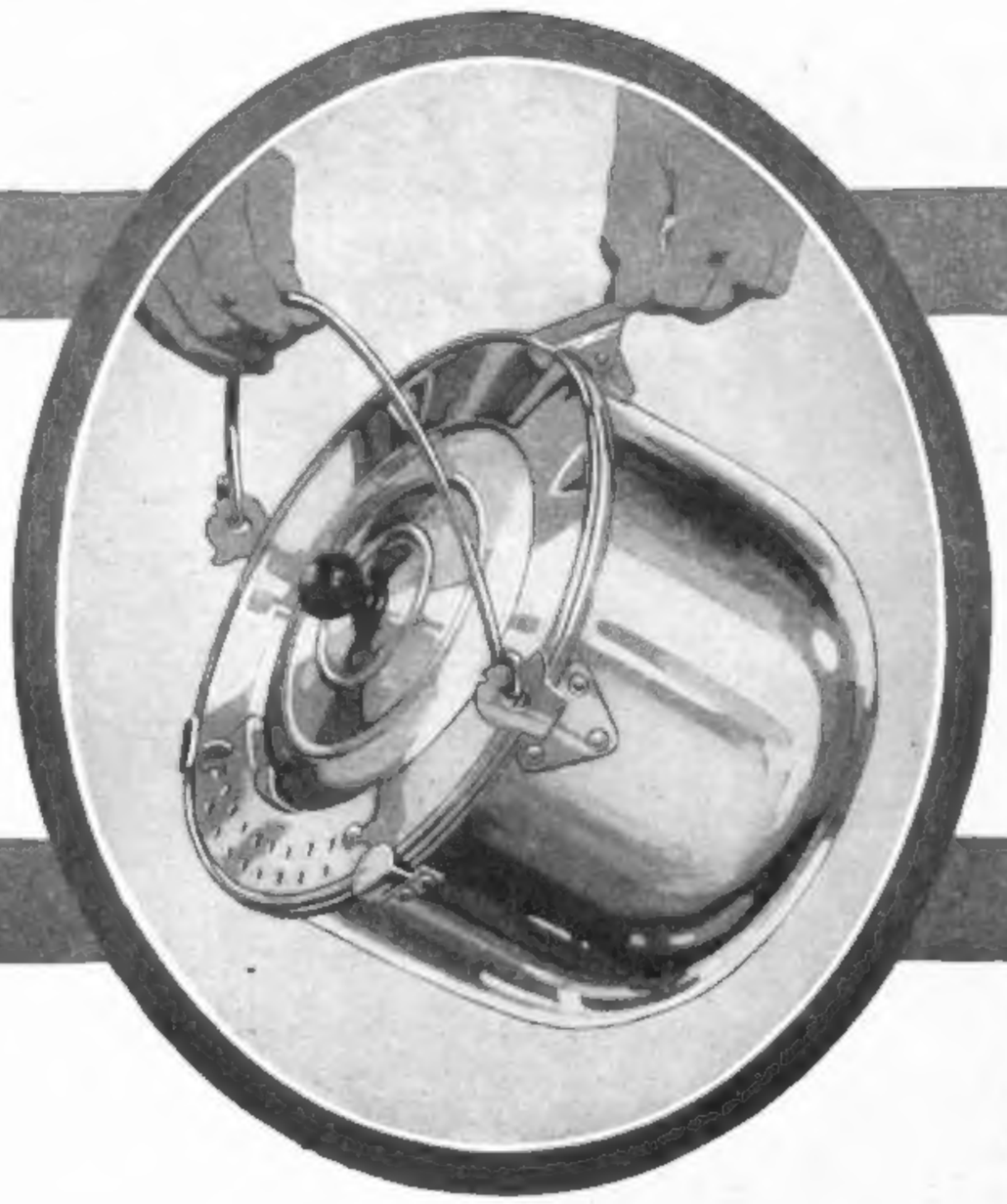
This statement does not apply to sinking-fund bonds secured by first mortgages on timber property, as many such bonds are safe investments. On the other hand, bank men advise the purchase of timber bonds only after making an examination of the timber and the character of the men who operate the company. Legitimate bonds put out by men who are in the timber business, and are borrowing the money simply in order to help finance their businesses, should be absolutely good; but such bond issues are rather rare, for such men borrow just as little as will suffice and they never mortgage their lands unless absolutely necessary. Instead of being in the timber business, many men who issue timber bonds are really in the bond business, and issue these bonds not for the purpose of getting more money to put into the business but for the purpose of getting their money out of the business.

A timber property may be mortgaged for more than it would bring if sold; and, though the chances are that the company will still pay interest on the bonds, and when the bonds mature the timberland will sell for more than the bond issue, yet the owners have little or nothing at stake, and if anything should go wrong they would lose nothing. In other words, timber property may be bonded for its full value and yet the bondholders have nothing to say about the management and have no interest in the increasing values, should there be any. The owners still have the stock—unless divided with a bond house; and if the timberland increases in value above the amount of the bond issue, the former owners and their friends still have the benefit of this increase in value, which they can get through holding the stock. On the other hand, if anything should happen whereby the property depreciates in value, then the loss comes on the bondholders.

I know of a rich lumberman of the Northwest who, when small investors come to him and say they wish to get some interest in the increasing value of timberlands, suggests that they purchase the stocks of such railroad companies as the Northern Pacific Railroad Company or the Southern Pacific Company, or that of certain other roads. At the present time these two companies are reported to own about ten per cent of all the timberland in the United States.

By purchasing the stocks of such railroads as the Northern Pacific and the Southern Pacific, one doubles the chances of profit both from the woodland and from the transportation of the lumber; in fact, when one owns these stocks he really does not care from which source the profit comes—whether the timber is sold at a high figure and the railroad charges a fair rate of transportation, or whether the timber is sold at a low figure and the railroad obtains an exorbitant price for hauling. The purchase of stocks of such railroads as have huge timber holdings presents one of the best opportunities of a heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose investment of which I know.

There's Aladdin Magic in this Kettle



ALADDIN ALUMINUM

Here's the latest Aladdin feature—an Aladdin Aluminum kettle with the new self-locking, self-basting strainer cover.

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Take the Berlin Kettle for instance. The strainer cover makes it a perfect vegetable cooker. The illustration above shows how the cover locks tight when you tilt to pour—so that you can't scald your hands or spill the food.

Besides it gives you a colander. And when the strainer slide is closed you have a basting kettle. And when you want the roast browned to a golden crisp, all you have to do is open the slide—it makes an ideal air vent—and you have a roaster.

The Berlin Kettle is furnished with the special cover in the 4 and 6 qt. sizes.

There's a Windsor Kettle, a Preserving Kettle, and two sizes of the Double-Lipped Saucepan that have the strainer cover, too, and they're just as strong and convenient as the Berlin Kettle. And with all these added conveniences these Aladdin utensils with the special strainer covers cost but little more than with their regular covers.

Aladdin Kettles and Saucepans are always spotlessly clean and sanitary. There's never a crevice or crack in their smooth shining sides where the dirt can collect—even the slide on the strainer cover is *removable* for cleaning.

Every Aladdin Aluminum utensil is designed for particular purposes.

Each of them has special conveniences—like the notched ear that keeps the bail handy and cool, the saucepan with the *two* well-formed lips, for pouring to right or left, the *measured and marked capacities*, and the uniform wall-thickness that keeps the heat radiating evenly.

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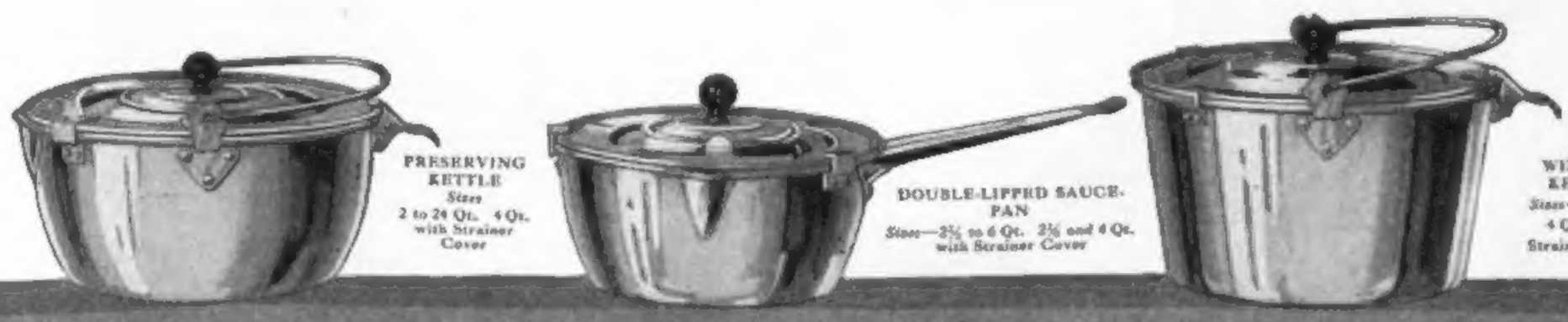
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Sizes
2 to 24 Qt. 4 Qt. with Strainer Cover
DOUBLE-LIPPED SAUCE-PAN
Sizes—2½ to 6 Qt. 2½ and 4 Qt. with Strainer Cover
WINDSOR KETTLE
Sizes—4 to 8 Qt
4 Qt. with Strainer Cover

Aladdin Aluminum

The Badge of Distinction

THIS KAHN SEAL is your guide to better clothes values and greater clothes satisfaction. It directs you to the authorized representative in your town of this great tailoring institution.

It means you may select the very fabric, weave and color best suited to the personality that is YOU from hundreds of pedigreed patterns in woolens of warranted purity at $25 to $50.

It means a careful, conscientious made-to-your-measure service, that molds every garment into a faultless fit—a reflection of your own individuality mirrored in the woolens you wear.

It means the painstaking workmanship in every detail that is possible only in the mammoth sun-lit shops of this quality-dominated tailoring organization.

It means a SUPER-STYLE in every curve and comfort in every swerve of your apparel—a badge of distinction conferred on you by Kahn.

Do you want to dress smartly and yet not expensively—this seal on our label guarantees you all these essentials of complete clothes satisfaction at purse-protecting prices.

Don't overlook the style, the service, the saving of Kahn made-to-measure clothes in wardrobing yourself this fall.

If you don't know your local merchant with the Kahn seal, just ask us for a card of introduction.

KAHN TAILORING COMPANY
OF INDIANAPOLIS

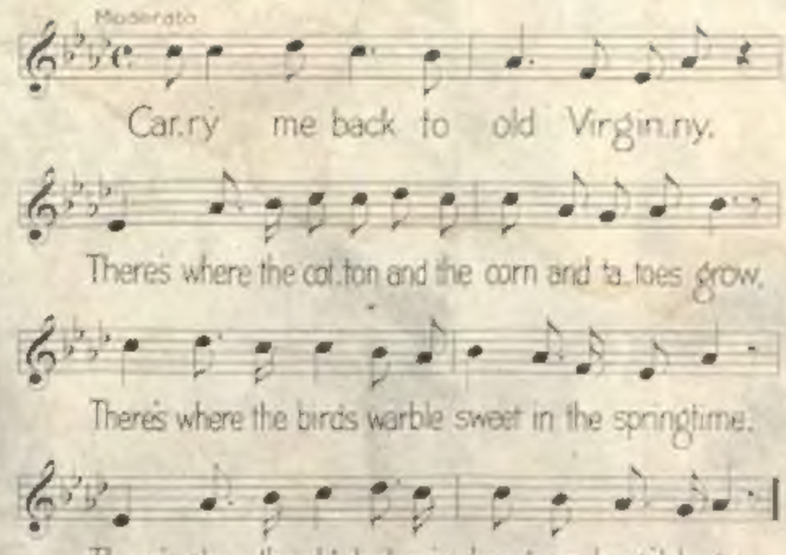
DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR SAY MUNSINGWEAR

Munsing Union Suits For Men, Women, Children.

Fine in quality, non-irritating, long wearing, perfect fitting, in every way satisfactory. Offered in 82 different, light, medium, and heavy weight fabrics—in 86 different styles—a right size for everybody.

For samples of fabrics, style illustrations, and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.


Moderato
Car.ry me back to old Virgin.ny.
There's where the cot.ton and the corn and ta.toes grow.
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime.
There's where the old darkeys heart am long'd to go.

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" is a plaintive old darkey song that touches the heart with its beautiful sentiment and exquisitely simple melody.

And as Alma Gluck sings it on the Victrola, it has a charm that is most delightful.

This lovely number is only one of the many musical treasures in the Victor Record catalog. "My Old Kentucky Home," "Annie Laurie," "Old Folks at Home," and hundreds of other old favorites are just as easily available, masterfully interpreted by the world's greatest artists.

Any Victor dealer will gladly show you the complete line of Victors and Victrolas—$10 to $400—and play the music you know and like best.

Victrola